

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXVI., No. 2 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. AUG. 1899

*The Dolls of the Grown-Ups*

A certain mother, returning to her home, found her little children weeping bitterly over the funeral of a doll; and she could only restrain her smiles by turning her mind upon the *matinée* she had attended, where she had wept over the sorrows of poor little Juliet Capulet. It never occurred to her that she, too, had been at a doll's party and that the play actors were danced about on unseen wires, pulled by the invisible fingers of that most convincing of make-believers, Shakespeare. A little later she was forgetting Veronese woes in an exciting book, which took her from smiles to sighs and fluttered her heart at will. The clatter of the children earnestly playing at fire and at battle and at gossip only disturbed the mother who saw no analogy between her children's fiction and her own.

Is there anything more curious in this altogether curious world than the persistence of our babyish traits after we have become children of a larger growth? One of the first things an infant learns is to use the sense of terror as a luxury. Peek-a-boo has its origin in this trick, and a very young child will laugh royally if it can pretend to scare itself or its parents. As we grow older we require more and more elaborate machinery to give our hearts the same delightful shock that once followed the simple word Boo! The banishing of the belief in ghosts has caused all sorts of extra labor and subterfuge. We have psychic shocks now and employ hypnotism or project the fancy into the future so far that we can invent marvelous uncanny machines that are quite as good as ghosts. To give our nerves this alcohol of fiction, the world employs heaven only knows how large an army. Think of the myriad pen and ink makers, the mob of pen and ink slingers, the publishers and editors, and office boys, and the typesetters and proofreaders and pressmen and devils, the binders and the dealers, the train-boys, the book agents—a Xerxian army with "impedimenta" of enormous machinery of presses and linotypes, and a whole book post! And all for what? That the old illusions may be kept up, that the workaday grown-ups may get back to the nursery and preserve the bliss of doll-culture and make-believe. The child is not father to the man; the child is the man—no less busy at the later age than at the earlier in his earnest pursuit of the games of "s'posin'" and "p'tend."

*The Main-Springs of Fiction*

We are by nature players and dreamers. In childhood we have had our sports of mimicry and our fairy tales, taken with all the seriousness of life or death. We have them still in one form or another, and at heart we are just as earnest in them as ever. Native-

born to a make-believe realm, we have never renounced our citizenship, and none of us has wandered so far away that he does not at times return for a visit to the homeland of things as they are not. Herein is a reminder to us that we have not altogether become denizens in the kingdom of matters material; that feeling and enjoyment essentially are creatures of our mind.

It seems very strange that sensible men and women, with all the cares of practical life claiming them, should spend great proportions of their finite days reading books about other men and women whose highly colored histories are as unreal as the rainbow. Again, it is a psychological wonder how persons sufficiently refined of intellect to appreciate historical associations of locality should be no more deeply impressed by the scenes among which great men lived and died than by those peopled with the phantoms of some fanciful brain. No matter-of-fact chronicler has consecrated throughout Britain shrines more numerous and revered than have the romancers Scott and Dickens. No local descriptive articles appeal to readers with greater power than those which show the ground over which the imagined folk of some favorite novelist pursued their passive careers; witness the papers on Thomas Hardy's Country now appearing in *The Bookman*, and others of like character which from time to time are found in the magazines. A partial reason for this is not far to seek. It is the close hold which these shadow people have obtained upon our romantic instincts and our affections; closer than that of almost any real ones that we know only by repute. But this leads back to the original thought, the wonder how such unrealities can so insinuate themselves into our souls.

It would seem that there are two grounds upon which the literature classed as fiction may base an effectual appeal. These grounds are antagonistic, if not mutually exclusive. On one account some fiction captivates some people and on the other account other fiction fascinates other people. The former is the inborn craving of humanity for romance and glamour, such as fiction offers in abundance, for tales of extravagant adventure like that of Alice in Wonderland or that of her grown-up sister or brother in greater Wonderlands. The laboring mind, strained with its toils, turns for relaxation to airy nonsense; the life imprisoned within narrow bounds loves to roam in fancy where it never may in fact; the soul abraded with the friction of real existence seeks a frictionless world with some optimistic story-teller. Literature suited to fill these wants corresponds to definite laws of Nature; hence, there is unquestionably a use for it. This use leads readily to abuse. The present swing

of the literary pendulum is in that direction and perhaps the pendulum has already swung too far.

The other ground on which the power of some of our works of fiction, as we possess them, may be accounted for lies not in the fiction proper, but in the saturating essences of truth for which the imaginative substance furnishes a convenient absorbent. The highest class of novels can be read with more enthusiasm by the matter-of-fact philosopher than by the romantic schoolgirl. Their charm does not depend upon oblivion to their artificial character. Their interest springs from the realities they hold—not mere facts, not scholastic or historical realities, but the deep, general truths of human nature and experience. In proportion to their humanness is their strength. In so far as we read therein life histories like our own, or to which our own might easily be like, do they come home to us. If a tale—although we realize that the incidents it contains never occurred just as they are narrated—is typical of experiences which we have passed through, or may have to pass through, or which we see in the lives of those close to us, it has an interest direct and vital.

The authority of a truly great novel to command our attention takes rise in the fact that its author is a gifted interpreter of life. To this his work bears witness. He shows a picture of commonplace things, the fidelity of which we can at once appreciate, but so illumined by his genius that the beauty—or ugliness, as the case may be—in the truly significant features of those things, shines out to us in such a way as never before. He voices for us thoughts and sentiments which we have often vaguely felt, but never have been able adequately to formulate in words.

But why is fiction chosen as a vehicle for truths, such as these? Why not rather find them in essays or biography? Because essays are of necessity abstract, and biographies superficial. Many of the truths of human personality are too subtle to be perceived if dissociated from the concrete individual and embodied in a mere dissertation. And as to biography, the inward life of the subject, which is his true life, can be known to the chronicler only through a few dim reflections. The impressions of such reflections from many different sources the novelist accumulates through long years, imparts to them vitality through analogy to his own experiences and emotions, and weaves them into a web of his fancy. Therein we see persons, not mere personages. It is true that in some instances men and women have been willing to write down their own lives and feelings, as such, with a high degree of candor. These narratives combine the fascination of fiction with the satisfying quality of history. But unfortunately, or fortunately, few have had the temerity and self-knowledge for so intimate a revelation. While the scarcity of such chronicles exists, it must be atoned for, as best it may, by the writer of fiction.

*Plagiarism and Literary  
Coincidence*

Among the many sharp-pointed pebbles that lie in literary pathways, there is one flinty variety upon which, no doubt, the foot of every writer is often wounded, yet over which the victim plods with compressed

lips, shrinking from betrayal of his plight. This is the discovery of one's own thoughts and expressions in the previously published writings of others. Hardly can an author have arrived at years of literary discretion without having become accustomed to the fear of taking up an unfamiliar book lest he stumble upon some fine passage or fond idea therein that he had thought solely his. In the school of adversity one learns charity, does not harbor belief in another's witting or unwitting plagiarism without giving him the benefit of every doubt. On the other hand, people who never themselves have claimed a novel idea will not admit in their pretentious fellows the right to say anything whatsoever that is not wholly original. This narrow-mindedness was illustrated in the newspaper clamor aroused a few years ago because President Cleveland, in one of his official documents, playfully inserted a few familiar words from one of Moore's poems without repudiating them by fencing them off with quotation marks. Moore himself, by the bye, has not come down through history with intellectual honesty unquestioned. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine succeeded in framing against him a bill of indictment for larceny, containing no less than sixty-five counts. The works of Byron were once shown to be little better than patchwork by a writer in the Literary Gazette—a minor poet named Alaric A. Watts, whose own effusions later, by the methods of the same Higher Criticism, were still more minutely resolved. "Not one of our greater English poets," remarks Mr. W. A. Clouston, in his *Literary Coincidences* (Glasgow, 1892), "has escaped the accusation of literary larceny."

Besides those imitations that are intentionally dishonest, there are many that are legitimate, or so considered by the imitator. "In books which best deserve the name of originals," says Dr. Johnson, "there is little more beyond the disposition of the materials already provided." "When I was a young man," observes Goldsmith, "being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions; but I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false." The amount of license allowed in borrowing is, of course, much greater for ideas than for phrases, but even the latter it is permissible to employ second-hand in some cases, particularly where they are derived from archaic sources, or have become proverbial. Bishop Hurd published an essay upon the marks of imitation in which he laid down certain rules by which to determine when suspicious passages have been founded upon earlier writings which they resemble, and when directly upon Nature. Many authors would be thankful if these tests would infallibly reveal the composition of their own works before they get into print, for oftener far than where there is any conscious imitation, the parallelism with earlier utterances is caused by recollections lingering in the brain of the later author.

In the vast majority of cases, however, literary resemblances are probably mere coincidences, each author having, with more or less novelty in selection and disposition, drawn his materials of thought and expression from the world's fund of knowledge and language. The Psychical Researchers may claim that such coincidences are brought about by



telepathy, but to account for them telepathy is unnecessary. Neither should it be said in explanation that "great minds run in the same channel," but rather, that the number of minds seeking channels in which to run is larger than the number of channels available—a state of affairs which renders concurrences inevitable. Small minds really flow in the same channels far more than great ones, but it is only the great ones which the adage-makers hear about.

A certain successful writer of educational books on modern languages proceeds upon the theory that the practical units of speech, which the brain manipulates with but a single operation, are not words, but standard groups of words. Just so, there are multitudinous phrases, figures and conceptions which are the common parlance of literature. Dealing with these as integers, it requires but an easy coincidence in permutation and combination to produce sentences and paragraphs of astonishing similarity.

It would be difficult to find a case of literary coincidence stronger than one which recently was discovered by a novelist in connection with his own book. While the manuscript was in the hands of the publishers he chanced to peruse a work of fiction by another author, which he had never seen before. The opening chapters proved so similar to his own that had he been able to judge of the two books solely upon internal evidence no argument would easily have induced him to believe that his, the later one, had not been composed through bold pilfering of the earlier. "I have learned to accuse no one of plagiarism," remarks a venerable writer. It is a good rule to follow.

#### *A Plea for the Translator*

In these days, when so much is written about our native school of writers, the prospect for the great American novel and the general lack of appreciation of the life at our doors, perhaps a word may be allowed on the matter of the much maligned translation and the neglected translator. Nobody conversant with the literary developments of the last ten or fifteen years, particularly in the periodicals, can fail to have noticed the total disappearance of the translation. At first sight this would seem to have been an evolution in the right direction, signifying as it did the formation of local ideals, the development of home talent and home culture. The cheapness of translation, its abundant supply, which made it a godsend to our early editors in their struggles with an unawakened public and an undeveloped corps of writers, under more advanced conditions were to transform it to a very incubus, so far as the native writer was concerned. As generally happens with reforms, the corrected abuses seem to avenge themselves by their very excess in the opposite direction to which the reformers are pushed; so to-day the American periodical, possessed of indigenous qualities and surpassing in its essential features, if not the representative reviews and quarterlies of Europe, at least such publications as aim at the higher kinds of popularity, falls short in breadth of view and the appreciation of foreign standards which were familiar to our fathers through the medium of translation.

There are reasons both literary and utilitarian why this later condition, marring as it does our highly creditable national development in periodical fields, should be remedied. One can hardly believe that a slight infusion of foreign matter would materially alter the individual tone of our monthlies and weeklies; but, on the contrary, in broadening the public horizon, it would seem, when properly employed, to afford the editor of to-day a liberty of choice in selecting his materials for which he ought certainly to be grateful. It would be interesting should some of our critics endeavor to estimate just how much the lack of appreciation at home of several of our distinguished authors, whose works are proclaimed abroad, is due to this excessive localism of public thought, which has arisen from our recent neglect of translation, for how can our native productions be estimated at their true worth if the public remains oblivious to the distinctive character of other literatures?

In this latter point, in spite of the receptivity of the American reader, we are at a disadvantage with Europeans, whose geographical and political conditions supply to a certain extent what in America must, in most cases, be a matter of reading. A more truly literary reason for claiming editorial sympathy with translation lies in the precision and facility of expression that is acquired through its practice. Many of the greater stylists of English have been formed in the studious rendition of foreign literature; and this in the case of poets is particularly so, for even when possessed of the highest gifts, they are not always in command of the poetical spirit. To them, translation gives in these conditions a field for the exercise of their best gifts of expression; they give poetry even as they borrow it, and by their selection render homage to the masterpieces they cherish, make known the unexploited geniuses of other lands and confer at one and the same time a benefit on themselves, their foreign masters and their fellow-countrymen.

As certainly as it takes a poet to appreciate, so it takes a poet to translate, poems from a foreign tongue, and no amount of literalness or rhythmic fluency can make up for lack of that sympathy in beauty which constitutes the distinctive mark of the poetical brotherhood whether of the magazines or the bound volumes; so when objectors come forward with the statement that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as translation—that is, a complete replica into a language other than the original—can it not be answered that neither is there a flawless mirror, nor an absolute transparency of any kind; and as geniuses for translating are as rare as original ones, and as perfection in any art achievement is yet to be discovered, is it not captious to deny all credit to translation on the plea that it cannot be perfect?

#### *Literary Measles*

The calloused Old World has safely worried through its annual attack of what might be called literary measles. Every year when the wretched planet is fairly reeking and wheezing with chills and agues due to the melting of snows and the delusive pretenses of spring, and when, after the long rigors of winter, it is feeling entitled to that languor which some bard

has called "that tired feeling," then at this most untimely and unseasonable of moods, the microbe of verse, the comma and couplet bacilli get in their deadly work, and the whole planet breaks out in a rash of poetry—most of it exceeding measly.

Spring poetry is one of those mistakes that are likely to occur in the best regulated families. It has become proverb and anathema among readers and editors. These object to it largely on the same grounds that Artemus gave for refusing the Mormon's widow, there being several of her. "It is because of the muchness." But spring poetry is by no means done with when it is dismissed as a mere literary phenomenon. It has a pathological significance. It is a disease to which even the healthiest may fall prey. It is infectious rather than contagious, and is likely to affect whole communities. For this reason boards of health should recognize the duty incumbent upon them to protect their clients from its baleful influence. Particularly to people cooped up in large cities far from the fields and the groves, the onslaughts of spring poesies are fatal. The victim grows restive, the pleasant commonplaces of office routine become intolerable, a delirious frenzy to be out in the woods is likely to be manifested. The periodic sufferer, Mr. Sam Walter Foss, described his feelings in the grip of this terrible disease, thus desperately:

"When springtime comes, I must  
Poetize, or bust!"

Scientists should, on the grounds of common humanity, as well as from motives of desire to increase human knowledge, hunt down this deadly infection, isolate its specific bacillus, perfect its culture and practise spring-microbicide. If one could only be inoculated on the 30th of February every year he might go about his business with a heart no longer afraid of the seductive lunacies that float in through office windows the first warm days of spring. The damage is done for this year, the frenzies are buried, and the world is setting its teeth hard for a business-like struggle with what rural journalists call "the heated term." But tomorrow will be another day, as the Portuguese have discovered. Other springs will come, and the whole world will writhe in a ridiculous lyrical mood and a torment of rhyming joy unless beneficent science can knock spring poetry on the head and send it to the limbo of other dear old follies of ours.

*The Antiseptic Virtues of Sad Fiction* Writers are constantly attacking dolorous literature on all sorts of counts. They assert that it is inartistic, though many of the greatest works of fiction share this condemnation; that it does not appeal to the busy man, who wants relaxation, though that same busy man persists in reading it; and that it is unhealthy, though the most wholesome and healthy folk dote on it. It is curious to see the fondness with which certain minds burst into immovable stone walls, for the critics who try to reason mankind away from the joy of vicarious misery are surely knocking against granite. The best answer to those who would banish unhappy fiction is to employ the device of "reductio ad absurdum" and picture the appalling estate of literature if all studies

of life forsook artistic justice and logical retribution, and every story ended with a zany-like grin.

But doleful fiction has more than this negative justification, that you can't help yourself if you don't approve of it. It has the effect of enhancing the good side of one's own life to read the miseries of someone's else existence. It encourages and refines altruism and cultivates that imaginative sympathy that is necessary to an appreciator of his fellowkind. But, aside from this, it has the distinct medicinal function of a counter-irritant. One of the most effective means of allaying an inflammation caused by disease or disaster is to set up in the midst of it another and an artificial inflammation that shall rage for a brief while and then subside, and, in subsiding, carry away in its own fall the unhealthy inflammation it was sent to cure. So those who find their lives bitter with sorrow are not always or quickest restored to happiness by turning to humorous literature, for in certain moods all wit is merely flippant; it shocks and hurts, rather than pleases. But the mind meeting with a congenial sufferer in the feigned world of a book is often unconsciously interested and engaged and diverted. This period of distraction from pondering its own woes gives a little while for the work of recuperation, and when the heartaches and soul-fires kindled by an outside and alien sorrow have subsided, lo! they have carried away the real pangs that had thrived undisturbed in the heart. Red and swollen eyelids are best purged of their burning brine by flushing their ducts with a flood of fresh crystal tears.

But not all sad fiction is wholesome, any more than all irritants are beneficial. Some of it is morbid, diseased and filled with microbes of pessimism, despair and all ill health. This literature is to be spurned like the plague, or only preserved apart in alcohol for study by the curious and the secure. The distinction between an imagined tragedy that sears and scars the soul and one that will leave it cleansed as by fire is a delicate decision, and one that the too learned often go astray in. But the great hulk Public never misjudges. It knows the difference between rancid and bitter, and patronizes, more than any other, the author who can play the surgeon with its feelings.

*The Broadening of Philanthropy* If there is one merit which must be accorded to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, as an author, which is greater than all others, it is the wonderful suggestiveness of some of his ideas. He is not a prolific writer, but when he does write or speak he has something to say which may set a whole continent agog over the discussion of it. He chanced upon or invented just such a phrase lately when he remarked that a man who died very rich died in disgrace. This led to a general debate upon the question of how best a man could dispose of his fortune while still alive, during which those who were known to be very rich, and therefore in some danger of meeting that disgrace which Mr. Carnegie predicted might come to them, were interviewed upon the topic and contributed not a little to the entertainment of the reading world in general. In this discussion a very great change of sentiment was shown over that



which would have been elicited a generation ago. Then charity and education would have come in for a liberal share of favor, for they have been thought from time immemorial to be about the only two methods by which a rich man could do good to his fellowmen with his fortune. There must be a vast change in social matters when we find these old friends replaced by a new beneficiary, and when we see, as we have recently done, that there are those who think their money does more good if kept busy in the channels of industry, than if removed therefrom and divided equally among libraries, colleges and churches. In the past, when fortunes were not so large as they are now, there certainly was less harm in withdrawing them from active trade, but to-day they have grown to such fabulous sums, and they are so closely allied with the activity of the people, that it has forced the owner to consider whether the harm done in drawing from any one of his various investments, was not greater than the good accomplished by a munificent gift to institutional isolation. While no one could be disposed to quarrel with the admirable use which such organizations have made of the funds given to them, there is comfort in the feeling that philanthropy is growing to be more broad-minded.

#### *Sources of Mechanical Energy*

People are fond of speculating about the new sources from which the world is going to derive power for its industries. The trolley car, the automobile and other inventions, in connection with which neither a horse nor a steam engine is visible to the eye of the casual observer, are hailed as indications that all mechanical practices and precedents are about to be turned upside down. As a matter of fact, while great progress is being made in certain directions, and forms of power other than animal are being extended over fields to which they did not formerly reach the same sources of energy are depended upon that were in use long before this generation was born, and, for all that can now be seen to the contrary, they will be depended upon long after we are all dead. "Source of power," in practice, is necessarily a relative term. The primary source of terrestrial power is commonly said to be the sun. However, if one insists upon being theoretically accurate, he must seek it in realms of metaphysics, where he will surely get lost. For practical purposes, the chief sources of power may be stated as animals, the forces of nature and fuels of various sorts. Among the forces of nature are winds, waves and waterfalls. From time immemorial water-power has been used for industrial purposes, and previous to the introduction of the steam engine it was the chief source of mill power. The utilization of the force of expanding steam, generated by the combustion of a fuel, to run machinery, was in its consequences more important than any step taken before or since, so far as events have yet proved. The steam engine is now as much the mainstay of industry as ever before; in fact, more so, for its applications are being greatly extended. It has been perfected to such a degree that, although still only a comparatively small proportion of the energy contained in the fuel is made use of,

that proportion is about as large as it seems possible for engineering skill to obtain.

There are, however, many sources or channels of power which may be suggested as rivals to steam. Electricity, in the latter part of this century, has brought about an industrial revolution second in importance only to that caused by steam in the early part, when the use thereof became general. It is not, however, a source of power, but a means of conveying and distributing power. It supplements the steam engine, not supplants it. Indeed, it renders possible the use of the steam engine in a great variety of new ways. Furthermore, it has given a fresh lease of life to that still older source of power, the waterfall. Of, course, it is possible to develop an electric current directly by chemical action, but no method of doing so has yet been discovered which has enough commercial importance to be worth mentioning.

The adoption of mechanical means of propelling vehicles which formerly were drawn by horses has set inventors to devising forms of motors which, with whatever fuel may be necessary for their maintenance, can easily be carried about. The tramway car is driven by an electric motor actuated through a trolley wire or a storage battery, and, more recently, the compressed-air motor is being tried. The horseless carriage is commonly run by a motor fed from a storage battery or, especially in Europe, the motive power is derived from a gas engine. This does not mean that storage-battery-driven electric motors, or compressed-air motors (both of which get their power from a steam engine), or gas engines are necessarily better than steam engines, as a class, but that in cases of this nature it is found more expedient to employ them. Thus, because it furnishes an easy means for carrying power from place to place, liquefied air may find an advantageous application.

The gas engine, a prime mover which operates directly by the explosion of fuel gas as a working fluid, is a machine for which an important future is predicted. Unlike the steam engine, the room for mechanical improvement in it is still great. It is now finding extensive use as against the steam engine, but chiefly in small sizes.

A great deal of experimenting is taking place with novel forms of fuel as applied to the steam engine itself. This is occasioned largely by local expediency. In the natural gas belt of the United States that combustible has been extensively used to avoid the smoke incident to burning soft coal, or because of its convenience and temporary cheapness. The supply is already giving out. Artificial gas is sometimes resorted to as a fuel, and is likely to be still more extensively used in the future, though perhaps chiefly for the internally fired gas engine. In Eastern Europe petroleum is burned to a greater or less extent on railways, owing to the copious quantity of oil from the Russian fields. The world's coal supply is not at an end yet, and when it does give out, the people—if there are any people—will no doubt have invented something beyond the reach of our present conjectures. There is abundant power in the tides, waves, sunrays and internal heat of the earth, the problem is merely to turn it to useful purposes on a commercial scale.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*The Emir's Game of Chess*.....*London Speaker*

Mohammed, Emir of Granada, kept  
His brother Yusuf captive in the hold  
Of Salobrina.

When Mohammed lay  
Sick unto death, and knew that he must die,  
He wrote with his own hand, and sealed the scroll  
With his own seal, and sent to Khaled, "Slay  
Thy prisoner, Yusuf."

At the chess-board sat,  
Playing the game of kings, as friend with friend,  
The captive and his gaoler, whom he loved.  
Backward and forward swayed the mimic war;  
Hither and thither glanced the knights across  
The field—the Queen swept castles down, and passed  
Trampling through the ranks, when in her path  
A castle rose, threatened a knight in flank—  
"Beware, my lord—or else I take the Queen!"  
Swift, on his word, a knocking at the gate.  
"Nay, but my castle holds the King in check!"—  
And in the doorway stood a messenger:  
"Behold!—a message from my lord the King!"

And Khaled stood upon his feet, and reached  
His hand to take the scroll, and bowed his head  
O'er the King's seal.

"Friend, thou hast ridden fast?"—  
The man spake panting, and the sweat ran down  
His brows and fell like raindrops on the flags—  
"I left Granada at the dawn—the King  
Had need of haste."

And Khaled broke the seal  
And read with livid lips, and spake no word,  
But thrust the scroll into his breast . . . Then turned  
And bade the man go rest, and eat, and drink. . . .  
But Yusuf smiled, and said: "O friend—and doth  
My brother ask my head of thee?"

Then he  
Whose wrung heart choked the answer gave the scroll  
To Yusuf's hand, but spake not. Yusuf read  
Unto the end, and laid the parchment down.  
"Yet there is time—shall we not end the game?  
Thy castle menaces my King—behold!  
A knight has saved the King!"

But Khaled's knees  
Were loosed with dread, and white his lips; he fell  
Back on the couch, and gazed on Yusuf's face  
Like one astonished. Yusuf's fearless eyes  
Smiled back at his, unconquered. "Brother, what  
So troubles thee? What can Mohammed do,  
Save send me forth to find—only, maybe,  
A little sooner than I else had gone—  
The truth of those things whereof thou and I  
Have questioned oft? To-morrow at this time  
I shall know all Aflatoun knew, and thou  
Shalt know one day. And, since we have this hour,  
Play we the game to end."

Then Khaled moved  
A pawn with trembling fingers.  
"See—thy Queen  
Is left unguarded. Nay!—thy thoughts had strayed—  
I will not take her."

Khaled cast himself  
Down on his face, and cried, like one in pain,  
"Be thou or more or less—I am but man!  
For me to see thee go unto thy death  
Is not a morning's pastime."

"Nay—and yet  
Were it not well to keep this thought of me  
In this last hour together, as if our  
Mohammed could not conquer?—I perchance  
May yet look back. . . . But hark!—who comes?"

Aloud

The thundering hoofs upon the drawbridge rang  
Of Andalusian stallions; and a voice  
Cried "Hail! King Yusuf!"—drowned in answering shouts  
And hammering lance-shafts thick upon the gate.  
Then Khaled, trembling, stood, with ashen lips,  
Listening, as in a dream. And unto him  
Came Yusuf—caught him in his arms. "Heart's friend!  
Fear not, all's well. The King shall not forget  
Who loved him, even to the brink of death!  
Look up, beloved!"

See, thou hast swept the men  
From off the board. 'Twas writ in heaven, we two  
Should never play that game unto the end!"\*

*Brooklyn Bridge*.....*Charles G. D. Roberts*.....*Atlantic Monthly*

No lifeless thing of iron and stone,  
But sentient, as her children are,  
Nature accepts you for her own,  
Kin to the cataract and the star.

She marks your vast, sufficing plan,  
Cable and girder, bolt and rod,  
And takes you, from the hand of man,  
For some new handiwork of God.

You thrill through all your chords of steel  
Responsive to the living sun;  
And quickening in your nerves you feel  
Life with its conscious currents run.

Your anchorage upbears the march  
Of time and the eternal powers.  
The sky admits your perfect arch,  
The rock respects your stable towers.

*Fog at Sea*.....*George Cabot Lodge*.....*The Song of the Wave*

Gray grisly tides that choke the master sun  
Who domes the caves of sullen fog with pearl,  
While round and still the sick white eddies swirl  
Between the smothered vistas one by one;  
Like ghosts the frail hysteric breezes run  
Aslant the ashen world, and strive to furl  
The slow drenched air in one enormous whirl  
And free the ocean's breast it weighs upon.  
The world is dying for a draught of air,  
Great autumn air that like a hoarded stream  
Floods the gigantic openness of dawn;  
And, like the whispering of hopeless prayer,  
The white world's voices, as if drowned with dream,  
Sigh through the muffled stillness and are gone.

*The Grand Seigneur*.....*W. H. Drummond*.....*Poems*

To the hut of the peasant, or lordly hall,  
To the heart of the king, or humblest thrall,  
Sooner or late, love comes to all,  
And it came to the Grand Seigneur, my dear,  
It came to the Grand Seigneur.

The robins were singing a roundelay,  
And the air was sweet with the breath of May,  
As a horseman rode thro' the forest way,  
And he was a Grand Seigneur, my dear,  
He was a Grand Seigneur.

Lord of the Manor, Count Bellefontaine,  
Had spurred over many a stormy plain,  
With gallants of France at his bridle rein,  
For he was a brave Cavalier, my dear,  
He was a brave Cavalier.

\*For this incident, see Rosseiew St. Hilaire, *Histoire d'Espagne*, vol. v., p. 227.



But the huntsman's daughter, La Belle Marie,  
Held the Knight's proud heart in captivity,  
And oh! she was as fair as the fleur-de-lys,  
Tho' only a peasant maid, my dear,  
Only a peasant maid.

Thro' the woodland depths on his charger gray,  
To the huntsman's cottage he rides away,  
And the maiden lists to a tale to-day  
That haughtiest dame might hear, my dear,  
That haughtiest dame might hear.

But she cried, "Alas! it may never be,  
For my heart is pledged to the young Louis,  
And I love him, O Sire, so tenderly,  
Tho' he's only a poor Chasseur, my Lord,  
Only a poor Chasseur."

"Enough," spake the Knight with a courtly bow,  
"Be true to thy lover and maiden vow,  
For virtue like thine is but rare, I trow,  
And farewell to my dream of love, and thee,  
Farewell to my dream of thee."

And they say the gallant Count Bellefontaine  
Bestowed on the couple a rich domain  
But you never may hear such tale again,  
For he was a Grand Seigneur, my dear,  
He was a Grand Seigneur!

*Toward the Deep.....Charles J. Bayne.....The Bookman*

Let the lilies flaunt their graces,  
Since the golden hearts which bide  
In the folded buds' embraces  
Will adorn a richer tide.  
Statlier swans will sweep the lake  
When the cygnets quit the brake  
Where the Undines lave their faces  
Unespied.

More melodious Junes are sleeping  
In the lingering linnets' throat,  
And a brighter dawn is peeping  
Where the sunset aureoles float;  
When the plaintive minor dies  
All the grand crescendos rise,  
Deeper rapture onward sweeping,  
Note by note.

And, as Sulla's rebel minion  
Vaunted more the rising sun,  
Love may turn on listless pinion  
When the zenith well is won,  
Spelled by some diviner glow  
Which affection yet may know,  
Since through even hearts Hercynian  
Danubes run.

Hence I wait till, through the hushes  
Which thy latent passions keep,  
Like some rosy dream that blushes  
On the russet bough of sleep,  
Love shall leap and greet my own  
With an ardor yet unknown,  
As the deep born river rushes  
Toward the deep.

*The Banshee.....Dora Sigerson.....Poems\**

God between us and all harm,  
For I to-night have seen  
A banshee in the shadow pass  
Along the dark borean.

And as she went she keened and cried,  
And combed her long white hair,  
She stopped at Molly Reilly's door,  
And sobbed till midnight there.

\*Dodd, Mead & Co.

And is it for himself she moans,  
Who is so far away?  
Or is it Molly Reilly's death  
She cries until the day?

Now Molly thinks her man is gone  
A sailor lad to be;  
She puts a candle at her door  
Each night for him to see.

But he is off to Galway town,  
(And who dare tell her this?)  
Enchanted by a woman's eyes,  
Half-maddened by her kiss.

So as we go by Molly's door  
We look towards the sea,  
And say, "May God bring home your lad,  
Wherever he may be."

I pray it may be Molly's self  
The banshee keens and cries,  
For who dare breathe the tale to her,  
Be it her man who dies?

But there is sorrow on the way,  
For I to-night have seen  
A banshee in the shadow pass  
Along the dark borean.

*A Leaf From the Devil's Jest-Book.....Edwin Markham.....Poems\**

Beside the sewing-table chained and bent,  
They stitch for the lady, tyrannous and proud—  
For her a wedding gown, for them a shroud;  
They stitch and stitch, but never mend the rent  
Torn in life's golden curtains. Glad Youth went,  
And left them alone with Time; and now if bowed  
With burdens they should sob and cry aloud—  
Wondering, the rich would look from their content.

And so this glimmering life at last recedes  
In unknown, endless depths beyond recall;  
And what's the worth of all our ancient creeds,  
If here at the end of ages this is all—  
A white face floating in the whirling ball,  
A dead face plashing in the river reeds?

*The Sermon of a Robin (in Muckross Abbey).....Sarah Platt.....Independent*

Killarney's legend misty mountains threw  
On Innisfail the stillness of their snows:—  
The cloister-shadowing immemorial yew,  
Rooted in ruin, over him arose.

In his bright vestments, with that strange half-scorn  
Half-pity, which one of a winged race  
Must feel for man that is of woman born,  
Upon a broken tomb he took his place.

Beneath his feet—oh, dust of dead men's pride!  
The abbey-ivy, as with conscious shame,  
In green confusion spreads its leaves to hide  
Oblivion's comment upon crest and name.

"Now he will tell us All is Vanity,  
And so dismiss us hardly wiser than  
The flock of good King Alfred's time," thought we,  
"Who knew as much." The preacher thus began:

"'Love one another,' for our breath is brief;  
'Love one another,' we to-morrow die.  
(The singing woods sigh not for last year's leaf.)  
'Love one another.' Yonder is the sky.

"Now let us sing," he said; and through the dim  
Great empty window went his flying strain:  
"Love one another," was his text and hymn;—  
"Love one another," was his sweet refrain.

\*Doubleday & McClure Co.

# RICHARD CARVEL RIDES BALTIMORE'S POLLUX\*

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

The reviewers have been hard at work on Winston Churchill's historical novel, *Richard Carvel*, recently issued by Macmillan. This story is a picture of life in Maryland and London just before the war of Revolution.

Hamilton Mabie writes of the book that its appearance promises to be an event of importance in American fiction, and that as a story of manners there is good ground for believing that it has come to take its place as a piece of enduring literature. Mr. Churchill has devoted four years to the writing of the book, and seems inclined to resent criticisms of its historical accuracy. For Mr. Edward A. Uffington Valentine, who reviewed *Richard Carvel* for the *Bookman*, questioned the accuracy on some minor points, and thereby incurred the ire of its author, whose wrathful opinion of his reviewer the *Bookman* publishes this month. We give here a selected reading from the book, leaving our readers to be their own critics.

"I have heard, Mr. Carvel, that you can ride any mount offered you."

"'Od's, and so he can!" cried Jack. "I'll take oath on that."

"I will lay you a hundred guineas, my lord," says his Grace, very off-hand, "that Mr. Carvel does not sit Baltimore's Pollux above twenty minutes."

"Done!" says Jack, before I could draw breath.

"I'll take your Grace for another hundred," added Mr. Fox calmly.

"It seems to me, your Grace," I cried, angry all at once, "it seems to me that I am the one to whom you should address your wagers. I am not a jockey to be put up at your whim, and to give you the chance to loose money."

Chartersea swung around my way.

"Your pardon, Mr. Carvel," said he, very coolly, very politely; "yours is the choice of the wager. And you reject it, the others must be called off."

"'Slife! I double it!" I said hotly, "provided the horse is alive, and will stand up."

"Devilish well put, Richard!" Mr. Fox exclaimed, casting off his restraint.

"I give you my word the horse is alive, sir," he answered, with a mock bow; "'twas only yesterday that he killed his groom at Hampstead."

A few moments of silence followed this revelation. It was Charles Fox who spoke first.

"I make no doubt that your Grace, as a man of honor"—he emphasized the word forcibly—"will not refuse to ride the horse for another twenty minutes, provided Mr. Carvel is successful. And I will lay your Grace another hundred that you are thrown, or run away with."

Truly, to cope with a wit like Mr. Fox's, the Duke had need for a longer head. He grew livid as he perceived how neatly he had been snared in his own trap.

"Done!" he cried loudly; "done, gentlemen. It only remains to hit upon time and place for the contest. I go to York to-morrow, to be back this day fortnight. And if you will do me the favor of arranging with Baltimore for the horse, I shall be

obliged. I believe he intends selling it to Astley, the showman."

"And are we to keep it?" asks Mr. Fox.

"I am dealing with men of honor," says the Duke, with a bow. "I need have no better assurance that the horse will not be ridden in the interval."

"'Od so!" said Comyn, when we were out; "very handsome of him. But I would not say as much for his Grace." . . .

I shall carry to the grave the memory of that day. I was up betimes, and over to the White Horse Cellar to see Pollux groomed, where I found a crowd about the opening into the stable court. "The young American!" called some one, and to my astonishment and no small annoyance I was greeted with a "Huzzay for you, sir!" "My groat's on Your Honor!" This good-will was owing wholly to the Duke's unpopularity with all classes. Inside, sporting gentlemen in hunting-frocks of red and green and velvet visored caps were shouldering favored 'ostlers from the different noblemen's stables; and there was a liberal sprinkling of the characters who attended the cock mains in Drury Lane and at Newmarket. At the moment of my arrival the head 'ostler was rubbing down the stallion's flank.

"Here's ten pounds to ride him, Saunders!" called one of the hunting-frocks.

"Umph!" sniffed the 'ostler; "ride 'im it is, Yere Honor? Two hundred beant eno', an' a Portugal crown i' th' boot. Sooner take me chaunces o' Tyburn on 'Ounslow 'Eath. An' Miller waurna able to sit 'im, 'tis no for th' likes o' me to try. Th' bloody devil took th' shirt off Teddy's back this morn. I advises th' young Buckskin t' order 's coffin." Just then he perceived me, and touched his cap, something abashed. "With submission, sir, Y'r Honor'll take an old man's advise an' not go near 'im."

Pollux's appearance, indeed, was not calculated to reassure me. He looked ugly to exaggeration, his ears laid back and his nostrils as big as crowns, and his teeth bared time and time. Now and anon an impatient fling of his hoof would make the grooms start away from him. Since coming to the inn he had been walked a couple of miles each day, with two men with loaded whips to control him. I was being offered a deal of counsel, when big Mr. Astley came in from Lambeth, and silenced them all.

"These grooms, Mr. Carvel," he said to me, as we took a bottle in private inside, "these grooms are the very devil for superstition. And once a horse gets a bad name with them, good-by to him. Miller knew how to ride, of course, but like many another of them, was too damned overconfident. I warned him more than once for getting young horses into a fret, and I'm willing to lay a ten-pound note that he angered Pollux. 'Od's life! He is a vicious beast. So was his father, Culloden, before him. But here's luck to you, sir," says Mr.

\*From *Richard Carvel*. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co.



Astley, tipping his glass; "having seen you ride, egad! I have put all the money I can afford in your favor."

Before I left him he had given me several valuable hints as to the manner of managing that kind of a horse: Not to anger him with the spurs unless it became plain that he meant to kill me; to try persuasion first and force afterward; and, secondly, he taught me a little trick of twisting the bit which I have since found very useful.

Leaving the White Horse, I was followed into Piccadilly by the crowd, until I was forced to take refuge in a hackney chaise. The noise of the affair had got around town, and I was heartily sorry I had not taken the other and better method of trying conclusions with the Duke and slapped his face. I found Jack Comyn in Dover street, and presently Mr. Fox came for us with his chestnuts in his chaise, Fitzpatrick with him. At Hyde Park Corner there was quite a jam of coaches, chaises and cabriolets and beribboned phaetons, which made way for us, but kept us busy bowing as we passed among them. It seemed as if everybody of consequence that I met in London was gathered there. One face I missed, and rejoiced that she was absent, for I had a degraded feeling like that of being the favorite in a cudgel-bout. And the thought that her name was connected with all this made my face twitch. I heard the people clapping and saw them waving in the carriages as we passed, and some stood forward before the rest in a haphazard way, without rhyme or reason. Mr. Walpole, with Lady Di Beauclerk, and Mr. Storer and Mr. Price and Colonel St. John and Lord and Lady Carlisle and Lady Osory. These I recognized. Inside, the railing along the row was lined with people. And here stood Pollux, bridled, with a blanket thrown over his great back and chest, surrounded still by the hunting-frocks, who had followed him from the White Horse. Mixed in with these, swearing, conjecturing and betting, were some to surprise me, whose names were connected with every track in England—the Duke of Grafton and my Lord Sandwich and March and Bolingbroke, and Sir Charles Bunbury and young Lords Derby and Foley, who, after establishing separate names for folly on the tracks, went into partnership. My Lord Baltimore descended listlessly from his cabriolet to join the group. They all sang out when they caught sight of our party, and greeted me with a zeal to carry me off my feet. And my Lord Sandwich, having done me the honor to lay something very handsome upon me, had his chief jockey on hand to give me some final advice. I believe I was the coolest of any of them. And at that time of all others the fact came up to me with irresistible humor that I, a young Colonial Whig, who had grown up to detest these people, should be rubbing noses with them.

The Duke put in an appearance five minutes before the hour, upon a bay gelding, and attended by Lewis and Sir John Brooke, both mounted. As a most particular evidence of the detestation in which Chartersea was held, he could find nothing in common with such notorious rakes as March and Sandwich. And it fell to me to champion these. After some discussion between Fox and Captain Lewis,

March was chosen umpire. His Lordship took his post in the middle of the row, drew forth an enameled repeater from his waistcoat, and mouthed out the conditions of the match—the terms, as he said, being private.

"Are you ready, Mr. Carvel?" he asked.

"I am, my Lord," I answered. The bells were pealing noon.

"Then mount, sir," said he.

The voices of the people dropped to a hum that brought to mind the long-forgotten sound of the bees swarming in the garden by the Chesapeake. My breath began to come quickly. Through the sunny haze I saw the cows and deer grazing by the Serpentine, and out of the back of my eye handkerchiefs floated from the carriages banked at the gate. They took the blanket off the stallion. Stall-fed and excited by the crowd, he looked brutal indeed. The faithful Banks, in a new suit of the Carvel livery, held the stirrup, and whispered a husky "God keep you, sir!" Suddenly I was up. The murmur was hushed, and the Park became still as a peaceful farm in Devonshire. The grooms let go of the stallion's head.

He stood trembling like the throes of death. I gripped my knees as Captain Daniel had taught me years ago, when some invisible force impelled me to look aside. From between the broad and hunching shoulders of Chartersea I met such a venomous stare as a cuttlefish might use to freeze his prey. Cuttlefish! The word kept running over my tongue. I thought of the snaky arms that had already caught Mr. Marmaduke, and were soon, perhaps, to entangle Dorothy. She had begged me not to ride, and I was risking a life which might save hers.

The wind rushing in my ears and beating against my face awoke me all at once. The trees ran madly past, and the water at my right was a silver blur. The beast beneath me snorted as he rose and fell. Fainter and fainter dropped the clamor behind me, which had risen as I started, and the leaps grew longer and longer. Then my head was cleared like a steamed window-pane in a cold blast. I saw the road curve in front of me, I put all my strength into the curb, and heeling at a fearful angle was swept into the busy Kensington Road. For the first time I knew what it was to fear a horse. The stallion's neck was stretched, his shoes rang on the cobbles, and my eyes were fixed on a narrow space between carriages coming together. In a flash I understood why the Duke had insisted upon Hyde Park, and that nerved me some. I saw the frightened coachmen pulling their horses this way and that; I heard the cries of the foot-passengers, and then I was through, I know not how. Once more I summoned all my power, recalled the twist Astley had spoken of, and tried it. I bent his neck for an inch of rein. Next I got another inch, and then came a taste—the smallest taste—of mastery, like elixir. The motion changed with it, became rougher, and the hoof-beats a fraction less frequent. He steered like a ship with sail reduced. In and out we dodged among the wagons, and I was beginning to think I had him, when suddenly, without a move of warning, he came down rigid with his feet planted together, and only a miracle and

my tight grip restrained me from shooting over his head. There he stood shaking and snorting, nor any persuasion would move him. I resorted at last to the spurs.

He was up in the air in an instant, and came down across the road. Again I dug in to the bowels, and clung the tighter, and this time he landed with his head to London. A little knot of people had collected to watch me, and out stepped a strapping fellow in the King's scarlet, from the Guard's House near by.

"Hold him, sir!" he said, tipping. "Better dismount, sir. He means murder, Y'r Honor."

"Keep clear, curse you!" I cried, waving him off. "What time is it?"

He stepped back, no doubt thinking me mad. Some one spoke up and said it was five minutes past noon. I had the grace to thank him, I believe. To my astonishment I had been gone but four minutes; they had seemed twenty. Looking about me, I found I was in the open space before old Kensington Church, over against the archway there. Once more I dug in the spurs, this time with success. Almost at a jump the beast took me into the angle of posts to the east of the churchyard gate and tore up the footpath of Church Lane, terrified men and women ahead of me taking to the kennel. He ran irregularly, now on the side of the posts, now against the bricks, and I gave myself up.

Heaven put a last expedient into my head, that I had once heard Mr. Dulany speak of. I braced myself, for a pull that should have broken the stallion's jaw and released his mouth altogether. Incredible as it may seem, he jarred into a trot, and presently came down to a walk, tossing his head like fury, and sweating at every pore. I leaned over and patted him, speaking him fair, and (marvel of marvels!) when we had got to the dogs that guard the entrance of Camden House I had coaxed him around and into the street, and cantered back at easy speed to the church. Without pausing to speak to the bunch that stood at the throat of the lane, I started toward London, thankfulness and relief swelling within me. I understood the beast, and spoke to him when he danced aside at a wagon with bells or a rattling load of coals, and checked him with a word and a light hand.

Before I gained the Life Guard's House I met a dozen horsemen, among them Banks on a mount of Mr. Fox's. They shouted when they saw me, Colonel St. John calling out that he had won another hundred that I was not dead. Sir John Brooke puffed and swore he did not begrudge his losses to see me safe, despite Captain Lewis' sourness. Storer vowed he would give a dinner in my honor, and, riding up beside me, whispered that he was damned sorry the horse was now broken, and his Grace's chance of being killed taken away. And thus escorted, I came in by the Kink's New Road to avoid the people running in the Row, and so down to Hyde Park Corner, and in among the chaises and the phaetons, where there was enough cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs to please the most exacting of successful generals. I rode up to my Lord March, and finding there was a minute yet to run I went up the Row a distance and back again amidst more huzzaing, Pollux

prancing and quivering and frothing his bit, but never once attempting to break.

When I had got down they pressed around me until I could scarce breathe, crying congratulations, Comyn embracing me openly. Mr. Fox vowed he had never seen so fine a sight, and said many impolitic things which the Duke must have overheard. . . . Lady Carlisle sent me a red rose for my button-hole by his Lordship. Mr. Warner, the lively parson with my Lord March, desired to press my hand, declaring that he had won a dozen of port upon me, which he had set his best cassock against. My Lord Sandwich offered me snuff, and invited me to Hichinbroke. Indeed, I should never be through were I to continue. But I must not forget my old acquaintance, Mr. Walpole, who protested that he must get permission to present me to Princess Amelia; that Her Royal Highness would not rest content now, until she had seen me. I did not then know Her Highness' sporting propensity.

Then my Lord March called upon the Duke, who stood in the midst of an army of his toad-eaters. I almost pitied him then, though I could not account for the feeling. I think it was because a nobleman with so great a title should be so cordially hated and dispised. There were high words along the railing among the Duke's supporters, Captain Lewis, in his anger, going above an inference that the stallion had been broken privately. Chartersea came forward with an indifferent swagger, as if to say as much; and, in truth, no one looked for more sport, and some were even turning away. He had scarce put foot to the stirrup, when the surprise came. Two minutes were up before he was got in the saddle, Pollux rearing and plunging and dancing in a circle, the grooms shouting and dodging, and his Grace cursing in a voice to wake the dead; and Mr. Fox laughing and making small wagers that he would never be mounted. But at last the Duke was up and gripped, his face bloody red, giving vent to his fury with his spurs.

Then something happened, and so quickly that it cannot be writ fast enough. Pollux bolted like a shot out of a sling, vaulted the railing as easily as you or I would hop over a stick, and galloping across the lawn and down the embankment flung his Grace into the Serpentine. Precisely as Mr. Fox afterward remarked, as the swine with the evil spirits ran down the slope into the sea.

An indescribable bedlam of confusion followed, lords and gentlemen, tradesmen and grooms, hostlers and apprentices, all tumbling after, many crying with laughter. My Lord Sandwich's jockey pulled his Grace from the water in a most pitiable state of rage and humiliation. His side curls gone, the powder and pomatum washed from his hair, bedraggled and muddy and sputtering oaths, he made his way to Lord March, swearing by all divine that a trick was put on him, that he would ride the stallion to Land's End. His Lordship, pulling his face straight, gravely informed the Duke that the match was over. With this his Grace fell flatly sullen, was pushed into a coach by Sir John and the Captain, and drove rapidly off Kensington way, to avoid the people at the corner.



## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*Novellists and Their Creations*.....*London Speaker*

It may be said that a novel writer is successful, and esteemed great, almost exactly in proportion to the strength of his moral instincts. Righteousness of bias is what the people, classes and masses alike, demand of those who seek to entertain them by fiction. The demand is not made consciously; but compliance with it is an invariable condition of the novel writer's success. In certain modern instances it is the only condition. It is so in the case of the religious novels which have had a vogue within recent years. If the authors of those stories abated the vehemence of their love of right and hatred of wrong, the circulation of their works would decline by leaps and bounds. Hatred of vice is their only virtue. It is necessary to say this, because, apart from their greatness as exhibitions of moral fervor, the novels to which we are alluding cannot be considered literature at all. In other words, the reading public is always ready to confer untold guineas and glory without stint upon any lady or gentleman who has a genius for high moral tone. We see this in the theatre as well as in the reading-room. Shakespeare spells ruin; but *The Sign of the Cross* stirs the great heart and empties the tight pocket of the people. It is clear, then, not only that the writer of fiction is entitled to have a bias in favor of some of his characters and against others, but also that he must. The sympathies and antipathies of the people urge him to have a bias. If he obeys the command, he is on the way to success; if he disobeys, he is on the road to failure. Of the many theories why the plays of Shakespeare have only a sporadic prosperity in London and no prosperity at all in the provinces, we deem our own the best. The public are never quite sure which side the author is taking. In *Hamlet*, for example, he does not treat the wicked mother of the hero and her spouse with sufficient severity, and in *Shylock* it is not in the least obvious that he is a sound Anti-Semite. Authors such as Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett are much more satisfactory. There is never any doubt as to the sympathies and antipathies of those geniuses. They hold up to nature a magic mirror in which virtue sees its own image beautified ten per cent. and vice beholds its hideous mien suffering from a thoroughly usurious discount.

The relative standings of other authors can be explained by the considerations which show why, as a popular man, Shakespeare is simply not in the running with either of the rivals whom we have mentioned. What publisher would think of giving Mr. Meredith the "rate per thou" that is cheerfully meted out to Miss ———, a lady whose desire for privacy we must not disregard? If one could be found to do so, we should join with the Prophet Baxter in proclaiming the dawn of the millennium. While Miss ———'s moral tendencies are quite unmistakable and thoroughly orthodox, one can never tell, from his novels, that Mr. Meredith has any morals at all. Whenever there is a scoundrel in his book, as in *The Egoist*, the man actually comes forth, when all is said and done, at

least half a gentleman. Any lady writer would have had a quicker and more stringent way with him. He would never, in her hands, have been allowed to think a thought which was even half good, and would never have missed an opportunity to be as wicked as a blackguard should. That is the proper style. If the villain in a melodrama is a lordling, he must do something in keeping with the known habits of youthful peers. He used to tear the door-bell out and wrench the knocker off; but his infamy has naturally developed with the progress of the years, and now it is necessary that he should do some outrageous act for the benefit of the pure in heart. He must either have two wives or be devoted to one that is not his. Both Mr. Hardy and Mr. Mallock try their hands at this business; but only a female fictionist can do it well. The men writers merely trifle with the subject. Instead of bestowing wholesale condemnation on the profligate, they actually turn him out, at the end, almost fit to enter a decent drawing-room or go to church. That is why authors such as Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Mallock will never be popular. They lack thoroughness, just as Shakespeare lacked it; and, like him, they must take the consequences. Their rates per thou' will steadily decline, and the reading public will have cause for joy at the increasing evidence, furnished by statistics from the free libraries that a wicked person is wholly wicked, with no shadow of turning toward the good and true. It may be remarked that one of the lady writers made Satan the hero of a tale, and that that shows our theory to be wrong, or, at any rate, that there are exceptions to our rule; but the objection is more apparent than real. The devil is the devil, no doubt; but he is not always devilish, it seems; in the case referred to he was a sorrowing saint, with a burning desire to mend his ways. At least, so we are informed by trustworthy persons who say they have read the book.

*Mark Twain's Promised Biographies*.....*The Spectator*

Mark Twain has a pet scheme to which he has devoted much time, and which, it is said, will occupy a great part of the remainder of his life. The scheme is described as unparalleled in the history of literature, and it is, in effect, a portrait-gallery of such of Mark Twain's contemporaries as he has known, drawn from the life, and with the sole object of telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. These portraits, when written, are to be sealed up, and only published 100 years after their author's death. The governing idea in Mark Twain's mind is that biography is not truthful, because nobody will paint the warts, nobody will say, or permit to be said, exactly what he thought of his subject. But if a century has elapsed before the fact, as it really is, is given to the world, then, Mark Twain argues, one may write as one pleases without the fear of stirring up the waters of strife.

Mark Twain will, we do not doubt, write down what he thinks to be a real portrait of some celebrity he has met. But the truth is that the writing will be made up partly of the personality of the

celebrity, and partly of that of the painter. The result will doubtless be highly interesting, but we doubt whether it will be any nearer to exact truth than any of the best biographies which have seen the light in recent years. It is by no means true that these works are mere eulogies. Take one of the very best of them, Sir George Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*, and we are led to see all through a certain narrow intensity, a whole range of "imperfect sympathies," and a dogmatic, overbearing disposition alongside the very finest moral nature. In short, we feel that we know the real Macaulay as truly as he could ever be known, and that no literary snap-shots kept under seal for a century would ever bring him nearer to us. The test of Mark Twain's success will not lie in the fact that some time in the twenty-first century he will first give to the world a true picture of some distinguished man of our own time, because he will put down exactly what that man said, or exactly how his study was furnished, or exactly how his dinner was cooked and served. If he succeeds, his success will be due to an objective mind which has the capacity for seizing on the essential facts and presenting them in the simplest form to his readers. There is the charm of Boswell, of Erckermann. We read them, and we know that Johnson spoke and did this, that Goethe said and wrote that; we see the "very form and body" of these two great men, see the light and shade by which they were environed; their biographers have the faculty of making us see the exact thing as it happened without any straining after effect, and with the very least suggestion of their own personalities intervening between the reader and the hero. To be sure, we know plenty of details about Boswell, and we like his chatter about his father and his estate and his legal business, all of which tend to increase the interest of the general narrative. But we feel, as soon as Johnson steps on the scene, that the showman is standing aside, that he is careless of his own reputation and dignity, that he is even willing to be accounted a fool (though he was very far from being that), if only he may bring out some trait of the great man, and so assist his reader in arriving at an accurate and truthful portraiture. And it is precisely because of that intense objectiveness that Boswell stands out as one of the first biographers of all time.

Mark Twain's ideas on this question embrace the subject of autobiography. He thinks that "you cannot lay bare your private soul and look at it. You are too much ashamed of yourself." If this view be accepted, we must say that no truthful or successful autobiography has ever been written. And, in sober truth, but few men can view their own deed or their entire personality, good or bad. It seems to be difficult, almost impossible, for a man to see himself as he is, even approximately, and perhaps it is as well that it should be so. But, on the other hand, men of exceptional character have bared their souls, and in so doing have laid millions of their fellow-creatures under eternal obligations. What do we not owe to St. Augustine, who has not shrunk from viewing any aspect of his complex nature? Dante has probed for us his very inmost life, and both Kant, Goethe and Carlyle

have told the world what they owed to the confessions of Rousseau. Here the opposite of that needed in biography is required—viz., intense subjectivity, which lights up every nook and cranny of the moral life with a vivid spiritual illumination. The autobiographer will, doubtless, exaggerate like Bunyan; but beneath his wild self-questionings and intense spiritual agony we shall read the course of his life-history, and we shall feel the common nature which unites him to ourselves.

*The Murder Novel.....John M. Robertson.....New Century Review*

Looking back, one is inclined to think that it was with Dickens that the taste for blood began to come into English fiction. Mr. Wilkie Collins, to the best of my recollection, made a good deal of use of murder in his plots; and Miss Braddon improved upon him in the matter of thrill. Even George Eliot, who, like Mr. Meredith, belonged to the middle age of plot, gives us whiffs of crime in *Romola* and *Middlemarch*, and raises a delicate question for the coroner in *Daniel Deronda*. But these coquettings with police news are the merest child's play compared with the hearty and unabashed spirit of slaughter that animates a whole school of romancers who have arisen since George Eliot's day.

It was the gallant Stevenson who first effectively brought the glamour of "gules" into our artistic romance in these latter days. In order of publication, *Treasure Island* began the entertainment, with its fascinating Long John Silver, its stockade fighting, and its general flow of blood in the scuppers. In *Kidnapped*, after the early bout of assault and ambuscade on the brig, the author held his hand somewhat, aiming rather at an interest of character; but in *The Wreckers* he certainly made up for lost time; and in *The Black Arrow*, which appeared in book form out of its order in time of writing, the handling of sword and knife is spirited and spirit-stirring. A touch of the same scent gives piquancy to the *New Arabian Nights* and *The Dynamiters*; but it is in *The Wreckers* that we have the most enterprising use of the gore motive, and in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* that the charm of crime is most intensely exploited. The naval massacre in *The Wreckers*, the romantic attraction of which consists in its being treated as a disagreeable necessity for which nobody is seriously to be executed, almost carries us back to the good old tale of the *Nibelungen*, wherein "a murder grim and great" gives Homeric breadth to the narrative. Finally, in *The Breach of Falesà*, we have the joy of knifing dramatically presented in the first person by "a man who did." It is not to be supposed that Stevenson did not reflect artistically and even ethically on his employment of blood as local color. Doubtless he would have ready a vigorous retort on the bourgeois sentimentalism of anybody who suggested that he made very little account of murder as a phase of conduct. Still, he seems to have pulled up after *The Beach* and *The Ebb-Tide*, and bethought him that after all great fiction has more to do with the analysis of the spirit than with the cutting-up of flesh and blood. Weir of Hermiston is a distinct reversion to the psychological.

If Stevenson flagged, however, the neo-romantic



school has not yet lost its taste for the higher homicide. Carnegie is its handmaid—if one may so modify Wordsworth. Mr. Kipling has outgone Stevenson in his wholesale manipulation of the murder-motive. In *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, in particular, he has given to his large public such a touch of the thrill of slaughter as no previous artist had been able to communicate; and in his *Jungle Book* he contrives, in the intellectual interests of the young, to raise the life of the lower animals to the epic heights of massacre hitherto reserved for the head of the mammalia.

Thus the rising generation is being kept up to date. There used to be a good deal of cutting-off of heads in the fairy tales of a generation ago, Hans Christian Andersen having no aversion to the lusty key set in Jack the Giant-Killer. When a humanitarian lady, some years ago, protested against such literature—and some other sorts—as demoralizing to the young, a certain learned journalist scornfully retorted that children are not morally affected in that fashion; and are thus more sensible than some of the adults who supervise them. And doubtless he was right, so far as the question then went. But the boy whose young idea is taught to shoot by the *Jungle Book* seems to be in a different case; and the British patriot may hopefully reckon that the generation that is being thus guided will be well nurtured for the duties of empire as regards the handling of inferior races, and will be quite peculiarly prepared for the coming Armageddon that so inspires the imagination of our patriots.

*Dictionaries.....The Spectator*

"A lexicographer," says Dr. Johnson in one of his wittiest definitions, "is a maker of dictionaries, a harmless drudge." The definition is a jest, obviously and consciously untrue; but it gives us a clear vision into the doctor's mind, and it is pertinent in an age which is engrossed in dictionaries. We may not have the genius of invention, but we are true Alexandrians, in that we comment untiringly and are anxious to docket and record the sum of our ingathered knowledge.

But the best dictionaries, like men, have their physiognomies; they are not all the mere storehouses that they appear. Some, indeed, are eloquent autobiographies; and many a lexicographer, or harmless drudge, has painted a vivid portrait in his discontinuous page. The national biographer has little enough to say of Randle Cotgrave, and with the magnificent edition of 1611 in our hand we stand in need of no man's intervention. For this—the first of French dictionaries—is not only a treasury of words, it is a "human document," and he who wills may know Cotgrave and his preferences as intimately as if this splendid "drudge" had confided his thoughts and aspirations to a private notebook. The worship of Rabelais, the love of slang, the fine talent for synonyms—these are confessed in every column. Moreover, the most casual reader will discover in Cotgrave an unparalleled knowledge of folk-lore and proverbs. Here was no mere scholar, pedantically immersed in his study, but an active, living man, picking up knowledge at the street-corner or in the tavern, uncovering the secrets of Nature, noting the songs of

birds and the habits of animals, and making of a common lexicon a living masterpiece of learning and humor. It is not Cotgrave's knowledge of French that we admire, though that is above suspicion; it is the amateur of curious information who excites our wonder, while his genius for obscure quotation helps to explain that other marvel of erudition, Burton of the Anatomy.

Again, it is impossible to turn over the pages of this great dictionary without reflecting that Shakespeare in his maturity may have profited by its curious lore, without remembering that without its aid Urquhart could never have perfected his version of Rabelais. But, above all, we prize its physiognomy; we turn to it not as to a dry museum, but as to a tried and living friend, and there are many works of ingenious invention and hazardous adventure which we would gladly exchange for this faithful antiquary who never disappoints us. And whatever be said of Cotgrave may be said with equal truth of Resolute John Florio, the sturdy Italian who created the famous *World of Words*, and who proved in his *Montaigne* that he could use the symbols of speech as brilliantly as he could collect them. Whether or not Shakespeare knew Cotgrave, he knew both Florio and his *World*, and, says the voice of malice, drew the man in *Holofernes*. But the present writer, loyal partisan that he is, refuses to believe this libel; and he should place the first edition of his dictionary, if haply he could find it, on the same shelf which holds his most familiar treasures. And what a dullard was he who declared that dictionaries were dull reading! Discursive they may be, but the best of them are never dull. Johnson's vast work, for instance, yields in interest only to Boswell's *Life*. In the one, as in the other, Johnson and his preferences stand confessed. For Johnson was a hero of so strenuous an intellect, that he could not exclude himself even from a definition. He has drawn his own valiant portrait right across his giant folios. He has preached his political sermons, his national prejudices, with an energetic eloquence which is all the greater for its absolute reserve—the reserve dictated by the immemorial habit of dictionaries. He even displays through the cloud of words his love of Latin derivatives. Heedless of the hackneyed aphorism that a definition should be simpler than its excuse, he changes "dry" into "desiccative," and "burial" into "sepulture." But it is his definitions which most loudly declare the man. As Cotgrave is known by his folk-lore and superstitions, so Johnson will ever be remembered by the insolent interpretations which he found for common words. Pension, says he, is "pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." And you know that when his sovereign properly rewarded him, he did not regret his former arrogance. Again, he could not speak of oats without recording, to the discredit of the country beyond the Tweed, that in England they were the food of horses, in Scotland of men. Or take his definition of "excise," and note that, drudge as he called himself, he still expressed his own opinion. "Excise," said he, "is a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."



Indeed, for Dr. Johnson a definition was an epigram, and it is no wonder that many a witty or spiteful saying has been wrongfully fathered upon the dictionary. The description of a ship as "a prison with a chance of being drowned" is, we believe, to be sought in the pages of Boswell, but there are countless parodies, to which Johnson himself was an honorable stranger.

But after Samuel Johnson the making of dictionaries ceased to be an art, and turned itself to a science. To compare the modern machines which are advertised in the newspapers of to-day with the two massive folios of Johnson, is to compare the English Navy of Queen Victoria with the ships that faced the Spanish Armada. Yet Johnson's work has this solid advantage, it reveals a man as well as a scholar. Now, the Oxford Dictionary, of which we would speak with the greatest gratitude and respect, reveals nothing personal. It is not the work of one man; it is a joint enterprise. Many hundreds of industrious persons have contributed to its perfection, and it is a perfect record of our glorious speech. If you would know who first used that obscure word "donkey," it is to the Oxford Dictionary that you will rush for information. And yet, for all your gratitude, you will turn over its pages with regret. You cannot forget that the pleasantries of Florio, Cotgrave and Johnson are better to read than the lofty omniscience of Dr. Murray and his colleagues. In the old dictionaries you may find not only words, but men; hidden away in the Oxford Dictionary you detect what is far less amusing, if it be more valuable—the industry of a nation.

*Six Critics in One.....William L. Alden.....New York Times*

Dr. Conan Doyle has pleased a crowd of unsuccessful writers by complaining in a letter to the daily press that a certain well-known critic is as multiform as Andrew Lang himself. The critic in question is the editor of *The Bookman* and the correspondent of the *New York Bookman*. He is also editor of a *Nonconformist* weekly, and he writes criticisms under different signatures in a variety of other papers. If he dislikes a book he can say so in six different articles, and thus create in the public mind the impression that the book is so bad that there is a general insurrection of critics against it, whereas, in point of fact, the six adverse criticisms merely mean that one man disapproves of it. Dr. Doyle thinks that this is an intolerable state of things, though he does not seem to have any remedy for it in his mind.

The critic of whom Dr. Doyle complains has, of course, answered his accuser. His answer is perhaps good, considered as repartee, but it is hardly argument. He says that he recently found fault with a book written by Dr. Doyle on the ground that it contained a chapter calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of the conscientious *Nonconformist*. Hence these tears on the part of the aggrieved author! The critic, however, does not deny that he is six critics rolled into one, though he declines to admit that he is guilty of any offense.

Dr. Doyle is inclined to think that if a critic were compelled to sign his criticisms he would be able to do less harm than, in Dr. Doyle's opinion, is

done by the multiform critic of *The Bookman*. But this would prove a very inefficient remedy. Suppose that Smith writes criticisms in six different papers, and signs them all with his name. They will be read, not as Smith's opinion, but as the opinions of the papers in which they appear. The public will simply note that such and such papers have praised or condemned a certain book, and they will accept the opinions expressed by Smith in those papers as a consensus of critical opinion. If every critic were to be compelled to sign his criticisms the practice would perhaps be welcome to an aggrieved author who wished to calm his mind by assaulting the critic with a club, but in no other way would it bring him any sort of satisfaction.

*Color-Definition in Letters.....E. W.....The Academy*

The description of Nature in terms of jewel-metaphor is a departure peculiar to this age. We seek in this manner to give our words both radiance and substance—the substance of seas and fields and trees, sun and moon-transfused. Our sunsets are built of diamond and alabaster; all the precious stones of Revelations shine in our sunrises; our moon-lit landscapes are cut out of pearls; we walk on emerald and sail on jade. Emerald has, indeed, become a quite common cognomen for intense or luminous green. Have we not the Emerald Isle, with its shamrock

As softly green  
As emerald seen  
Through purest crystal gleaming?

—Thomas Moore.

Does not Mr. Swinburne, in a phrase that recalls Spenser's "more white than snow," speak of sky-color as being "greener than emerald"? Our woods hold hidden emerald—"A virgin wood discovered twilight gleams of emerald"; our seas are like "burning emerald"—nay, there is actually an emerald sky above us—

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
The ash and the acacia floating hang  
Tremulous and pale.—Shelley.

—which simile bears some remote analogy to the "green night," wherein the oranges hang like yellow lamps. Examples might, of course, be indefinitely multiplied; but to show how far astray we may be led in the pursuit of the word, we may give one grating instance from Mr. Gerald Massey, who speaks of the "emerald fingers" of the "arch laburnum." Comparisons of natural objects to jade and beryl are more infrequent. Mr. John Davidson, who is a very careful colorist, gives us in his last volume:

A green isle like a beryl set  
In a wine-colored sea.

We find a jade-parallel in Fiona Macleod. This writer takes a particular delight in color-studies, and she has given us many elaborate and beautiful pictures. Her northern waters are every shade of green—"yellow-green," "emerald," "dark bottle-green," and the following passage is interesting as showing the extreme difficulty of specializing shades: "With his hand gripping the gunwale, he swayed for some time to and fro, fascinated by the

lustrous green beneath the keel—green in the sunlit spaces as leaves of the lime in April, and in the lower, as emerald lapsing into jade, and then as jade passing into the gloom of the pines at dark."

Despite the marvelous accuracy and life of color in the above, we feel that an over-minutiae of detail somewhat interferes with breadth of achievement. We detect just the faintest suspicion of midnight oil. There is more of nature and of charm in the simplest unstudied description; in "green secluded vales," in "farms green to the very door," in the "green world" of the daffodils. And, indeed, the secret of color-definition seems to consist in flashing back upon the adjective of color some vitality or illumination from the noun it qualifies. The later James Thomson speaks of spring leaves as "green flames"—"green flames wave lightly everywhere." Celts call the sap in the leaves "green fire." Oh, mighty rightness of words—the heart thrills to remember them! "Green wind from the green-gold branches"—how mystic and wonderful! "Green fountains, weeping willows"—how pregnant with imagery! It is impossible to foresee of what magic and extension this method is capable. Think of Mr. W. E. Henley's "The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams"; think of Mr. William Watson's "green heart of the waters"; recall Mr. Swinburne's magnificent metaphor:

The sea's green garden-bed,  
Which tempests till and sea winds turn and plow.

The final and most wonderful way of all is to suggest color, not only without qualifying its shades, but without naming it. As the observation of nature becomes closer and more general, and the knowledge of color more accurate, the special hue of tree and herb will be merely implied, and more delicate distinctions dwelt upon. Our earliest poets instinctively used this method. In some of the most exquisite nature poems of recent years the word "green" is omitted altogether; yet they are permeated by the sensation of green, sun-steeped or rich in shade. The Nympholept is full of green; you feel an almost tangible greenness in these lines of Mr. Watson's:

Hoarding the cool and leafy silentness  
In many an unsunned hollow or hid recess.

The deer that is pursued of the hunters becomes ever less obvious of characteristic—more radiant and elusive—and it leads us on, ever and further, into the thickets of a more exquisite unknown.

*A Japanese on Shakespeare.....Hakurin-San.....New York Press*

While a guest of His Excellency the Japanese Minister at Washington I confessed to entire and blissful ignorance of your great English master of the drama. But, having been given at Daly's Theatre a glimpse of his genius, I am bold enough to affirm that I seemed to recognize in him an old friend. I could not rid myself of the illusion that somewhere in the far pre-natal eternity, perhaps, I had encountered Shakespeare before—known him, loved him. Though he now spoke a language strange to me, I seemed to understand by that subtle intuition by which all responsive minds meet upon common ground. True, the finesse and deli-

cacy of many of those swinging, ringing lines escaped me; yet their melody, their fire, pathos and humor could not but warm and inspire a sensitive mind of any remote nation, almost as deeply indeed as one of a kindred vernacular. Thus I seemed to have encountered a great Japanese of a former age; to have lost a language since that far parting, but the spirit remained. And your great dramatist was truly Japanesque from another point of view, namely, his appreciation of the beauty of ugliness. Not perhaps as a thing in itself, but as something in eternal movement toward a higher beauty. You who know our art so well must see that the dragons and serpents and beetles and things of like repulsion appear as things beautiful to us, since we portray them with such fidelity upon our rarest Satsuma wares, our most delicate embroideries and even our personal ornaments. Katharine's ugliness is so true, so positive and native withal that it is sublime; but not alone so, since it proceeds to the greater sublimity of the climax which is one of the most glorious homilies on wifely love and devotion ever conceived. It fell from Katharine's lips like a gentle flow of waters down the shimmering flanks of Fusi-yama in the warm spring sunlight after the winter's storm and snows. Didactic it was; but so true, picturesque and convincing that only its beauty prevailed.

*The Passing of Maud.....Literature*

The vulgarization of the fittest among words and proper names is an inevitable process. It takes but a few years, sometimes a few months, for terms of appreciation to become hackneyed and insincere—and, therefore, meaningless—by the violent uses of journalism. "Precious" died ten years ago; "winsome" had but a feeble existence, which has now fluttered away; "convincing" is moribund; "distinguished" and "charming" need much care. No critic who respects his style can now say that so-and-so "has arrived" or "will go far." The phrases serve for a day, and to-morrow pass into the banal, the ready-made, into the service of the hurried and the commonplace, some of them, perhaps, to be revived under happier auspices. The decay and the revival holds good in just the same way in the case of proper names. "Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere." This is a matter of which the romance writer must take careful note. Many names have had to be blotted out of the already small list suitable for serious heroines. A correspondent, Mr. Leonard Merrick, is at the present moment unable to finish a book, because, as he wrote, the name of his heroine had taken on an entirely new significance. For three years he thought of her as Maud; he endowed her with the attributes of the Maud of his imagination. But meanwhile time had been at work, and a change for the worse had set in—By Order of the Magistrate was published with Mord Em'ly for a heroine, then came Alice Maud of the Hooligan Papers, and, behold! Maud had become a synonym for 'Arriet or Mag. Maud is no longer "tall and stately" or even moderately fair.

"Maud, the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the hall.

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse."

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: BLISS CARMAN

Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N. B., April 15, 1861. He was educated at the Collegiate School and the University of New Brunswick, both at Fredericton. Later special studies were continued at Edinburgh and Harvard. He has been connected editorially with several American periodicals, but is now devoting his time exclusively to literature.

Mr. Carman issued his first volume of poems, *Low Tide on Grand Prè*, 1893, when he had already won reputation as a contributor to the magazines. This collection was followed by *Songs from Vagabondia* (about half of which were written by Richard Hovey), 1895; *More Songs from Vagabondia* (partly by Mr. Hovey), 1896; *Ballads of Lost Haven*, 1897, and *By the Aurelian Wall*, 1898.

There are two terms which apply to Mr. Carman's poetry—lyrist and symbolist. To paraphrase the words of a well-known critic, his note is always the lyric note. The lyric cry thrills all his cadences. If it be true that poetry is the rhythmical expression in words of thought fused in emotion than in his work we are impressed by the completeness of the fusion. Every phrase is filled with lyric passion. In the matter of conception and interpretation Mr. Carman is a symbolist in the sense that he recognizes that there are truths too vast and too subtle to endure definition in scientific phrase. They elude set words; as a faint star, at the coming on of evening, eludes the eye which seeks for it directly while unveiling itself at a side glance. Mr. Carman conveys tones by the suggestion of thrilling color or inimitable phrase, perceptions and emotions which a more strictly defined method could never capture.

Of the selections which follow, *A Sea Child* is taken from *Low Tide on Grand Prè*, and the *Nancy's Pride and Outbound* from *Ballads of Lost Haven*. Both of these books are published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., of Boston. *A More Ancient Mariner* is selected from *Songs from Vagabondia*, and *Daises* from *More Songs from Vagabondia*—published by Copeland & Day, of Boston. All of these selections are made with the consent of the poet and his publishers.

### A MORE ANCIENT MARINER.

The swarthy bee is a buccaneer,  
A burly velveteen rover,  
Who loves the booming wind in his ear  
As he sails the seas of clover.

A waif of the goblin pirate crew,  
With not a soul to deplore him,  
He steers for the open verge of blue,  
With the filmy world before him.

His flimsy sails abroad on the wind  
Are shivered with fairy thunder;  
On a line that sings to the light of his wings  
He makes for the land of wonder.

He harries the ports of the hollyhocks,  
And levies on poor sweetbrier;  
He drinks the whitest wine of phlox,  
And the rose is his desire.

He hangs in the willows a night and a day;  
He rifles the buckwheat patches;  
Then battens his store of pelf galore,  
Under the tautest hatches.

He woos the poppy and weds the peach,  
Inveigles daffodilly,  
And then like a tramp abandons each  
For the gorgeous Canada lily.

There's not a soul in the garden world  
But wishes the day were shorter,  
When Mariner B. puts out to sea  
With the wind in the proper quarter.

Or, so they say! But I have my doubts;  
For the flowers are only human,  
And the valor and gold of a vagrant bold  
Were always dear to woman.

He dares to boast, along the coast,  
The beauty of Highland Heather,  
How he and she, with night on the sea,  
Lay out on the hills together.

He pilfers from every port of the wind,  
From April to golden autumn;  
But the thieving ways of his mortal days  
Are those his mother taught him.

His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed:  
He prospers after his kind,  
And follows an instinct, compass-sure,  
The philosophers call blind.

And that is why, when he comes to die,  
He'll have an easier sentence  
Than some one I know who thinks just so.  
And then leaves room for repentance.

He never could box the compass round;  
He doesn't know port from starboard;  
But he knows the gates of the sundown straits.  
Where the choicest goods are harbored.

He never could see the Rule of Three,  
But he knows a rule of thumb  
Better than Euclid's, better than yours,  
Or the teachers' yet to come.

He knows the smell of the hydromel  
As if two and two were five;  
And hides it away for a year and a day  
In his own hexagonal hive.

Out in the day, haphazard, alone,  
Booms the old vagrant hummer,  
With only his whim to pilot him  
Through the splendid vast of summer.

He steers and steers on the slant of the gale,  
Like the fiend or Vanderdecken;  
And there's never an unknown course to sail  
But his crazy log can reckon.



He drones along with his rough sea-song  
And the throat of a salty tar,  
This devil-may-care, till he makes his lair  
By the light of a yellow star.

He looks like a gentleman, lives like a lord,  
And works like a Trojan hero;  
Then loafs all winter upon his hoard,  
With the mercury at zero.

## A SEA CHILD.

The lover of child Marjory  
Had one white hour of life brim full;  
Now, the old nurse, the rocking sea,  
Hath him to lull.

The daughter of child Marjory  
Hath in her veins, to beat and run,  
The glad indomitable sea,  
The strong white sun.

## DAISIES.

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune  
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,  
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,  
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,  
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;  
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"  
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

## OUTBOUND.

A lonely sail in the vast sea-room,  
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,  
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day  
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,  
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,  
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,  
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,  
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,  
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer.

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream  
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

## THE NANCY'S PRIDE.

On the long slow heave of a lazy sea,  
To the flap of an idle sail,  
The Nancy's Pride went out on the tide;  
And the skipper stood by the rail.

All down, all down by the sleepy town,  
With the hollyhocks a-row  
In the little poppy gardens,  
The sea had her in tow.

They let her slip by the breathing rip,  
Where the bell is never still,  
And over the sounding harbor bar,  
And under the harbor hill.

She melted into the dreaming noon,  
Out of the drowsy land,  
In sight of a flag of goldy hair,  
To the kiss of a girlish hand.

For the lass who hailed the lad who sailed,  
Was—who but his April bride?  
And of all the fleet of Grand Latite,  
Her pride was the Nancy's Pride.

So the little vessel faded down  
With her creaking boom a-swing,  
Till a wind from the deep came up with a creep,  
And caught her wing and wing.

She made for the lost horizon line,  
Where the clouds a-castled lay,  
While the boil and seethe of the open sea  
Hung on her frothing way.

She lifted her hull like a breasting gull  
Where the rolling valleys be,  
And dipped where the shining porpoises  
Put ploughshares through the sea.

A fading sail on the far sea-line,  
About the turn of the tide,  
As she made for the banks on her maiden cruise,  
Was the last of the Nancy's Pride.

To-day a boy with goldy hair,  
In a garden of Grand Latite,  
From his mother's knee looks out to sea  
For the coming of the fleet.

They all may home on a sleepy tide,  
To the flap of the idle sail;  
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride  
That answers a human hail.

They all may home on a sleepy tide  
To the sag of an idle sheet;  
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride  
That draws men down the street.

On the banks to-night a fearsome sight  
The fishermen behold,  
Keeping the ghost-watch in the moon  
When the small hours are cold.

When the light wind veers, and the white fog clears,  
They see by the after rail  
An unknown schooner creeping up  
With mildewed spar and sail.

Her crew lean forth by the rotting shrouds,  
With the Judgment in their face;  
And to their mates' "God save you!"  
Have never a word of grace.

Then into the gray they sheer away,  
On the awful polar tide;  
And the sailors know they have seen the wraith  
Of the missing Nancy's Pride.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Frank Norris, Author of  
*McTeague*

Frank Norris, a reading from whose much-talked-of book, *McTeague*, is given on another page of this number of *Current Literature*, was born in Chicago, in 1870. His father removed to California in 1886, from whence, in furtherance of an early ambition to become an animal painter, he was sent to Paris in 1887. Here he studied in the "atelier Julien" until 1889, when he abandoned the idea of becoming an artist, and returning to this country entered the University of California, graduating in the class of '94. Mr. Norris also took a "finishing year" at Harvard in the class of '95, after which, in the same year, he went to South Africa as correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, where he became involved in the Uitlander insurrection, acting as "dispatch rider" for John Hays Hammond. During this experience he was in the saddle eighteen consecutive hours, contracted fever from exposure, and nearly died in a hospital at Johannesburg. Obligated by the Boer Government to leave the Transvaal after the failure of the raid, he returned to San Francisco in 1896, where he assumed the editorship of the illustrated weekly, *The Wave*. Coming East, in 1898, he became a member of McClure's staff, acting as correspondent for McClure's Magazine all through the Santiago campaign in the late war with Spain. He again contracted the fever in Santiago after the surrender, but recovered and resumed work for the McClure's, in which connection he still continues.

Mr. Norris has been writing almost without interruption since 1890. Moran of the *Lady Letty* was contributed as a serial to *The Wave* during his editorial connection with that paper. *McTeague* was written in the fall of 1897 at the Big Dipper Mine in Placer County, California (the same mine mentioned in the book). Mr. Norris chose the spot because of its isolation (it is twenty miles from the railroad, and the country very wild), and, although he was two years collecting the material for it, he wrote the story in two months and a half, during which time, when not at work on the novel, he lived a miner's life, and for exercise and diversion, used to work on cutting a trail between Big Dipper Mine and Iowa Hill, localities familiar to readers of *McTeague*.

Mr. Norris apparently believes little in style and "fine writing," his main object being to make a character alive and the scene vivid. His plan in writing novels is a connected series of pictures, one picture to each chapter, believing style will take care of itself if the writer has anything to say that is worth while. Mr. Howells, in a review of *McTeague* in *Literature*, spoke of its "epical conception of life." The epical form, Mr. Norris thinks, the one most adapted to interpretation of American life and character, and it is his intention to write along these lines in the future.

Despite the success of *McTeague* it is interesting to note the becoming modesty of the following: "I have faith in the possibilities of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast," writes Mr. Norris, "as offering a field of fiction, not the fiction of Bret Harte, how-

ever, for the country has long since outgrown the 'red shirt' period. The novel of California must be now a novel of city life, and it is that novel that I hope some day to write successfully."

Mrs. M. E. M. Davis

L. D. L., of the New Orleans Picayune, sends to *Current Literature* the following interesting sketch of that clever Southern writer, Mrs. M. E. M. Davis:

A dark-browed, old brick mansion in Royal street, with a dusky, tunnel-like entrance terminating in the picturesque bit of courtyard common to houses in the French Quarter of New Orleans—an old house with a legendary past—is the residence of Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, whose recent novel, *The Wire Cutters*, may be said to have scored one of the literary successes of the season. A sunny, many-windowed study, at the head of the stair which winds up from the flagged arcade, has for many years been the workshop of this writer, with whose work the reading public has gradually become familiar. The quaint and curious objects scattered about the room and adorning walls and mantels—pictures, prayer-beads, bits of embroidery, odd pottery, stag horns and rifle—give evidence not only of its owner's tastes, but of that out-of-door life whence come the breeze and breadth noticeable in her books.

"Mrs. Davis' early years were spent on the Texas plantation of her father, Dr. John Moore, a cultivated and genial gentleman of the old school. From her mother she inherited a taste for poetry, and she began at a very early age to scribble verse. Her first book, a volume of verses, entitled *Minding the Gap and Other Poems*, appeared before she was sixteen years old. With the close of the Civil War, in which her father and brothers were engaged, the plantation had passed into other hands. Its memories were later embalmed in a series of tender and pathetic sketches called *In War Times at La Rose Blanche*. This book has been translated into French by Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc) and published at Paris, France.

In 1874 Miss (Mary Evelyn) Moore married Major Thomas Edward Davis, of Virginia. Shortly afterward, Mr. and Mrs. Davis removed from Houston, Texas, to New Orleans, La., where they have since lived, Mr. Davis being editor-in-chief of the New Orleans Picayune. Poems, sketches and short stories soon began to appear in the leading magazines signed M. E. M. Davis. Her negro dialect stories were among the very first of the kind afterward so popular in fiction. Of these, *The Centre Figger*, *A Bamboula*, *The Love Stranche*, *A Heart Leaf*, and others of like character, with the weird and fascinating *Song of the Opal*, *The Soul of Rose Dede*, and the stories of West Texas life—the outcome of long sojourns in that picturesque region—have been gathered into book form under the title of *An Elephant's Track and Other Stories*. It was not until three years ago that Mrs. Davis made her first attempt at a novel. Under the *Man Fig* won favorable comment at the time of its appearance. This was followed by a short history

of Texas (Under Six Flags: The Story of Texas), designed for use in the Texas schools; and this in turn by The Wire Cutters.

Personally, Mrs. Davis is magnetic and winning. Exquisite tact, a wonderfully sympathetic nature and a keen sense of humor combine to make her delightfully companionable. She is a famous hostess. The dark-browed house in Royal street is the general meeting-place for "uptown" and "downtown"—that is to say, the American and Creole society of New Orleans. Her salon, held in its old-fashioned rooms, attracts all that is best and brightest among the crowds which flow southward during the carnival season, and it is wonderful that she finds time, amid a multiplicity of social engagements, to do any literary work; but each seems to afford relief and rest from the absorbing cares of the other, and to-day she is at the height of her social and intellectual power.

The published books of Mrs. Davis are: *Minding the Gap and Other Poems* (Cushing), *In War Times at Lee Rose Blanche* (O. Lothrop), *Under the Man Fig* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), *Under Six Flags: The Story of Texas* (Ginn & Co.), *A Christmas Masque of St. Roch* (A. C. McClurg & Co.), *The Wire Cutters* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

Tom Hall

The following personal sketch is furnished Current Literature from a trustworthy source of information:

Thomas Winthrop Hall (Tom Hall) was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., November 13, 1862. He was educated in the public schools of St. Louis, entering the High School when thirteen years of age. Originally destined to the career of a musician by a music-loving family, he was instructed from the age of nine to thirteen on the violin by Professor Waldauer of the Beethoven Conservatory of Music, St. Louis, when family reverses of fortune occurring, Professor Waldauer (himself a fine violinist, dramatizer of Fanchon the Cricket for Maggie Mitchell, and a great favorite in music-loving St. Louis) offered to put the boy through the Paris Conservatory of Music at his own expense. Being an only child, his mother would not part with him for so long, but this was little disappointment to the boy, who had a marked preference for ordinary studies and baseball, and hated music only one degree less than he hated the sight of the violin. Professor Waldauer had assured Mrs. Hall that love for music would come with love for girls' society, which proved to be the case. "But," says Mr. Hall, "by that time the violin had been traded for a horse that proved to be lame, the horse for a gun that wouldn't shoot, and the gun for a silver watch that wouldn't run. History saith not what the watch was traded for, but it must have been for something that would not perform its proper functions under high heaven." At about this time he entered the employ of the Chicago Branch of the A. S. Barnes Publishing Company as office boy. Becoming discontented with this branch of literature he was taken west by an uncle to a cattle ranch near Lander, Wyoming, where at the age of fifteen he (to quote his own words) "engaged in the luxurious pursuit of cow-punching for a cowboy's

board, a lodging under the blue canopy of heaven, a suit of overalls and a blue flannel shirt per year." Afraid of amassing wealth at such wages Mr. Hall says that he "returned to the effete East as a shipping clerk, studied shorthand, became a shorthand amanuensis and typewriter girl in a law office in Chicago," with the ultimate intention ("of the family") of becoming a lawyer. The prospect of such a career did not, however, suit young Hall, and ("after in several years' time having managed to read sixty-four pages of Blackstone") he changed his position to that of stenographer with the Michigan Central Railroad. When nearly twenty-one he received an appointment to West Point, was eventually graduated and appointed additional second lieutenant, Fourth Cavalry, and later second lieutenant Tenth Cavalry. Mr. Hall began writing professionally while in the army with success from the first, receiving especially great encouragement from the proprietors and editors of *Life*, for which he wrote for many years. Later he resigned from the army and, turning again to his legal studies, he was admitted to the bar in Illinois three months after his resignation. Here he practiced for a year, but finding that he made "about ten times as much out of literary work as I did out of law," he finally abandoned the profession and settled down into the career of a writer after coming East, where he continues to reside. Besides constant contributions to periodicals and newspapers, Mr. Hall has published the following books: *When Hearts are Trumps*, *When Love Laughs*, *When Cupid Calls*, *When Love is Lord*, all verse, and *The Little Lady*, *Some Other People and Myself*, *An Experimental Wooing*, and *Tales* by Tom Hall, prose. Mr. Hall has also been general utility writer, reporter, dramatic critic, editorial writer and editor on various New York and Chicago journals. During the war with Spain Mr. Hall was first lieutenant and adjutant First United States Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders). He suffered an attack of malaria the first night after landing in Cuba, but was on duty until a few days before the surrender of Santiago, when he was severely attacked by the fever, coming near to death at this time, and in subsequent relapses, after his return home. Mr. Hall is now engaged on a Rough Rider book for early publication by the F. A. Stokes Company. His plans for the immediate future also include a boy's book and another humorous love story in the line of his successful *Experimental Wooing*, from which we quote on another page.

Francis Vielé-Griffin

The Boston Transcript prints the following concerning an American writer of French verse:

The French reviews recently noticed the new volume of poems by M. Francis Vielé-Griffin, "*Phocas le Jardinier*." Its title-page bears the imprint of the Société du Mercure de France, which in itself indicates that the poems are of the new school of versification and of that mode of thought which is vaguely termed "symbolistic," but the nationality of the author should claim transatlantic comment. M. Francis Vielé-Griffin is an American by birth and parentage who occupies a distinctive place in modern French literature, and who in 1896



received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his merits as a poet.

The conditions of poetic art in France to-day are somewhat singular. Most of the younger writers are in revolt against the classic artificiality of French prosody. Foreign influence has done much to bring about this revolution in letters, hence the poetic attitude of Vielé-Griffin, as it is affected by his nationality, is peculiarly interesting. Probably it is an inherited democratic spirit which impels him toward "literary anarchy," and, as he says, "the liberty of the individual in that truest expression of individuality which is poetry." It is evident that the English masters, Morris, Rossetti and Swinburne, have been his models in poetic structure. But it is also true, as Robert de Souza, the well-known critic, says of him, that "his inspiration seems drawn from the very sources of old French folk-song, and he has all the spontaneousness and grace of those earliest singers."

When Vielé-Griffin's first volume of poems was published, in 1885, the critics detected at once a new accent, a clearness and sonorousness as yet uneven, with very marked qualities of rhythm. "*Les Cygnes*," which followed, in 1887, was warmly received by the masters of modern French verse, Verlaine and Mallarmé. This volume contains a short idyll, "*Le Porcher*," which has been placed high among his work, and, indeed, pronounced unique in its way in French poetic literature. "*Joies*," which followed, in 1899, first shows that skilful use of the old French ballad refrain which has become an admired characteristic of his lyrical style. Whether in these short poems or in the "*Chevauchée d'Yeldis*," a narrative of some length, or in the fabliau of "*L'Ours et l'Abbesse*," or in the exquisite pastorals of "*La Clarté de Vie*," his verse is marked by peculiar suppleness and rhythmic undulation.

Vielé-Griffin has for some years employed a trenchant prose style in defense of the moderns. Under his editorship, "*Entretiens politiques et Littéraires*," to which all the leading men of the party contributed, Paul Adam, the novelist; Henri de Regnier, the poet; Gustave Kahn, Emile Verhaeren, Bernard Lazare, became a valuable ally of the cause of symbolist innovation. He is at present an editor of the *Mercure de France*, a periodical founded in 1672, which was once conducted by Marmontel, and is now the exponent of all that is modern in thought and art. From its presses have issued such characteristically fin-de-siècle products as Pierre Louys' *Aphrodite*, the strange mystery-play "*Ubo Roi*," and a translation of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

We may perhaps discern something of Vielé-Griffin's poetic intention in the dedications of the two volumes of his collected poems—the first, "*Au fin parler de France*," the second, "*Au printemps de Touraine*." The beauties of the pristine "*langue d'oïl*," the virtues of a French speech not yet Latinized, are very dear to the brotherhood of French poetry; and Vielé-Griffin especially delights in the "*roucoulaides*" and "*chansons de gestes*" of the ancient trouveres which have lent a setting to his modern thought. And it is in Touraine, the country of those primitive singers, that he has found his

inspiration. If we follow our compatriot to that most romantic of French provinces, which has been his home in summer for several years, we shall find him, probably with a group of confrères, at his country house of Nazelles, discussing the literary problems of the day upon a terrace high above the poplared valley of the Loire. The chateau looks across the river at Amboise, as Balzac's *La Grenadière* looked across the Tours, from a green hillside, honey-combed with the queer cliff dwellings of that country; upon the terrace a single tall holly tree casts a black shadow athwart the tea roses and lilies in the garden beds. A strange and old-world dwelling, this Chateau of Nazelles, and one which has its share of tragic memory, some melancholy legend of hiding Huguenots betrayed by the glitter of their armor on the sunny terrace to watchers from the battlements of Amboise. But the gory heads which Catherine hung from her balconies are mold so long that no blood stains redden the rose-filled terrace, whence the faces of little children look down to welcome the traveler who arrives, dusty, from the Paris-Tours express. From the garden-room, with its trellised walls, a phrase of Wagner floats out upon the soft inland air and mingles with the clatter of sabots on the paved roads far below; there is talk of Emerson where the cigarettes are smoking under the mulberry tree, and the transatlantic visitor is greeted by a flutter of the stars and stripes upon the lichened rampart.

The reader of Vielé-Griffin's poems will find himself at home at Nazelles, for among its surrounding vineyards, its rosy orchards and sunny gardens, their author has delighted to linger. With his pastoral lyrics for guides, we may follow the wide Loire, gleaming among its willowed meadows, or standing beneath the immemorial oak on the hill, we may look down the valley to the twin steeples of Tours far away. With him we trace the seasons of Touraine, from the brilliant sunshine of the "*Vision de Juin*," and "*L'Aube de la S. Jean*," through the autumnal cheerfulness of "*La Fenaison*" and "*L'Été de S. Sartin*," to the gray and haunting melancholy of "*Pour le 2me Novembre*." Here, in the country of Thibault de Champagne and Audefroï le Batard and many another minstrel to the Courts of Love, we realize how completely this modern singer has attained to the quality of the mediæval chanson, that interpretation of nature through symbolism rather than through realism.

Our country has of late years sent to Paris many students of painting who have quickly won distinction, but M. Vielé-Griffin is probably the first American who has been termed "of all French poets of the present day the poet who is most truly French."

Readers of *Current Literature* who have admired the work of Miss Julie M. Lippmann, often quoted in these pages from the magazines and elsewhere, will be interested in the following personal details given us by one well acquainted with this writer:

Julie Mathilde Lippmann was born on the 27th of June, 1864, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was educated in her native town, and began writing when a mere child. The first periodical that gave her any

real recognition was the *Youth's Companion*, to which she contributed almost constantly for a number of years, and where still appear occasional contributions from her pen. The *Century* was also kind to her early in her career, and in time *Harper's*, the *Atlantic* and the rest of our leading publications gave a like kind welcome. In 1891 her first book, *Jack O' Dreams* (a collection of short stories for children), was published, Roberts Bros., of Boston, bringing it out in very attractive shape. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, have since issued for Miss Lippmann two girls' books, entitled respectively *Miss Wildfire* and *Dorothy Day*, both of which have sold remarkably well. Miss Lippmann is now preparing the volume of her collected poems which is soon to appear. She is also doing critical work for one of our leading weeklies, and for pastime writing a play. Personally Miss Lippmann prefers dramatic work, and she has been much encouraged to pursue that line of composition by the commendation of several managers who have examined her efforts in that direction, and have urged her to furnish them with a comedy.

W. W. Jacobs, Author of  
*Many Cargoes*

London Tit-Bits gives the following biographical sketch of

W. W. Jacobs, one of the most successful of young English writers:

Like many another famous author, Mr. W. W. Jacobs has found the civil service a stepping-stone to literature. Young as he is—he is still in his thirty-sixth year—he has been more than half his life in the service of his country, entering the Post Office Savings Bank as a boy clerk at the age of sixteen, while at twenty, after having passed the necessary examination, he was appointed a man clerk. Fifteen years, therefore, has he spent “reckoning up other people's money rather than counting his own,” as he humorously expresses it himself.

It is to the post office, indirectly at least, that Mr. Jacobs owes the encouragement which has led him to persevere, until now he stands admittedly within the charmed circle of the most popular of latter-day romancers. After about a year's service in the senior branch of the department, when he was about twenty-one, he wrote an article for the *Blackfriars Magazine*, conducted by the clerks of the post office, a publication which is still extant under a new name and a new régime, as the *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, which is published quarterly.

His first effort was distinctly modeled on the style of Max Adeler, but it was sufficiently attractive for two more contributions to be readily asked for, and as readily given, even though he received no payment for them, the publication being an avowedly amateur one.

Thus encouraged, he was moved one day to send an article to a popular weekly paper, and for this he received the prize of five shillings, which was offered for the best contribution. That was his first “blood money,” as he calls it, and it was soon followed by more from the same source, as he continued contributing. Then another London paper gave him his first great encouragement by making him an offer for a series of articles, which were

published during a period of four years. One day, he sent a story, called *A Case of Desertion*, to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, then the editor of *To-Day*. This was not only accepted, but brought an Oliver Twist-like cry for more from that gentleman, and at regular intervals came post-cards demanding more stories in the same vein. It was in this way that the twenty-one stories which form the volume known as *Many Cargoes* came to be written.

This book is remarkable, for at a single stroke it gave Mr. Jacobs his reputation, and so strong a hold has it taken on the public that, although it has been in circulation for only about two years and a half, it is now in the eighteenth edition. The history of *Many Cargoes* may serve to inspire many a would-be author to persevere, for Mr. Jacobs sent it to no fewer than five publishers before he found one to take it. With this book also he had a singular experience. One of the early stories in it was sent to the *Cornhill Magazine*, then under the editorship of Mr. James Payn. It was not accepted. When a couple of years ago the Academy offered a prize for the best books of the year, Mr. James Payn, no longer editor of the *Cornhill*, put down on his list and recommended two books. One of them was *Many Cargoes*, in which the rejected *Cornhill* contribution occupied a prominent place.

After *Many Cargoes* the coast was clear, and to continue the nautical metaphor, which is so appropriate to a writer of sea stories, Mr. Jacobs' future work has had no difficulty in making safe harbors, *The Skipper's Wooing* being published two years ago, and *Sea Urchins*, practically a continuation of the *Many Cargoes* vein stories, last year.

For every effect there must be a cause, and those who seek to discover the reason for Mr. Jacobs' turning to literature in general, and sea stories in particular, may find an explanation in the fact that one of his great-aunts published a volume of poems, his great-grandfather was a seaman, while his father is a wharfinger at Wapping, where he himself lived for several years, coming in contact, at a most impressionable age, with a good many seamen on the coasting vessels, and getting to know the captains of many of them. Although sailors are proverbially good at spinning a yarn, only one single story has Mr. Jacobs ever heard from the seamen which he could use, and that was only the skeleton of the idea. This is the short story, published in *The Strand Magazine* three or four months ago, and called *False Colors*.

The love of the sea, as every one would naturally suppose, is an inherent characteristic of the writer of sea stories, and as a boy he decided that his profession should be that of a sailor. With this idea strong in his mind he went on a long pleasuring cruise, but so ill did he get that the cruise became anything but a pleasure, and brought about a complete change in his opinion of seafaring as a method of livelihood.

Few literary men have so equable a temperament, and no author who at a sudden leap has gained fame could possibly have a more modest demeanor than Mr. Jacobs. From ten till four he puts off the literary man, and during his office hours he is conspicuously wanting in any of the so-called characteristics of the popular novelist.



Slight of build, with close-cropped hair, bright eyes, and short mustache, he looks rather five-and-twenty than five-and-thirty. Scarcely less contradictory than his appearance is his name, for while the ordinary man would assume from it that he was of Jewish extraction, as a matter of note his family records preserve no trace of any connection with the race which has produced some of the most famous literary men of our day.

Perhaps the fact that he has to be fresh for his work at the Savings Bank every day has done not a little to prevent him from burning the midnight oil, in the manner beloved of story-writers. Indeed, most of his work is done in the early evening between the hours of seven and ten, when he goes to his study and locks himself in, for solitude and silence are absolute essentials in his code of work. Nor, with all his skill, is he by any means sure of being able to write quickly. Sometimes ideas come fast and furious—as fast as they can be put on paper, sometimes even faster still; but it is by no means seldom that he will think for two or three hours without being able to write anything, while at other times when he does write he will destroy every line and begin over again. When the mood has come, however, he manages to cover the ground at a very fair rate. His quickest work was made with *False Colors*, the whole of which was written in one Sunday, but that was a unique feat, for he never succeeded in doing it before, and he has never succeeded in doing it since. Usually one of his stories takes a month from the time it is conceived to the time it is finished.

In his younger days his sister used to copy his work for him from day to day, so that he might go over it in a legible form, for his own calligraphy is, as he says himself, "simply execrable, and not to be tolerated," but now he calls in the services of the typewriter for that purpose.

How the ideas come for his stories Mr. Jacobs is at a loss to say. He does not keep a commonplace book, like so many authors, in which to put down striking characteristics of friends, acquaintances, or people he meets in the streets, and he never makes use of the remarkable plots which lie to the hand of every story-writer in the daily papers, although he acknowledges to using with gratitude on one occasion a plot for a story which was sent to him by a friend. His stimulus to write comes now, when it is borne in upon him that a sufficient time has elapsed since he last wrote a story and that he should begin another, or else it takes the shape of a letter from an impatient agent or editor, asking when his story is coming in, and demanding it at an early date. Then he turns about and tries to discover the germ of a story, jots it down on a sheet of paper, roughly maps out the chapters, sits down at a table, takes up his pen, and begins to write. It is the taking up of his pen which starts his brain actively at work, for until all his writing materials are in front of him, he says, he does not and cannot think of the details by which he will work out his plot or the characters which are necessary for its proper elaboration. Even, however, when he has determined exactly what he is going to do he does not think anything of changing character, incident and preconceived de-

velopment as he goes along, knowing perfectly well, as every master of the literary craft does, that "he will come out right at the end." Even when in full swing it is, as a rule, quite easy for him to put away the story from his mind, and he makes it a habit to forget it while he is busy with the work he has contracted with the Government to do.

From very modest beginnings indeed has Mr. Jacobs got his present position, for his earlier stories were paid for at the rate of a guinea a thousand words, and many an editor must now wish he had been able to obtain a few dozen of Mr. Jacobs' stories at that modest rate of remuneration. No other editors are, however, likely to be able to obtain his work for the next two or three years, for it has been practically arranged that all his stories for that time will appear exclusively in *The Strand Magazine*, in whose pages *A Master of Craft*, the longest Mr. Jacobs has yet produced, is now appearing serially. Of how he came to write this story, Mr. Jacobs says: "It came one day upon me that I ought to write a serial. Chewing the cud of that idea for some weeks, gradually out of chaos came the proverb, 'A sailor has a wife in every port,' and from the proverb the inspiration."

Ina Donna Coolbrith

Writing to Current Literature of Ina Donna Coolbrith, the latest American favorite in the London literary world, Elizabeth A. Vore says:

This California poet, whose book, *Songs of the Golden Gate*, has sprung into sudden though late prominence in London, is being widely quoted and discussed, her work receiving the highest encomiums of praise. The London reviews are equally loud in their censure of American critics, for the lack of recognition, which Miss Coolbrith's genius has received at home. An English review which quotes entire her *Withheld*, makes the following comment: "Even in the United States—and Ina Coolbrith is a Californian—her gift has met with scant recognition. . . . The neglect of such genius is so barbarous as to be well-nigh dishonorable; so patriotic a singer, such love of country as Ina Coolbrith's, is rarely found. A virgin province, a new country, has seldom found such voice to chant its hopes and history." To the thoughtful, Ina Coolbrith's merits as one of the first poets of America has been long established, and the fame she is now enjoying was hers by rights years ago. In the West, where she is greatly beloved, she is known as the "sweet singer of California," and she has many stanch admirers at home, who feel as deeply as does the English public, the insult to her genius, that she must, as the *London Outlook* says, "renounce further effort to busy herself with the problems of earning a livelihood."

Ina Coolbrith's home is in Oakland. In appearance and in character she is a superb woman. At present she occupies the position of librarian in the Mercantile Library of San Francisco, having occupied a similar position in the Public Library in Oakland for eighteen years. The sweet singer in our midst is silent, and the world is shouting its indignation, and chanting her praises in high places.



## THE HOOLIGANS AND WHAT THEY ARE\*

BY CLARENCE ROOK

There was, but a few years ago, a man called Patrick Hooligan, who walked to and fro among his fellow-men, robbing them and occasionally bashing them. This much is certain. His existence in the flesh is a fact as well established as the existence of Buddha or of Mahomet. But with the life of Patrick Hooligan, as with the lives of Buddha and of Mahomet, legend has been at work, and probably many of the exploits associated with his name spring from the imagination of disciples. It is at least certain that he was born, that he lived in Irish Court, that he was employed as a chucker-out at various resorts in the neighborhood. His regular business, as young Alf puts it, was "giving mugs and other barmy sots the push-out of pubs when their old swank got a bit too thick." Moreover, he could do more than his share at tea-leafing, which denotes the picking up of unconsidered trifles, being handy with his fingers, and a good man all round. Finally, one day he had a difference with a constable, put his light out, and threw the body into a dust-cart. He was lagged and given a lifer. But he had not been in jail long before he had to go into hospital, where he died.

There is little that is remarkable in this career. But the man must have had a forceful personality, a picturesqueness, a fascination, which elevated him into a type. It was doubtless the combination of skill and strength, a certain exuberance of lawlessness, an utter absence of scruple in his dealings, which marked him out as a leader among men. Anyhow, though his individuality may be obscured by legend, he lived and died, and left a great tradition behind him. He established a cult.

The value of a cult is best estimated by its effect upon its adherents, and as Patrick Hooligan is beyond the reach of cross-examination, I propose to devote a few words to showing what manner of men his followers are, the men who call themselves by his name, and do their best to pass the torch of his tradition undimmed to the nippers who are coming on.

I should perhaps not speak of them as men, for the typical Hooligan is a boy who, growing up in the area bounded by the Albert Embankment, the Lambeth Road, the Kensington Road, and the streets about the Oval, takes to tea-leafing as a Grimsby lad takes to the sea. If his taste runs to street-fighting there is hope for him, and for the community. He will probably enlist, and, having helped to push the merits of gin and Christianity in the dark places of the earth, die in the skin of a hero. You may see in Lambeth Walk a good many soldiers who have come back from looking over the edge of the world, to see the place they were born in, to smell the fried fish and the second-hand shoe-leather, and to pulsate once more to the throb of a piano-organ. On the other hand, if his fingers be little and sensitive, if he have a turn for mechanics, he will slip naturally into the

picking of pockets and the rifling of other people's houses.

The home of the Hooligan is, as I have implied, within a stone's throw of Lambeth Walk. Law-breakers exist in other quarters of London. Drury Lane will furnish forth a small army of pickpockets, Soho breeds parasites, and the basher of toffs flourishes in the Kingsland Road. But in and about Lambeth Walk we have a colony, compact and easily handled, of sturdy young villains, who start with a grievance against society, and are determined to get their own back. That is their own phrase, their own view. Life has little to give them but what they take. Honest work, if it can be obtained, will bring in a few shillings a week, and what is that compared to the glorious possibility of nicking a red 'un?

Small and compact, the colony is easily organized; and here, as in all turbulent communities, such as an English public school, the leader gains his place by sheer force of personality. The boy who has kicked in a door can crow over the boy who has merely smashed a window. If you have knocked-out your adversary at the little boxing place off the Walk, you will have proved that your friendship is desirable. If it becomes known—and it speedily becomes known to all but the police—that you have drugged a toff and run through his pockets, or, better still, have cracked a crib on your own and planted the stuff, then you are at once surrounded by sycophants. Your position is assured, and you have but to pick and choose those that shall work with you. Your leadership will be recognized, and every morning boys, with both eyes skinned for strolling splits, will seek you out and ask for orders for the day. In time, if you stick to work and escape the cops, you may become possessed of a coffee-house or a sweetsnuff shop, and run a profitable business as a fence. Moreover, your juniors, knowing your past experience, will purchase your advice—paying for counsel's opinion—when they seek an entrance to a desirable house in the suburbs, and cannot decide between the fanlight and the kitchen window. So you shall live and die respected by all men in Lambeth Walk.

The average Hooligan is not an ignorant, hulking ruffian, beetle-browed and bullet-headed. He is a product of the Board School, writes a fair hand, and is quick at arithmetic. His type of face approaches nearer the rat than the bulldog; he is nervous, highly strung, almost neurotic. He is by no means a drunkard; but a very small quantity of liquor causes him to run amuck, when he is not pleasant to meet. Undersized, as a rule, he is sinewy, swift and untiring. For pocket-picking and burglary the feather-weight is at an advantage. He has usually done a bit of fighting with the gloves, for in Lambeth boxing is one of the most popular forms of sport. But he is better with the raws, and is very bad to tackle in a street row, where there are no rules to observe. Then he will show you some tricks that will astonish you. No scruples of conscience will make him hesitate to

\*From *The Hooligan Nights*. Clarence Rook. Henry Holt & Co.

butt you in the stomach with his head, and pitch you backward by catching you round the calves with his arm. His skill, born of constant practice, is scrapping, and hurricane fighting brings him an occasional job in the bashing line. You have an enemy, we will say, whom you wish to mark, but, for one reason and another, you do not wish to appear in the matter. Young Alf will take on the job. Indicate to him your enemy; hand him five shillings (he will ask a sovereign, but will take five shillings), and he will make all the necessary arrangements. One night your enemy will find himself lying dazed on the pavement in a quiet corner, with a confused remembrance of a trip and a crash, and a mad whirl of fists and boots. You need have small fear that the job will be bungled. But it is a matter of complaint among the boys of the Walk, that if they do a bit of bashing for a toff and get caught, the toff seldom has the magnanimity to give them a lift when they come out of jail.

The Hooligan is by no means deficient in courage. He is always ready to fight, though he does not fight fair. It must, indeed, require a certain amount of courage to earn your living by taking things that do not belong to you, with the whole of society, backed by the police force, against you. The burglar who breaks into your house and steals your goods is a reprehensible person; but he undoubtedly possesses that two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, which is the rarest variety. To get into a stranger's house in the dead of night, listening every instant for the least sound that denotes detection, knowing all the time that you are risking your liberty for the next five years or so—this, I am sure, requires more nerve than most men can boast of. Young Alf has nearly all the vices; but he has plenty of pluck. And as I shall have very little to disclose that is to his credit, I must tell of one instance in which his conduct was admirable. One afternoon we were at the Elephant and Castle, when suddenly a pair of runaway horses, with a Pickford van behind them, came pounding into the traffic at the crossing. There was shouting, screaming and a scurrying to clear the way, and then I saw young Alf standing alone, tense and waiting, in the middle of the road. It was a perilous thing to do, but he did it. He was used to horses, and though they dragged him for twenty yards and more, he hung on, and brought them up. A sympathetic and admiring crowd gathered and young Alf was not a little embarrassed at the attention he commanded.

"The firm oughter reckonise it," said a man in an apron, looking round for approval. "There's a matter of two 'underd pounds' worth of prop'ty that boy's reskid."

We murmured assent.

"I don't want no fuss," said young Alf, glancing quickly around him.

Just then a man ran up panting, and put his hand over the harness. Then he picked up the reins, and, hoisting himself by the step, peered into his van.

"You're in luck to-day, mister," said a boy.

The man passed the back of his hand across a damp forehead, and sent a dazed look through the crowd.

"One of them blarsted whistles started 'em," he said.

"That's the boy what stopped 'em," said a woman with a basket, pointing a finger at young Alf.

"That's awright," muttered young Alf. "You shut yer face."

"Give the gentleman your name," persisted the woman with the basket, "and if anybody 'ad their rights——"

"Now, then," said a friendly policeman, with a hand on young Alf's shoulder, "you give him your name and address. You want a job, you know. You bin out of work too long."

Young Alf's brain must have worked very quickly for the next three seconds, and he took the right course. He told the truth. It required an effort. But, as the policeman seemed to know the truth, it would have been silly to tell a lie.

The next day young Alf had the offer of employment, if he would call at headquarters. For a day or two he hesitated. Then he decided that it was not good enough. And that night he went to another kip. By this time he might have been driving a Pickford van. But he never applied for the job. Regular employment, at a fixed wage, does not attract the boy who is bred within sound of the hawkers in the Walk.

Young Alf is now eighteen years of age, and stands five feet seven inches. He is light, active and muscular. Stripped for fighting he is a picture. His ordinary attire consists of a dark-brown suit, mellowed by wear, and a cloth cap. Around his neck is a neatly-knotted neckerchief, dark-blue, with white spots, which does duty for collar as well as tie. His face is by no means brutal; it is intelligent, and gives evidence of a highly strung nature. The eyes are his most remarkable feature. They seem to look all round his head, like the eyes of a bird. When he is angry they gleam with a fury that is almost demoniacal. He is not prone to smiles or laughter, but he is in no sense melancholic. The solemnity of his face is due rather, as I should conclude, to the concentration of his intellect on the practical problems that continually present themselves for solution. Under the influence of any strong emotion, he puffs out the lower part of his cheeks. This expresses even amusement, if he is very much amused. In his manner of speech he exhibits curious variations. Sometimes he will talk for ten minutes together, with no more trace of accent or slang than disfigures the speech of the ordinary Londoner of the wage-earning class. Then, on a sudden, he will become almost unintelligible to one unfamiliar with the Walk and its ways. He swears infrequently, and drinks scarcely at all. When he does, he lights a fire in the middle of the floor and tries to burn the house down. His health is perfect, and he has never had a day's illness since he had the measles. He has perfect confidence in his own ability to look after himself, and takes what he wants, so long as he has elbow-room and ten seconds' start of the cop. His fleetness of foot has earned him the nickname of "The Deer" in the Walk. On the whole, few boys are better equipped by nature for a crooked life, and young Alf has sedulously cultivated his natural gifts.



## MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

*Cremation in England.....Medical Journal*

It is coming to be more and more generally recognized that cremation is for many reasons, hygienic as well as economic, the best means of disposing of the dead, and particularly when death has resulted from transmissible disease. Apart from sentimental considerations, the only serious objection that can be offered against cremation is of a medico-legal nature, namely, that with incineration of the body possible evidences of crime may be destroyed; but such objection would be overcome by careful scrutiny of death reports, with inquiry into the cause of death in all doubtful or suspicious cases.

Some interesting observations on this subject were made by Sir Henry Thomson in the course of an address delivered at a recent meeting of the Cremation Society of England, now twenty-five years old. The beginnings of the society were small and its early career was discouraging. Its objects and purposes originally met with opposition, and four years elapsed before its first crematorium was completed, and six years more before the first incineration took place under its auspices, although private incineration of two bodies had been performed in 1882 and of one in 1883. The number has increased gradually from three in 1885 to 240 in 1898, and the total has reached 1,283. The society has assumed the obligation of investigating the conditions of death in the case of every body for whose incineration application was made, and it has now further invoked the services of a distinguished pathologist for consultation purposes in cases of unusual doubt or difficulty, and for making necropsies when required.

The interesting question is raised whether cremation, while remaining optional in cases of death from ordinary causes, should not sooner or later become obligatory when death is due to such transmissible diseases as small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, etc., at all events, in the chief centres of population. Such a course would seem amply justified to sustain the active efforts being made in every direction to limit the ravages and restrict the dissemination of preventable disease.

*The Serum Treatment of Diphtheria.....Medical Record*

In Germany from 1885 to 1894 there were 119,038 deaths from diphtheria or croup, the average number thus being 11,904 per annum. In 1895, when diphtheria antitoxin was first used on a considerable scale, the deaths went down to 7,266. The diphtheria death rate was 10.69 per 10,000 of the population in the preceding ten years, and only 5.4 in 1895, so that the mortality had fallen 49.98 per cent. The showing of the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria in the City of Chicago is still more remarkable, and, if statistics are worth anything at all, should convince the most sceptical of the worth of serum as a curative of the disease. The antitoxin treatment of diphtheria by the Department of Health of Chicago was begun, as in Germany, in 1895. During the twenty-six months that antitoxin has been used the department physicians have vis-

ited and examined 5,739 cases of reported diphtheria. Of this number the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus was found in 3,956 cases, and 3,822 were treated by the department, of which 3,763 recovered and 259 died, giving a death rate of 6.77 per cent. Prior to the introduction of antitoxin the mortality rate in Chicago was about 35 per cent. But the results recorded for the treatment in November last, according to the report of the Chicago Department of Health, are nothing short of marvelous. During November 163 reported cases of diphtheria were investigated; of these 98 were shown to be true diphtheria and antitoxin was used. In addition to these cases, there were four remaining from the previous month, so that in all 102 cases were treated, with 97 recoveries, three deaths, and two remaining under treatment at the end of the month, affording the extremely low death rate of three per cent. Intubation was performed on ten occasions, and of the deaths two occurred among the intubations.

Of late there have been signs of a certain antipathy in the minds of some medical men against the use of antitoxin for diphtheria, and doubt has been thrown on its effectiveness. The statistics quoted above should, however, have the effect of removing any remaining scruples which may still exist against the serum treatment, as, even allowing that statistics cannot be wholly depended upon, it is an unquestionable fact that since the year 1895 (when it was generally adopted in America and Germany) there has been an extraordinary diminution in the mortality from diphtheria.

*The Cancer Germ.....Dr. A. Cartag.....La Nature*

Cancer ranks fifth among diseases as a cause of death. Of 50,509 deaths in Paris in 1896, 2,828 were caused by cancer. It has become more frequent of late years. The average has increased constantly and rapidly, for in fifty years the proportion has risen from 1 in 129 to 1 in 27, a figure sensibly equal, it may be seen, to that of Paris.

Cancer has thus increased in frequency. Is it a contagious disease? It has been thought to be; and in proof of this cases have been cited of its occurrence more than once in the same room or the same house, also cases where the victims were husband and wife. These observations may be disputed, but there is one thing certain, that cancer is inoculable. . . . Experiments on animals in the laboratory show that portions of cancerous tumors introduced beneath the skin can in some degree take root, grow and produce cancer.

Is cancer, then, due to a microbe? Investigations on this point are not wanting, not to speak of experiments on cancer that antedate the germ-theory. Numerous observers have studied the parasitic elements of cancer, which some regard as fungi, others as ferments, others as yeasts or blastomycetes, and others still as modifications of the cell caused by degeneration or transformation.

The problem seems to have advanced some distance toward solution, owing to the researches of M. Bra and of his co-worker, M. Chaussé. Bra has isolated in cancerous tumors certain parasitic elements found in the blood of their victims; he has



been able to cultivate them and to follow their development.

This parasite has the form of spherules and cylindrical cellules. The spherules, which are from .003 to .012 of a millimeter (.001 to .004 of an inch) in diameter, are of clear yellow tint, rounded or ovoid, having a central plastic mass and a surrounding membrane. They produce spores, which are expelled from the gelatinous matter; the spherule is then empty and consists only of a honeycombed envelope. The inequality of the production of spores and of their growth forms at the surface of the spherule various crescent-shaped or sickle-shaped figures which have been described by other observers, but attributed wrongly by them to coccidia. . . .

This parasite is found in cancerous tumors . . . but it is found also throughout the blood of those affected with the disease. . . . Is it the determining agent of cancer? M. Bra has sought to prove that it is by inoculating animals with it.

Injections into the veins or beneath the skin cause a series of symptoms varying from simple acute or chronic inflammation to the production of tumors. The inoculation produces these not only at the inoculated spot, but with sufficient doses it also determines a sort of general infection, the animal dying of tumors in the stomach, intestines or other organs. These tumors contain the same parasitic spherules as those found previously.

Thus a great advance has been made in our knowledge of the subject; it would be premature to make dogmatic assertions before further experiments, which must include verification, in different laboratories, of those just described. If the results are confirmed, we shall perhaps be on the road to a therapeutic method more effective than a surgical operation, which in some cases is impossible, and, when it is possible, is too frequently followed by a return of the disease.

*The Tintometer*.....Chambers' Journal

The only practical instrument devised for measuring color is the ingenious tintometer of Mr. J. W. Lovibond. By this instrument the color of a substance or liquid is matched against standard-colored glasses, which are graduated from colorless glass up to the strongest tone that can be graded accurately. Dr. George Oliver has applied the system to the measurement of the red coloring matter of blood, and gave a full account of the method, which is now in use at most of the hospitals and universities, in the Croonian Lectures before the Royal College of Physicians of London last year. It is this red coloring matter that conveys the oxygen from the lungs to wherever it is required in the body, and the general health depends largely on the presence of the correct amount of this material in the blood. An excess generally indicates gout, while a deficiency causes the disease known as anemia, so common among young women. It is painful to look down the scale of the curve and see what a pitiful condition it is possible to be reduced to by anemia. So delicate is the method that the variations in the blood between breakfast and bedtime can be traced quite easily. During the day a continual destruction of the red corpuscles is going on,

and this deficit is made up during sleep. Among other interesting things, Dr. Oliver found that he and a companion who assisted him were as healthy in London as they were in Switzerland, taking the state of the blood as a criterion. His experiments were made twice a day for a considerable length of time, and the condition of his blood improved steadily the whole time, from which it would appear that a little systematic blood-letting is good for the constitution.

*Over-Exercise*.....London Hospital

Interference with digestion is a by no means uncommon effect of excessive exercise, and so far as training is concerned, it is one of the most destructive. The blood cannot flow in full stream to every part at once. As Dr. Brunton says, "Every one knows that while moderate exercise tends to produce appetite, a long and exhausting exertion tends to destroy the appetite, and even to produce actual sickness, as one finds in mountain climbing." People differ greatly in this respect, but in some—great ponderous men, as they may seem—the digestion is so easily upset by muscular exercise that, although they may be giants for a momentary exertion, anything like sustained effort disturbs digestion, and cuts at the very root of their nutrition. In many cases, however, the limit to exercise lies in diminished excretion. Unless the excretory organs are thoroughly efficient the tissues become crowded with products which cannot be got rid of, the senses become dimmed, and effort becomes a mere automatism, in consequence of a self-poisoning by the products of muscular waste. Interference with digestion so lowers nutrition, while accumulation of waste products so poisons the system that in either case further exertion becomes impossible—the very will to make it passes away. But it is different in regard to the heart. The heart, although strained, may yet be driven on to its own destruction. Every muscular effort not only demands from the heart an increased flow of blood, but also drives an increased quantity toward it. So long as the heart can pass this forward all is well, but when it fails not merely is the circulation of the blood rendered imperfect, but serious damage is done to the heart itself. If when the heart was overdriven it merely struck, the enfeebled circulation would soon put a stop to further effort. The willing heart, however, taking at each beat a wider sweep, and driving into the vessels a larger quantity of blood, so meets the call that the athlete can struggle on, perhaps to win his race. But the strained heart suffers, the stretched muscle does not quite come back, the dilated cavity does not quite close at each contraction, and permanent mischief is set up. Thus it is that exercise, driven to the limit imposed by the heart, is over-exercise in the most serious sense of the word. If it is the heart that stops it, the chances are that it has already gone too far.

*Hashish-Smoking in Egypt*.....Lancet

Dr. Warnock, who has been in charge of Egypt's solitary lunatic asylum for some years, regards the smoking of hashish as one of the most fertile causes of insanity in the country. In 1898 upward of a third of his male patients were victims of the hashish

habit, but apparently the same individuals were admitted more than once. Hashish is not produced anywhere in the Nile Valley, the entire amount consumed finding its way into Egypt from Greece. Nominally the substance has long been contraband. Its extreme portability renders it an easy article to smuggle, and the greatest ingenuity is exhibited in concealing it. Among other unlikely hiding-places the narcotic extract has been discovered in the hollow frames of iron bedsteads, inside specially prepared grindstones, and even in holes bored longitudinally through innocent-looking cask staves. In the Piræus hashish costs about 2s. 6d. per pound, but owing to the "expenses of possible bribes and transport" the Egyptian retailers have to pay at least three times that sum. Experience shows that in all communities there are people incurably addicted to narcotism in one form or another who will go to any length to procure the means of ministering to their appetite. Were hashish to be totally suppressed in Egypt the "hashash," or habitual consumer, would inevitably seek far and near for a substitute, in alcohol perhaps or in some other narcotic of a still more deleterious character. Of two evils the less should be chosen, but then the difficulty often is to determine which that is. The abuse of hashish undoubtedly does cause insanity, although apparently the proportion of consumers whose mental equilibrium becomes disturbed is not a very large one. In 1898 the number of hashish patients at Abbasiyeh, where the whole of the pronounced lunatics in Egypt are interned, was only 133, or about 0.01 per 1,000 of the total population. It would be well for England if the proportion of dipsomaniacs under restraint were no greater. In England the ratio of insane to population is 3.3 per 1,000, but in Egypt it is only about 0.05 per 1,000. Since hashish cannot be suppressed, perhaps the wisest course would be to impose a heavy tax upon it, while at the same time insisting on the maintenance of a fixed standard of purity. Badly prepared bhang or hashish is far more injurious than the properly elaborated extract, just as inferior whisky is more injurious than is a carefully matured spirit.

*Nervous Exhaustion.....New York Sun*

A case of nervous exhaustion may show some of the symptoms of every distinct nervous disorder and lead the victim to believe that he has everything from heart disease to softening of the brain. This is not surprising in view of the recent discoveries, since the entire nervous system is involved. It is now recognized as a distinct disease by the profession under the name of neurasthenia. The French often associate it with hysteria. Just what changes take place in the nerves is not settled, but the doctors are satisfied with the explanation that there is a persistent enfeeblement of neural energy, or a lack of nerve force. To any one who understands the part the nervous system plays in the body, it is plain that a lack of energy in the nerves must make a tremendous difference in one's life. For example, it is the nerves that keep the temperature of the body the same, whether a man is at the equator or the North Pole. The nerves are the regulators of everything that goes on in the body,

and when they are not properly nourished—either because they do not get the right sort of food or are unable to appropriate it—things all go wrong. No doubt the conditions of modern life, the increasing difficulty of living at ease and in quiet for most people, have enlarged the proportion of sufferers from this very terrible affliction. Very many people have it, or have had it, and will have it, and its causes, course and treatment are the special study of famous doctors. Everybody knows how common diseases of the nervous system are. Well, by far the greater number of the victims suffer from neurasthenia. This surely gives warrant enough for all the attention it receives, or is likely to.

Mere sleeplessness is bad enough. It is just as bad as sleep is good, and the most thoughtful and observing men have paid the highest tribute to sleep which "knits up the raveled sleeve of care." When to insomnia is added profound depression of spirits, awful forebodings, all the more dreadful because they are vague, a man's state grows well-nigh intolerable. The feeling of lassitude in nervous exhaustion is not like the languor of convalescence, for it is associated with the restlessness of the captive polar bear, without the energy or strength to pace. The sense of weakness and impatience is bitter to bear. There is nothing sweet and tender in the melancholy of this ailment. Headache, complicated and various, is the most usual of all the symptoms, and there are often pains in the back and shifting aches. What is strange, alcoholic liquor will often mitigate the severity of the headache. Frequently there are palpitations of the heart that are very distressing, and sudden flushes or extreme hot flashes that leave one dripping, but are soon succeeded by a chill. In short, all sorts of sensations naturally attend a nervous system which is not equal to its work.

Nervous exhaustion may be more frequent among Americans than most other peoples, but not all. In its hysterical form it attacks more Hebrews in proportion to their number than Americans, who boast of their overwork as though it were a virtue. Two eminent Berlin specialists have called attention to hysterio-neurasthenia among Hebrews, and the New York statistics are conclusive on that point. Of the neurasthenic patients who receive treatment at the clinic forty per cent. are Russian, Polish and Austrian, which is out of all proportion to their relative numbers in the community or in clinic patients of all kinds. This is a curious fact for which no explanation is offered, but it suggests the sweatshop.

An important and suggestive discovery is that neurasthenia is a disease of indoor life. It is a matter of course that by far the greater part of the persons who apply for treatment at the clinics are engaged in outdoor unskilled labor; yet of the sufferers from nervous exhaustion who are treated there seventy per cent. have indoor occupations.

*The Laughter Cure.....British Medical Journal*

Therapeutic effects of different kinds have been attributed to laughter by the gravest medical writers from Hippocrates downward. The Father of Medicine laid special stress on the importance of merriment at meals. The old physicians recom-



mended laughter as a powerful means of "desopilating" the spleen. Fonssagrives said that mirth is the most powerful lever of health. Tissot professes to have cured scrofulous children by tickling and making them laugh. Dumont de Monteaux relates the strange case of a gentleman who got rid of an intermittent fever after witnessing a performance of "Le Mariage de Figaro," at which he had laughed consumedly. Other learned doctors state that nephritic colic, scurvy, pleurisy and other affections are favorably influenced by laughter.

A good laugh by shaking the chest helps the expulsion of the secretion and "produces a state of physical and moral well-being." Dr. D'Aintolo, an Italian physician, who has made a serious study of the cure, admits that there may sometimes be a difficulty in applying the treatment. Susceptibility varies according to age, temperament, education and social position. The practitioner has to bear all these different conditions in mind in selecting the kind of joke suited to the case with which he has to deal.

As to sex, women are generally said to be deficient in a sense of humor, but they do not themselves think so—that, as Ancient Pistol says, "is the humor of it." . . . Then there is the matter of race. The Latin races like a larger dose of the "gros esprit Gaulois" in their jokes than our less primitive or less frankly human taste can tolerate. On the other hand, hyperboreans, otherwise blameless, are often the subjects of an idiosyncrasy which renders them virtually "immune" against the most merry-conceited jests. . . . If the treatment becomes popular it may lead to the development of a new specialty, for which we venture to propose the name of "gelotherapy." A properly trained "gelotherapist" would see at a glance the indications of a particular case, and would never, for instance, administer a full-flavored "Limerick" to an archbishop or a jibe at female frailty to a new woman. He would also be careful in adjusting the dose, and would frequently have, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, to avoid "being as funny as he could." The laughter treatment, we are told by Dr. D'Aintolo, is contraindicated in cases of pleurisy, heart disease and peritonitis, and also in the case of neurotic children.

*The Discovery of Anesthesia.....Henry Smith Williams.....Harper's*

Meantime, events were developing which led presently to a revelation of greater immediate importance to humanity than any other discovery that had come in the century, perhaps in any field of science whatever. This was the discovery of the pain-dispelling power of the vapor of sulphuric ether, inhaled by a patient undergoing a surgical operation. This discovery came solely out of America, and it stands curiously isolated, since apparently no minds in any other country were trending toward it even vaguely. Davy, in England, had indeed originated the method of medication by inhalation, and carried out some most interesting experiments fifty years earlier, and it was doubtless his experiments with nitrous oxide gas that gave the clew to one of the American investigators; but this was the sole contribution of preceding generations to the subject, and since the beginning of the

century, when Davy turned his attention to other matters, no one had made the slightest advance along the same line until an American dentist renewed the investigation. Moreover, there had been nothing in Davy's experiments to lead any one to suspect the possibility that a surgical operation might be rendered painless in this way; and, indeed, the surgeons of Europe had acknowledged with one accord that all hope of finding a means to secure this most desirable end must be utterly abandoned—that the surgeon's knife must ever remain a synonym for slow and indescribable torture. By an odd coincidence it chanced that Sir Benjamin Brodie, the acknowledged leader of English surgeons, had publicly expressed this as his deliberate though regretted opinion at a time when the quest which he considered futile had already led to the most brilliant success in America, and while the announcement of the discovery, which then had no transatlantic cable to convey it, was actually on its way to the Old World.

The American dentist just referred to, who was, with one exception, to be noted presently, the first man in the world to conceive that the administration of a definite drug might render a surgical operation painless, and to give the belief application, was Dr. Charles W. Wells, of Hartford, Conn. The drug with which he experimented was nitrous oxide; the operation which he rendered painless was no more important than the extraction of a tooth—yet it sufficed to mark a principle; the year of the experiment was 1844.

The experiments of Dr. Wells, however, though important, were not sufficiently demonstrative to bring the matter prominently to the attention of the medical world. The drug with which he experimented proved not always reliable, and he himself seems ultimately to have given the matter up, or at least to have relaxed his efforts. But meantime a friend, to whom he had communicated his belief and expectations, took the matter up, and with unrelenting zeal carried forward experiments that were destined to lead to more tangible results. This friend was another dentist, Dr. William J. Morton, of Boston, then a young man, full of youthful energy and enthusiasm. He seems to have felt that the drug with which Wells had experimented was not the most practicable one for the purpose, and so for several months he experimented with other allied drugs, until finally he hit upon sulphuric ether, and with this was able to make experiments upon animals, and then upon patients in the dental chair, that seemed to him absolutely demonstrative.

Full of eager enthusiasm, and absolutely confident of his results, he at once went to Dr. J. C. Warren, one of the foremost surgeons of Boston, and asked permission to test his discovery decisively on one of the patients at the Boston Hospital during a severe operation. The request was granted; the test was made in September, 1846, in the presence of several of the foremost surgeons of the city and of a body of medical students. The patient slept quietly while the surgeon's knife was plied, and awoke to astonished comprehension that the ordeal was over. The impossible, the miraculous, had been accomplished.



## HOW THE SPELL WAS BROKEN\*

[Among the more spirited productions of recent writers of fiction are the works of the Selma Lagerlöf. Her first volume, Gösta Berling, attracted attention in the translation made by Miss Flach, and is followed now by another, the *Miracles of Antichrist*, which, while a novel with a socialistic purpose, is nevertheless interesting aside from its philosophic bent. The reading which has been chosen has to do with an English lady of great wealth who settled in a small Italian town, and whose infatuation for a sacred image in a Catholic church leads her to steal it, through substituting another for it. The imitation one is the Antichrist, and the fortunes of this piece of carved wood form the backbone of the volume. The moral which the writer draws from the curious event—the purpose, in other words, of the tale—is to show that the imitation image, which takes the place of the true one, is not alone the Antichrist, but she identifies it with Socialism. "It loves, and renounces, and teaches, and suffers like Christianity, so that it has every resemblance to the latter, just as the false image from Aracocli has every resemblance to the real Christ image." The following sketch of the English signorina gives an excellent idea of the writer's bright and witty style:]

In Diamante, Italy, travelers are often shown two palaces that are falling into ruins without ever having been completed. They have big window-openings without frames, high walls without a roof, and wide doors closed with boards and straw. The two palaces stand opposite each other on the street, both equally unfinished and equally in ruins. There are no scaffoldings about them, and no one can enter them. They seem to be only built for the doves.

Listen to what is told of them.

What is a woman, O signore? Her foot is so little that she goes through the world without leaving a trace behind her. For man she is like his shadow. She has followed him through his whole life without his having noticed her.

Not much can be expected of a woman. She has to sit all day shut in like a prisoner. She cannot even learn to spell a love-letter correctly. She cannot do anything of permanence. When she is dead there is nothing to write on her tombstone. All women are of the same height.

But once a woman came to Diamante who was as much above all other women as the century-old palm is above the grass. She possessed lire by thousands, and could give them away or keep them, as she pleased. She turned aside for no one. She was not afraid of being hated. She was the greatest marvel that had ever been seen.

Of course, she was not a Sicilian. She was an Englishwoman. And the first thing she did when she came was to take the whole first floor of the hotel for herself alone. What was that for her? All Diamante would not have been enough for her.

No; all Diamante was not enough for her. But as soon as she had come she began to govern the town like a queen. The syndic had to obey her. Was it not she who made him put stone benches

in the square? Was it not at her command that the streets were swept every day?

When she woke in the morning all the young men in Diamante stood waiting outside her door, to be allowed to accompany her on some excursion. They had left shoemakers' awl and stone-cutters' chisel to act as guides to her. Each had sold his mother's silk dress to buy a side-saddle for his donkey, so that she might ride on it to the castle or to Tre Castagni. They had divested themselves of house and home in order to buy a horse and carriage to drive her to Randazzo and Nicolosi.

We were all her slaves. The children began to beg in English, and the old blind women at the hotel door, Donna Pepa and Donna Tura, draped themselves in dazzlingly white veils to please her.

Everything moved round her. Industries and trades grew up about her. Those who could do nothing else dug in the earth for coins and pottery to offer her. Photographers moved to the town and began to work for her. Coral merchants and hawkers of tortoise-shell grew out of the earth about her. The priests of Santa Agnese dug up the old Dionysius Theatre, that lay hidden behind their church, for her sake, and every one who owned a ruined villa unearthed in the darkness of the cellar remains of mosaic floors and invited her by big posters to come and see.

There had been foreigners before in Diamante, but they had come and gone, and no one had enjoyed such power. There was soon not a man in the town who did not put all his trust in the English signorina. She even succeeded in putting a little life into Ugo Favara. You know Ugo Favara, the advocate, who was to have been a great man, but had reverses, and came home quite broken. She employed him to take care of her affairs. She needed him, and she took him.

There has never been a woman in Diamante who has done so much business as she. She spread out like green-weed in the spring. One day no one knows that there is any, and the next it is a great clump. Soon it was impossible to go anywhere in Diamante without coming on her traces. She bought country houses and town houses; she bought almond-groves and lava-streams. The best places on Ætna to see the view were hers as well as the thirsting earth on the plain. And in town she began to build two big palaces. She was to live in them and rule her kingdom.

We shall never see a woman like her again. She was not content with all that. She wished also to fight the fight with poverty—O signore, with Sicilian poverty? How much she gave out each day, and how much she gave away on feast-days! Wagons, drawn by two pairs of oxen, went down to Catania and came back piled up with all sorts of clothing. She was determined that they should have whole clothes in the town where she reigned.

But listen to what happened to her, how the struggle with poverty ended and what became of the kingdom and the palace.

She gave a banquet for the poor people of Dia-

\*From *The Miracles of Antichrist*. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf, by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co.

mante, and after the banquet an entertainment in the Grecian Theatre. It was what an old Emperor might have done. But who has ever before heard of a woman doing such a thing?

She invited all the poor people. There were the two blind women from the hotel door, and old Assunta from the Cathedral steps. There was the man from the post-house, who had his chin bound up in a red cloth on account of cancer of the face; and there was the idiot who opens the iron doors of the Grecian Theatre. All the donkey-boys were there, and the handless brothers, who exploded a bomb in their childhood and lost their fingers; and the man with the wooden leg and the old chairmaker who had grown too old to work, both were there.

It was strange to see them creep out of their holes, all the poor in Diamante. The old women who sit and spin with distaffs in the dark alleys were there, and the organ-grinder, who has an instrument as big as a church organ, a wandering young mandolinist from Naples with a body full of all possible deviltries. All those with diseased eyes, and all the decrepit; those without a roof over their heads; those who used to collect sorrel by the roadside for dinner; the stone-cutter, who earned one lira a day and had six children to provide for—they had all been invited and were present at the feast.

It was poverty marshaling its troops for the English signorina. Who has such an army as poverty? But for once the English signorina could conquer it.

She had something to fight with, too, and to conquer with. She filled the whole square with loaded tables. She had wine-skins arranged along the stone bench that lines the wall of the Cathedral. She had turned the deserted convent into a larder and kitchen. She had all the foreign colony in Diamante dressed in white aprons, to serve the courses. She had all of Diamante who are used to eating their fill, wandering to and fro as spectators.

Ah, spectators! what did she not have for spectators? She had great *Ætna* and the dazzling sun. She had the red peaks of the inland mountains and the old temple of Vulcan, that was now consecrated to San Pasquale. And none of them had ever seen a satisfied Diamante. None of them had ever before happened to think how much more beautiful they themselves would be if the people could look at them without hunger hissing in their ears and trampling on their heels.

But mark one thing! Although that signorina was so wonderful and so great, she was not beautiful. And in spite of all her power, she was neither charming nor attractive. She did not rule with jests, and she did not reward with smiles. She had a heavy, clumsy body, and a heavy, clumsy disposition.

The day she gave food to the poor she became a different person. A chivalrous people live in our noble island. Among all these poor people there was not one who let her feel that she was exercising charity. They worshiped her, but they worshiped her as a woman. They sat down at the table as with an equal. They behaved to her as guests to their hostess. "To-day I do you the honor to come to you; to-morrow you do me the honor to come

to me. So and not otherwise." She stood on the high steps of the town hall and looked down at all the people. And when the old chairmaker, who sat at the head of the table, had got his glass filled, he rose, bowed to her and said: "I drink to your prosperity, signorina."

So did they all. They laid their hands on their hearts and bowed to her. It would have perhaps been good for her if she had met with such chivalry earlier in life. Why had the men in her native land let her forget that women exist to be worshipped?

Here they all looked as if they were burning with a quiet adoration. Thus are women treated in our noble island. What did they not give in return for the food and the wine that she had offered them? They gave youth and light-heartedness and all the dignity of being worth coveting. They made speeches for her. "Noble-hearted signorina, you who have come to us from over the sea, you who love Sicily," and so on, and so on. She showed that she could blush. She no longer hid her power to smile. When they had finished speaking, the English signorina began to tremble. She became twenty years younger. It was what she needed.

The donkey-boy was there, who carries the English ladies up to Tre Castagni, and who always falls in love with them before he parts from them. Now his eyes were suddenly opened to the great benefactress. It is not only a slender, delicate body and a soft cheek that are worthy to be adored, but also strength and force. The donkey-boy suddenly dropped knife and fork, leaned his elbows on the table and sat and looked at her. And all the other donkey-boys did the same. It spread like a contagion. It grew hot with burning glances about the English signorina.

It was not only the poor people who adored her. The advocate, Ugo Favara, came and whispered to her that she had come as Providence to his poor land and to him. "If only I had met such a woman as you before," he said.

Fancy an old bird, which has sat in a cage for many years and become rough and lost all the gloss of his feathers. And then some one comes and straightens them out and smooths them back. Think of it, signore!

There was that boy from Naples. He took his mandolin and began to sing his very best. You know how he sings—he pouts with his big mouth and says ugly words. He usually is like a grinning mask. But have you seen the angel in his eyes? An angel which seems to weep over his fall and is filled with a holy frenzy. That evening he was only an angel. He raised his head like one inspired by God, and his drooping body became elastic and full of proud vitality. Color came into his livid cheeks. And he sang—he sang so that the notes seemed to fly like fireflies from his lips and fill the air with joy and dance.

When it grew dark they all went over to the Grecian Theatre. That was the finishing touch to the entertainment. What did she not have to offer there!

She had the Russian singer and the German variety artists. She had the English wrestlers and the



American magician. But what was that compared to all the rest—the silvery moonlight and the place and its memories? Those poor people seemed to feel like the Greeks and leaders of fashion when they once more took their places on the stone benches of their own old theatre, and from between the tottering pillars looked out at the most beautiful panorama.

Those poor people did not stint. They shared all the pleasure they received. They did not spare jubilation; there was no stopping their hand-clapping. The performers left the platform with a wealth of praise.

Some one begged the English signorina to appear. All the adoration was meant for her. She ought to stand face to face with it and feel it. And they told her how intoxicating it was, how elevating, how inflaming.

She liked the proposal. She immediately agreed. She had sung in her youth, and the English never seem to be afraid to sing. She would not have done it if she had not been in a good mood, and she wished to sing for those who loved her.

She came as the last number. Fancy what it was to stand on such an old stage! It was where Antigone had been buried alive and Iphigenia had been sacrificed. The English signorina stepped forward there to receive every conceivable honor.

It stormed to meet her as soon as she showed herself. They seemed to wish to stamp the earth to pieces to honor her.

It was a proud moment. She stood there with *Ætna* as a background and the Mediterranean as wings. Before her, on the grass-grown benches, was sitting conquered poverty, and she felt that she had all *Diamante* at her feet.

She chose "Bellini," our own "Bellini." She, too, wished to be amiable, and so she sang "Bellini," who was born here under *Ætna*; "Bellini" whom we know by heart, note for note.

Of course, O signore, of course, she could not sing. She had mounted the tribune only to receive homage. She had come in order to let the love of the people find an outlet. And now she sang false and feebly. And the people knew every note.

It was that mandolinista from Naples. He was the first to grimace and to take a note as false as that of the English signorina. Then it was the man with the cancer, who laughed till he laughed his neckcloth off. Then it was the donkey-boy, who began to clap his hands.

Then they all began. It was madness, but that they did not understand. It is not in the land of the old Greeks that people can bear barbarians who sing false. Donna Pepa and Donna Tura laughed as they had never done before in their lives. "Not one true note! By the Madonna and San Pasquale, not one true note!"

They had eaten their fill for once in their lives. It was natural that intoxication and madness should take hold of them. And why should they not laugh? She had not given them food in order to torture their ears with files and saws. Why should they not defend themselves by laughing? Why should they not mimic and hiss and scream? Why should they not lean backward and split their

sides with laughter? They were not the English signorina's slaves, I suppose.

It was a terrible blow to her. It was too great a blow for her to understand. Were they hissing her? It must be something happening among them—something that she could not see. She sang the aria to its end. She was convinced that the laughter was for something with which she had nothing to do.

When she had finished a sort of storm of applause roared over her. At last she understood. Torches and the moonlight made the night so bright that she could see the rows of people twisting with laughter. She heard the scoffs and the jests now, when she was not singing. They were for her. Then she fled from the stage. It seemed to her that *Ætna* itself heaved with laughter, and that the sea sparkled with merriment.

But it grew worse and worse. They had had such a good time, these poor people; they had never had such a good time before, and they wished to hear her once again. They called for her; they cried: "Bravo! Bis! Da capo!" They could not lose such a pleasure. She—she was almost unconscious. There was a storm about her. They screamed, they roared to get her in. She saw them lift their arms and threaten her to get her in. All at once it was all turned into an old circus. She had to go in to be devoured by monsters.

It went on, it went on—became wilder and wilder. The other performers were frightened and begged her to yield. And she herself was frightened. It looked as if they would have killed her if she did not do what they wished.

She dragged herself on the stage and stood face to face with the crowd. There was no pity. She sang because they all wished to be amused. That was the worst. She sang because she was afraid of them and did not dare not to. She was a foreigner and alone, and she had no one to protect her, and she was afraid. And they laughed and laughed.

Screams and cries, crowing and whistling accompanied the whole aria. No one had mercy on her. For the first time in her life she felt the need of mercy.

Well, the next day she resolved to depart. She could not endure *Diamante* any longer. But when she told the advocate, Favara, he implored her to stay for his sake and made her an offer of marriage.

He had chosen his time well. She said yes, and was married to him. But after that time she built no more on her palaces. She made no struggle against poverty. She cared nothing to be queen in *Diamante*. Would you believe it? She never showed herself on the street. She lived indoors like a Sicilian.

Her little house stood hidden away behind a big building, and of herself no one knew anything. They only knew that she was quite changed. No one knew whether she was happy or unhappy; whether she shut herself in because she hated the people, or because she wished to be as a Sicilian wife ought to be.

Does it not always end so with a woman? When they build their palaces they are never finished. Women can do nothing that has permanence.



## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*The Tent (From the Persian).....R. H. Stoddard.....The Independent*

When my bier is borne to the grave,  
And its burden is laid in the ground,  
Think not that Rumi is there,  
Nor cry, like the mourners around,  
"He is gone—All is over—Farewell!"  
But go on your ways again,  
And, forgetting your own petty loss,  
Remember his infinite gain.  
For know that this world is a tent,  
And life but a dream in the night,  
Till death plucks the curtains apart  
And awakens the sleeper with light!

*The Saddest Thing.....Katherine B. Huston.....Dramatic Magazine*

They asked me once, when life was young—  
Its tale untold, its songs unsung—  
And Hope still near. I laughed and said:  
"To know my cheeks must lose their red,  
And ev'ry shimmering, golden thread  
In this fair coronal, its glory shed,  
Be coiled and folded, snowy white—  
A sign of sorrow, loss and blight—  
This is the saddest thing!"

They asked again when partings came,  
And Death, triumphant, breathed the name  
Of one held dear. I wept and said:  
"To sit alone, here, with one's dead  
And list in vain their footsteps! This—  
To wait their coming, and forever miss  
Their voices. Surely life's sad tale when told  
No other grief so deep can hold.  
This is the saddest thing!"

But now—I sit dry-eyed and cold,  
And wonder that a living form can hold  
A heart so dead. And if you ask:  
"What is it now? What new, hard task  
Has left you hopeless?" Thus, to-night,  
I answer, with a clearer sight:  
"The saddest thing—to sit alone  
And face, all tearless, Love out-grown—  
This is the saddest thing!"

*Old Letters.....F. O. Scott.....Boston Transcript*

The house was silent, and the light  
Was fading from the western glow;  
I read, till tears had dimmed my sight,  
Some letters written long ago.

The voices that have passed away,  
The faces that have turned to mold,  
Were round me in the room to-day  
And laughed and chatted as of old.

The thoughts that youth was wont to think,  
The hopes now dead forevermore,  
Came from the lines of faded ink  
As sweet and earnest as of yore.

I laid the letters by and dreamed  
The dear dead past to life again;  
The present and its purpose seemed  
A fading vision full of pain.

Then, with a sudden shout of glee,  
The children burst into the room,  
Their little faces were to me  
As sunrise in the cloud of gloom.

The world was full of meaning still,  
For love will live though loved ones die;  
I turned upon life's darkened hill  
And gloried in the morning sky.

*Little Kindnesses.....Susan Coolidge.....Baltimore Weekly Sun*

If you are toiling up a weary hill,  
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,  
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still  
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there;  
And each one passing by would do so much  
As give one upward lift and go their way,  
Would not the slight, reiterated touch  
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

There is no little and there is no much;  
We weigh and measure and define in vain;  
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch  
Can be the minister of joy to pain.  
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold,  
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,  
And every day we give or we withhold  
Some little thing that tells for life or death.

*Mary.....Frank Putnam.....National Magazine*

Had I a chance to shape my life anew,  
The sense to know the shoddy from the true,  
I could not hope to gain so fair a bliss  
As lavish fortune gave me, dear, in you.

I could not hope so fair a bliss to gain—  
The lack whereof would leave existence vain;  
Wherefore have I no shadow of desire  
To blot away my penury and pain.

My penury and pain to blot away—  
Ah! comrade of my spirit, who can say  
That he has pain whose unavailing pangs  
So soft a hand is lifted to allay!

And penury? Why, that is but a name  
To whoso feels divine affection's flame;  
Better the glow of mutual love beside  
The humblest hearth than loneliness in fame.

I ask no more than just to bide with you,  
To blend a little gladness with the rue,  
And, when my clay is mingled with the dust,  
To dream of our delight the ages through.

*Light on the Hills.....Frank L. Stanton.....Atlanta Constitution*

Dying, they lifted his curly head,  
And he looked to the east, and smiling said:  
"It's light on the hills!"  
And he went away, in the morning bright,  
With that last, sweet, quivering word of "Light"  
On the lips Death kissed to a silence long. . . .  
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

And I think that Death, with his icy breath,  
Was kind to him; and I'm friend with death  
For that light on the hills!  
Back of it—back of it glooms the Night,  
Dark and lonely; but all was light  
When his lips were laid in the silence long. . . .  
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

If I remember his brief, bright years  
With the pang at the heart—with the falling of tears,  
There is light on the hills!  
But he sleeps beneath, and the light's above,  
And something is lost to the world in love.  
And heaven knows this; but it does no wrong. . . .  
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

"There is light on the hills." So we sing, so we say,  
When God sends his angel to kiss it away—  
There is light on the hills!  
And we kneel in the darkness and say that we trust,  
When heaven's not as dear as our love in the dust!—  
As the love that it reaps—that it keeps from us long. . . .  
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

*A Dream of the Rose and the Nightingale* ..... *Athenaeum*

I dreamt I lay upon a bed  
 Of autumn leafage gold and red,  
 And heard the passionate nightingale  
 Reproach the rose of June;  
 Till from red-crimson she turned pale,  
 Wanner than when the weeping moon  
 Looked down on dead Endymion.  
 From rose to lily thus she grew,  
 Till like her own sad ghost she shivered in the dew.  
 "Ah, foolish one, refrain, refrain,  
 Or by this slight thy love is slain,"  
 My dreaming lips had surely cried,  
 But that the bird, his mistress' wound  
 Perceiving, such a magic tide  
 Of sorrow pours that from her swoon  
 She lifts her head in dear astound,  
 And back from lily to radiant rose,  
 Through every true-love tint, her blushing beauty goes.

*The Yew* ..... *Ethel Wheeler* ..... *The Speaker*

O Tree of Night, whose pinions scourge  
 With wings of blackness, days of blue,  
 O Tree of Death, mysterious yew,  
 O'ershadowing the extremest verge,  
 Where sound and silence meet and merge,  
 Where light and darkness blend their hue,  
 With dawn of fruit in gray of dew—  
 O say, what far-off currents urge

The waves of sound that surge and surge  
 Thy shadow-haunted portals through?  
 What rumors from beyond? What clue  
 To Death's dim mazes, in thy dirge?

*"Asleep"* ..... *London un*

Did you hear me when I called you,  
 Love? You lay so fast asleep;  
 Did you listen when I whispered  
 Through your slumbers calm and deep?  
 Summer roses lay beside you,  
 Slender lillies white and tall,  
 And you looked so still and saintly,  
 Did you feel my teardrops fall?

Oh, my darling! but I murmured  
 Words so wildly true and fond,  
 Were you dreaming there serenely  
 Of the strange and vast Beyond?  
 When I whispered how I loved you,  
 Not a token crossed your face,  
 But you lay all pale and placid  
 In that solitary place.

Did you hear me when I called you,  
 Love? You lay so fast asleep,  
 And the stillness seemed so holy,  
 That I scarcely dared to weep—  
 Scarcely dared to take a rosebud,  
 Crushed and crumbled, to my breast,  
 When I left you calmly sleeping  
 In your everlasting rest. \*

*Black Sheep* ..... *Richard Burton* ..... *Atlantic Monthly*

From their folded mates they wander far,  
 Their ways seem harsh and wild;  
 They follow the beck of a baleful star,  
 Their paths are dream-beguiled.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range,  
 Some loftier mountain slope,  
 And little recked of the country strange  
 Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call  
 Summoned their feet to tread  
 Midst the cruel rocks, where the deep pitfall  
 And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days  
 Of outcast liberty,  
 They're sick at heart for the homely ways  
 Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night, when the plains fall dark  
 And the hills loom large and dim,  
 For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark,  
 And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! black sheep!" we cry,  
 Safe in the inner fold;  
 And maybe they hear, and wonder why,  
 And marvel, out in the cold.

*Life's Ramah* ..... *John B. Tabb* ..... *Cosmopolitan*

Day after day,  
 The Herod Morn  
 Of Dreams doth slay  
 The latest-born;  
 And Love, like Rachel o'er her dead,  
 Will not again be comforted.

*Love and Death* ..... *John Vance Cheney* ..... *Harper's*

Two, from the Heights of Quiet,  
 Come, one day, to men;  
 Two, Love and Death, come hither,  
 Come once, and not again.

I turned, looked every whither,  
 Nothing could I see;  
 But as the High God liveth,  
 One came from Him to me.

She came with touch and odor  
 Of a summer breath;  
 Came as shall come the other,  
 The second angel, Death.

Swiftly, my soul unfolded,  
 Flashed, and reached awide;  
 It drank the pouring glory  
 Of Heaven's summertime.

I reckon not the seasons,  
 The years that fall and flow;  
 Life filled her cup and spilled it,  
 That hour long, long ago.

Since, none has met me seeking  
 Up and down the ways;  
 Love comes no more forever  
 In all the coming days;

And, surely, he shall find me,  
 Whether I rest or roam,  
 The other—kindly angel!—  
 Come to take me home.

*The Secret* ..... *Robert Loewman* ..... *Munsey's*

Of one great secret Omar knew  
 Little as I, as much as you;  
 And Shakespeare's soul and Milton's brain  
 Perplexed paused at death's domain.

Dear God, Who gave us thought and breath,  
 Divulge the mystery of death!  
 What suns shall light, what waters lave,  
 The mystic shores beyond the grave?

## THE ONION IN THE WHEEL-RUT\*

By HENRY CECIL WALSH

Felix Dumouchel had been to the neighboring town; and having left home at five in the morning, humming a gay air, he now returned at a suspiciously late hour, boisterously trolling "En roulant ma boule, en roulant."

From the dusty main road that brought him back to St. Agapit again, he at this point—still singing—turned along a short cross-street to a third, that paralleled the first, and down which he began to resolutely, if unsteadily, proceed. Running for the most part between fields, the close-cropped sod of the road he now traversed was cut into by nothing but cow-paths and a worn pair of wheel-ruts, with the track of hoofs between them, and very simply adorned with knee-high patches of weeds, that were here and there overtopped by a mullein-stalk.

Alone on the left stood the house of the Dumouchels; and it was toward this that Felix, thirty, good-looking and muscular, now bent his uneven steps by the light of a waning moon. "En roulant ma boule, en roulant."

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Within thirty yards of his homstead he kicked something with a foot, that rolled away for a short distance and then stopped. It was white, and stooping—a piece of temerity that nearly lost him his balance—Felix picked it up. An onion—bah! He was about to throw it away, but it remained in his hand. Then, as if about to eat it, he began brushing off the damp adhering earth.

A few feet farther on, and only by a great effort he saved himself from falling—his foot had slipped into a freshly-made wheel-rut.

Felix paused. Whisky blanc is not the best thing in the world for the brain, but he now went into thought. The small stream that crossed the road in front of him was bridged, lengthwise, by a couple of logs, and the soil on either side of it was bare, brown and soft.

Felix stopped singing, looked round about him, then at the onion, and finally down at his feet; his air, meanwhile, being that of a man who, deep in his cups, feels confronted with a matter demanding investigation. At last he had the thought he wanted. "Nobody is drawing onions yet," he now and triumphantly soliloquized, "and how comes this one?" Then, knitting his brow, he poked the toe of his boot in an unfamiliar rut, and cogitated with a mixed mind.

A minute later he was on the move again, leaving the road, two arpents beyond his father's house, to leap the ditch and look at the field over the rail fence.

"Ours are the first pulled," he muttered; "and as for the old man carting them away before their time, I would as soon expect to see a tree walk.

And for what those mischief-making women at home might do behind my back, to afterward poke a finger at me—ah, 'tor Dieu'!"

Sobered in a great measure by the sight, Felix was quickly over the fence. Could he have laid hands at this moment on the person responsible for his rage, it would have gone hard with him. But all he could do was to impotently storm and swear and shake his fist as he called on the Holy Virgin to witness this wrongdoing.

Where, two days ago, he had completed the best part of a two-weeks' pulling of his onion crop—prior to its removal to the barns, and thence to the root-house—a gap in its white quantity nearest the gate was at once apparent, even beneath a partly-clouded moon, and, as the owner could easily perceive, enough had been taken to form a respectable cartload.

Felix pocketed his hands in silent wrath, and when he withdrew them again a short clay pipe was in one and some loose, coarse native tobacco in the other. Then when ready for it he mechanically searched through several pockets before finding a match, and scratching this on the bowl of his pipe he lit the latter and made his way to the gate. This, as usual, he found hooked, and passing out he shut it again and stood looking back on the road he had come.

The tell-tale marks of trespassing wheel and shod hoof were plainly visible in the fitful moonlight, and in turning away a white object at his feet beside a post claimed his attention. He stooped and picked it up—another onion! Flinging it back to its fellows, he spent the next three minutes leaning against the gate, smoking in the manner of one hard in thought. Then he roused himself, shook the top ashes from his pipe, and began retracing his steps up the road.

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The end of a half-mile brought him back to the cross-street again; but instead of turning along this, as formerly, he continued straight on past it, slowly and savagely, with the air of a man who meant without delay to verify some unpleasant suspicion.

The three detached houses he now neared, on his left, faced open fields; and next, leaving the middle of the road for the side of it, he approached the first of these beneath a row of soft maples, avoiding the gravelly walk as much as possible to brush past their trunks on the more noiseless turf.

Over a low shabby picket fence, finally—at the farthest convenient spot from the house—Felix placed one leg and then the other. Then, stealthily fringing by the three short rows of celery, he passed on between a few black-currant bushes and beneath several Fameuse apple-trees, till, clear of all, he had reached a dilapidated straw-thatched shed. The fresh tracks of a pair of wheels were now distinctly

\*From Bonhomme, a collection of French Canadian Short Stories and Sketches.



discerned running into this shed, and it did not add to the visitor's composure to find the door padlocked.

Emptying the half-consumed contents of his pipe on the ground, he trod the same underground with a twist of his boot, as he thrust the pipe back into a pocket and looked around for something with which to force out one of the staples.

Ah, but, Mother of God! he used half a dozen such locks of his own every day at home. His keys! had he his keys with him? He searched feverishly in his pockets. "Bon Dieu!" here they were, and with a hand as damp as his forehead he brought them forth.

One—two—three—"diable!" would none fit? He tried the fourth, and with an inspiring click the lock and lock-arm hinged apart. Exulting as he did so, Felix had the door open in a trice, and there was no misdoubting the odor that now greeted his nostrils.

Again searching through his pockets for a match, Felix next felt for one in the band of his hat—where he so often carried them when working coatless in the fields; but as the last had been used on his pipe, he found himself at the mercy of the shed's darkness.

But he knew the place, did Felix; the woodpile was on the left, and—"sacré!"—here he nearly fell over a block from it.

Edging forward more gingerly thence over the crackling chips, he finally knocked up against the shaft of a cart.

A stride brought him to the wheel; and reaching over, his hand came into contact with sacking. Now removing this, and peering over as well, a glance and sweeping feel of his hand next—aside from the sense of smell—indicated a load of onions—of "ognons blanc."

Enough! The sacking was replaced as found, and in making his way back to the door again, Felix bumped into the saw-horse, and sat down on it to think.

Ah, it was painful! painful! thought he. That dog of a Placide, robbing his only sister's sweet-heart! He would not work, the idle, shiftless cur, but he would steal—and this was stealing brought home to the heart with a vengeance.

A score of times had he already interposed to save Albina from the shame of Placide's disgrace, and taken money from his own pocket to do it. And this!—his face grew wet to think of it. Something must be done; it should not be passed over; and between love and duty there was war in his soul that night. The exposure would drive Albina from him, humiliated and hidden. Were he now but within arm's reach of that vile brother of hers, he would half-throttle him for the hound that he was. Ah, "misère! misère!" where would it all end?

Felix wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and arose. By the door he had left ajar and the various crevices about him he could see that the light of the less beclouded moon outside was stronger. He would go home—there was nothing more to be done now, and perhaps—who knows!—a dream would solve the difficulty. If the Curé

sometimes received inspiration while asleep, why not he? But then, the father was a holy man, and the blessed God might not speak to children of the Church as He would to a priest. He would go home, however, and brood over the matter on the morrow, and possibly by that time the Evil One would have whispered a course to him, the adoption of which, by crossing himself, he might turn to good account.

In this mood and brew of thought, therefore, Felix now passed out from the oniony gloom into the radiance of a moonlit night, and turned to re-lock the door.

But before he could do so, a sound behind caused him to glance over his shoulder for a sight that gave him a shock, insomuch that he had to wrench his hands free from their unfinished work—as if they had been frozen to it—before he could face about.

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"'Mon Dieu!'" said Albina Sabourin, coming closer, "is it you, Felix? I thought it was Placide; he is not home yet. I have been sitting up with father, who is at last asleep, and the outside air is so sweet to one from the sick-room! Poor father, how he suffers! And he was ever the same to me—kind, thoughtful and gentle. Ah, 'bon Dieu!' what would I not give to share some of his pain—some of that anguish which only his eyes betray! I fear"—but at this point Albina left off for an eye-poking use of her apron. When she resumed again it was with more self-control, and in a different strain. "But you," she continued; "tell me, what are you doing here—alone—at this hour—tell me?"

A sudden parching ran up and down the other's throat, so that he could scarcely speak, and when at last he did, after wetting his lips, it was in a voice that lacked depth.

"Truly, I was looking for the hames Placide borrowed of me. He forgot to return them, and to-morrow is market-day."

Albina was another woman in an instant.

"Felix" (how the one word stirred him!), "it is not the truth!"

Coming forward, she gently grasped each lapel of his coat and looked straight up at him, her face close to his. Felix compressed his lips and teeth together, and did with as little breathing as possible.

"I have every trick of your voice by heart," Albina continued, "and this ring of it now is new. Why should you look for harness in a woodshed? You are hiding something from me. Fie, my Felix, as if you could not trust me! But I will see for myself."

As Felix folded his arms an idea was born of the moment to him that backed him up against the door, barring entrance.

"Listen, heart of my heart," said he. "As God is my witness, I have done no wrong, but my honor is at stake to-night. Do as I bid you, and Monsieur le Curé will have his fee within a month. Bring me the stable-key from the kitchen and a few matches. Then retire to the house again, and

pray the mother of Jesus for my success. Quick, 'cherie,' quick! lose no time! and when back in the house again do not look out of it, and all may go well."

Albina's face expressed much in sensation, but rapidly recovering herself, she turned and ran toward the house. A few moments at the most sufficed for her to do as Felix desired, and placing the key and matches with a trembling hand in his, she looked up love at him.

But Felix, sensible of his freighted breath, deigned her no more than a shake of the head as, with a set face and short strides, he walked off to the stable; while Albina, unrequited in her desire, filled with apprehension, and prey to a thousand fears, stood looking after him with filling eyes and clasped hands. Then, recollecting herself, she faithfully hastened back to the house again, and disappeared into it.

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Unlocking the door, Felix entered the stable, found the lantern, lit it, and by its sickly yellowing harnessed the horse. As busy as his hands were with straps and buckles, so was his brain with thought; the one working the other in him with a will.

If that rascally Placide, thought he, as he buckled the throat-latch and led the horse out, was only in bed and asleep—it was a few minutes to one—the scheme was as good as accomplished; but, as things were, there was no knowing when he might turn up, and that, too, perhaps, in a condition that strikes first and argues afterward.

But Felix doggedly took the chances of extreme risk; even, seven minutes from the time the lantern was lit, it was out again, the stable-door locked, the key pocketed, and the horse between shafts in the woodshed.

The trying time of all was now to come; but Felix, never hesitating, walked the horse with its load out into the yard. Then, closing and locking the woodshed door—detaching the key that fitted it from its ring, and placing the same in a separate pocket—he deliberately led the horse close by the house and out of the front gate to the road. Here, after closing the gate, Felix steated himself on the rear end of the right shaft, and quietly drove off. after noiselessly closing the gate, Felix seated himself on the rear end of the right shaft, and quietly drove off.

It was astonishing with what dispatch and comparatively low result in sound all this had been done; and once upon the sandy, grassy road, even the clacking the wheels made was in a degree muffled.

Arrived at the field, Felix dumped the onions out, and then, with the shovel his forethought had provided, he set to work and filled the cart with earth, equal in measure to that of the emptied onions, and taken from the spot in which they had grown—the loam including many an onion, and, in skin and stalk, much oniony refuse. On finishing, he spread the same sacking that had covered the onions over the changed load; and an hour after leaving the Sabourin's Felix was back there again, intensely satisfied to find everything as he

had left it. Without loss of time, when time was so valuable, he opened, passed in through and shut the gate, turned and backed the horse and its load into the woodshed, hoping as he did so that Placide would either fail to notice the additional marks of the wheels, or else consider them only in an ordinary light; unhitched and led out the horse; locked the woodshed door for the last time, and made sure that he put the key in his pocket; stalled the horse in the stable, unharnessed it, threw the harness into the adjoining manger where and just as Placide had; locked the stable-door in its turn for the last time; crossed the yard, and having found the kitchen-door unbolted—whether Albina had left it unfastened to him or Placide he was unable to say—tip-toed in and hung the stable-key on its accustomed nail over the sink.

Then softly shutting both the kitchen and porch doors behind him, he made his way quietly down and out, through the garden, over the fence, and home.

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Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling!

It was the bell of a rapidly-driven priest on his way to the dangerously ill or dying, usually rung by the reverend gentleman's driver as he drove; the former busy with his missal, and at whose passing those by the wayside were expected to kneel and offer up prayer for the afflicted.

Ding a ling! Ding a ling! Ding a ling!

Placide Sabourin, on his way to the city market, stopped his meaningless whip-cracking and brought his horse to a standstill. At the other's approach he crossed himself, and began repeating the "Qui Tollis."

With the two vehicles abreast, that of the priest also stopped, and for the first time Placide perceived that the holy father drove and rang for himself.

Then a great fear seized upon the superstitious Placide when he next saw the priest drop bell, book and reins, and lift his hands toward heaven in his own direction; and as he looked, and no sound yet came, he began to quake and tremble so that his knees smote together, and to shrink back upon his seat as if from heat. At last the man of God spoke—words so solemn, slow and awful that Placide felt as if riven with fire:

"Thou—guilty—man! Thou—guilty—man! Accursed—be—thy—load! May—it—turn—to—the—earth—from—which—it—was—taken!"

Placide doubted his senses, but he turned and lifted the sacking. At once, and with a yell, he sprang down from the cart, plunged headlong through the roadside bushes, and having fallen rather than climbed over the fence, made fearfully for the nearest woods.

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And from that hour Placide Sabourin was a changed man.

As for Albina, she kept her own counsel, drew her own conclusions, and made a good wife to a man who became troubled of mind at times, to think that he had once made light of holy office and played the priest.

## MIDSUMMER REVERIES \*

How softly the much-desired summer comes upon us! Even with the reapers at work before one it is difficult to realize that it has not only come, but will soon be passing away. Sweet summer is but just long enough for the happy loves of the larks.

Let not the eyes grow dim, look not back but forward. The soul must uphold itself like the sun. Let us labor to make the heart grow larger as we grow older, as the spreading oak gives more shelter. That we could but take to the soul some of the greatness and the beauty of summer.

The swallows perch and sing just over the muddy water. A sow lies in the mire. But the sweet swallows sing on softly; they do not see the wallowing animal, the mud, the brown water; they see only the sunshine, the golden buttercups, and the blue sky of summer. This is the true way to look at this beautiful earth.

The sweet violets bloom afresh every spring on the mounds, the cowslips come, and the happy note of the cuckoo, the wild rose of midsummer, and the golden wheat of August. It is the same beautiful old country always new. Neither the iron engine nor the wooden plow alter it one iota, and the love of it rises as constantly in our hearts as the coming of leaves.

A slumberous silence of abundant light, of the full summer day, of the high flood of summer hours, whose tide can rise no higher. A time to linger and dream under the beautiful breast of heaven, heaven brooding and descending in pure light upon man's handiwork. If the light shall thus come in, and of its mere loneliness overcome every aspect of dreariness, why shall not the light of thought and hope—the light of the soul—overcome and sweep away the dust of our lives.

There is a slight but perceptible color in the atmosphere of summer. It is not visible close at hand, nor always where the light falls strongest, and if looked at too long it sometimes fades away. But over gorse and heath, in the warm hollows of wheatfields, and round about the rising ground there is something more than air alone. It is not mist, nor the hazy vapor of autumn, nor the blue tints that come over distant hills and woods. As there is a bloom upon the peach and grape, so this is the bloom of summer. The air is ripe and rich, full of the emanations, the perfume, from corn and flower and leafy tree. In strictness the term will not, of course, be accurate, yet by what other word can this appearance in the atmosphere be described but as bloom?

The exceeding beauty of the earth, in her splendor of life, yields a new thought with every petal. The hours when the mind is absorbed by

beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer that we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from the inevitable Time. Let the shadow advance upon the dial—I can watch it with equanimity while it is there to be watched. It is only when the shadow is not there, when the clouds of winter cover it, that the dial is terrible. The invisible shadow goes on and steals from us. But now, while I can see the shadow of the tree and watch it slowly gliding along the surface of the grass, it is mine. These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance. Does this reverie of flowers and waterfall and song form an ideal, a human ideal in the mind? It does, much the same ideal that Phidias sculptured of man and woman filled with a godlike sense of the violet fields of grace, beautiful beyond thought, calm as my turtle-dove before the lurid lightning of the unknown. To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature.

Though not often consciously recognized, perhaps this is the great pleasure of summer, to watch the earth, the dead particles, revolving themselves into the living case of life, to see the seed-leaf push aside the clod and become by degrees the perfumed flower. From the tiny mottled egg come the wings that by and by shall pass the immense sea. It is this marvelous transmutation of clods and cold matter into living things that the joy and hope of summer reside. Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal, is an inscription speaking of hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly—they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed. Not for you or me, that every line in my face means pessimism; but in spite of my face—that is my experience—I remain an optimist. Time, with an unsteady hand, has etched thin, crooked lines, and, deepening the hollows, has cast the original expression into shadow. Pain and sorrow flow over us with little ceasing, as the sea-hoofs beat on the beach. Let us not look at ourselves, but onward, and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the field. Now, but for our race, who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness. Earth holds secrets enough to give them the life of the fabled immortals. My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. Hence it is that a flower is to me so much more than stalk and petals. When I look in the glass I see he is indeed despicable who cannot look onward to the ideal life of man. Not to do so is to deny our birthright of mind.

\*Selected from the writings of Richard Jeffries.



## EARNING HIS BRIDE IN THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW\*

BY TOM HALL

[The eccentric aunt of Laura Marsh, before she will consent to the marriage of her niece with Ned Wilson, requires them to carry out a whimsical plan she has formed, which she calls "an experimental wooing." The plan is that the two young people under the eyes of herself, and her already married niece and her husband, Jane and Alex Kelsey (christened by her the "Utter Failures," because of their frivolous tendencies), shall practice housekeeping in a cottage provided by her, from breakfast until supper each day, returning to their respective homes in the evening. They are to live and pay all expenses on an allowance at the rate of \$1,000 a year, Laura to attend to the work of the household assisted by one servant, and Ned to engage in some useful occupation, such money as he earns to be given to the poor. If at the end of the summer they are not tired of each other and stand the further test of separation, to which she will then subject them, she will give her consent. At the time of this reading, the plan is already in operation. Cicely Brown, a young Vassar graduate, interested in sociologic studies and author of a Monograph on Domestic Service, being engaged as maid of all work. Ned Wilson, one of the subjects of the experiment, is the narrator.]

There was but one thing to mar our complete enjoyment of our aunt's whim. That was the proprietary interest which she and the "Utter Failures" took in it. They were omnipresent. . . .

We could be alone in peace and quiet nowhere. In fact, between the three of them I had little or no time to pay any of the ordinary devotions to Laura.

On one of the few occasions when I found such time I was rudely interrupted by Aunt Alice.

"Ned," she asked, "how much of your allowance have you spent so far?"

I had to confess that I did not know.

"And when are you going to get to work?" she continued.

I could not make answer in this case, either. I had forgotten all about it. . . .

The next day I went forth in search of work. I commenced with the higher grades of business, as a matter of course. I found, however, that no bank presidents were needed at that time; that merchants did not, at that particular moment, require a manager for their affairs; that even the most able lawyers did not require a senior partner, who had never been admitted to the bar; and that the most able physician in town could attend to his practice with the aid of a couple of young doctors.

The next day I aimed lower. I simply had to. I went in for lower positions. I even offered myself as a clerk in one or two stores. It was useless. I went down through the various grades with equal success, or rather lack of it. Finally, I approached the coal and wood man to whom I had just paid a steep bill for coal for our own house. I suppose he thought me crazy. He told me I was not strong enough to do any of the work he had to do. But after I had pleaded with him a while he made me an offer—actually made me an offer. He

even went so far as to give me a choice of work. He told me that I could go to work at once driving a coal wagon, or that he could give me a chance to earn at least some money by sawing wood. He had to depend on a few loafers around town to saw wood for him, and, as a rule, they were drunk when he most wanted them. He did not believe I would get drunk, and would, therefore, give me the contract to do all of his wood-sawing. I thankfully accepted the offer, and agreed never to disappoint him. The matter of remuneration was easily settled, and I agreed to his first offer, which seemed to please him. It really did not matter to me, as whatever I earned was to go to charity, and if the amount was not sufficient to satisfy Aunt Alice, I could easily make it up out of my own pocket. There was nothing in my agreement with her to prohibit that.

"Well," said the coal and wood man, "take off your coat and go to work. You'll find the best bucksaw in town hanging on that nail over there. When you find blisters on your hands, just go right on as if nothing had happened. After a while your hands will get used to it, and you won't need to wear kid gloves any more."

"I think," I answered, with some hesitation, "that I'll take my work home with me."

"What?" he roared. "Take your work home with you? What do you think you're doing—plain sewing or washing and ironing? You're a bigger fool than I thought you were."

"Not at all," I answered, getting rather angry. "I prefer to do the work at home, and if I pay for having the wood drawn to my house and back again surely you can have no objection."

The coal and wood man uttered a prolonged whistle.

"Well, you are a queer one," he said. "But it doesn't make any difference to me where you do the work so long as you do it. And if you want to pay for having it drawn back and forth, why that's just so much more business for my teams. But I don't see how you're going to make a living going at it that way."

I did not try to enlighten him, but closed the bargain at once, and that afternoon his teams began hauling wood to our yard.

"You see," I said to Laura, when I explained matters to her, "by this arrangement I can be near you all day long. And then sawing wood is nice, clean work, and will be splendid exercise."

The dear girl saw the point at once, and approved my decision heartily. She even tore up two of her flower beds to make room for me to work in near the house.

When informed of the state of affairs the author of the monograph remarked that "it would give me an awful appetite," and looked despairingly at the cook book.

"Feed me on bacon," I said, encouragingly. "They say it's splendid for workmen, and, besides, I can use the rind on the saw."

\*From *An Experimental Wooing*. By Tom Hall. New York: E. R. Herrick & Co., publishers. Cloth, \$1.25.

Aunt Alice looked at it from a different point of view. She declared that "I wasn't strong enough for such work, and that it was a shame for Laura to permit me to do it." At this Laura looked so blank that I hastened to assure her that I was quite strong enough for the work; in fact, that it would be only mild exercise for me, such as I was accustomed to at college and before.

Alex merely looked at me with amusement when I told him, with an air of quizzical condescension, as it were.

But Jane slapped me on the back and whispered in my ear:

"Good for you! and stick to it, if it breaks your back."

I had not thought of my back before in the matter. Her remark worried me just a trifle on that account. But otherwise the speech was full of encouragement and worthy of the sister of my Laura.

The next morning I went to work.

I do not like to receive visitors when I am engaged in my professional duties. It will be seen that I regard wood sawing as a profession. It is. It is too hard for work. But the public and my friends did not consider my wishes in the matter.

Alex and his wife came over and took seats on the grass to watch me at my work. The former brought his pipe and the latter some fancy work. They were prepared to stay all day. I felt like asking them if they had brought their lunch with them, but I soon found that I had no breath to waste on words.

Aunt Alice came over, had a chair brought, produced her knitting, and told me how men used to saw wood when she was young.

Mr. Dickson strolled up soon after, and the author of the monograph watched from the window whenever she could get an excuse to look out. It was a nice little wood-sawing party. I wish I could have made it a progressive wood-sawing party. Perhaps Alex and Mr. Dickson would not have grinned so much then. They would have had to take their turn.

But there were others. The neighbors strolled over to see the sport, and leaned on the front fence, while their children took turns in parties of six swinging on the gate.

It takes but little to draw a crowd.

By noon half of the town was watching the strange sight of a man sawing wood. They were an orderly crowd, and stood there in breathless silence. They did not attempt to grieve me, as I expected they would. They seemed to be merely dazed at the unusual sight. As time wore on, and they grew tired of standing, more and more of them leaned upon the fence, until at last it went down, carrying the gate and all souls aboard with it. The wreck was complete, but there was no loss of life, for which I was thankful. It was my fault, of course, being the owner of the fence, that it was not strong enough to support the weight of three human beings to the linear foot, and if any one had been seriously hurt I would have been sued for damages.

If you have never sawed wood, don't try. It is the hardest professional work in the world. As an exercise it is to be commended, but as work, it is

to be avoided, shunned, cast off, given to the poor. There is no muscle that it does not tire, no bone that it does not break. In half an hour I was so weak I could have dropped.

"Stick to it," whispered Jane.

"Don't give up," said Laura.

These two sisters were Spartans reincarnated—at least, for that day. They did not know the torture to which they were subjecting me. It was awful.

"If I could only do something else," I thought, as I bent my tired back over the saw and worked it with almost palsied arms, "just for a little while every now and then, I believe I could pull through the day."

I looked appealingly at Alex. He merely glanced back with a sardonic smile.

The Spartan sisters noticed my action.

"Stick to it," whispered Jane again.

"Don't give it up," repeated Laura.

It was the author of the monograph who saved my life that day. In some way or other she knew and understood. Perhaps she had learned to saw wood at Vassar. At any rate, just as I was about to collapse, Cicely dropped a washbasin from her kitchen window with a little shriek.

"Don't go after it, Mr. Wilson," she cried, "I'll run downstairs and get it."

But she did not start to run. On the contrary, she remained in the window and winked most prodigiously. I saw the point, and started for the basin, shouting:

"Never mind! I'll get it for you, and bring it up—I know you're tired."

But Alex jumped up also.

"Let me get it," he said, springing toward the basin. "I'm not as tired as either of you. I'll take it up to her."

"Oh, no," I answered; "I'll do it. You must be awfully tired from sitting on the grass in that awkward position."

"Not at all," he answered. "I insist."

"So do I insist," I replied.

"But you can't climb the stairs or even work the elevator with that cramp in your back, and that dull, tired, stiff feeling in your arms and legs," he went on.

"I am as fresh as a daisy," I replied.

By this time we were both grasping the pan and struggling for the possession of it. He was bound to see his joke through and make me stick at the wood-sawing until I dropped from sheer exhaustion. I was determined not to give him that opportunity to use it. He stood with the weight of his body resting on one foot and the other advanced carelessly. I stepped in, caught the ankle of the leg which supported him in the crook of my opposite foot, and, with a twist, threw him backward to the ground.

To my shame and regret, I was more successful than I expected to be. Alex's head struck the stone border of our long walk, and he was knocked senseless. Perhaps it was fortunate that the accident happened, for Cicely confided to me that she intended to set the house on fire if the dishpan trick of hers did not work. As it was, Alex soon recovered, and I got a good rest for the remainder of the morning.

## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

*Old Armor.....G. N. Bardwell.....Frank Leslie's Monthly*

The armor of the knight in the fifteenth century, as he stood covered from head to foot in plates of steel, is a monument to the ingenuity of man in overcoming all obstacles. Not the steam engine, not the modern gun, shows greater cleverness and fertility of resource, than does this shell of metal in which, with every part protected, man could still move without restriction. The suit consisted of not less than twenty-two pieces; these were the armet, or helm, the cuirass, covering the body, breast and back, the epauliers, or shoulder-guards, the bras-sarts, or arm-guards, coudieres, or elbow-guards, avant-bras, for the lower arms, fandes or laces, thigh-guards, cuissarts, for the upper leg, genouilliers, or knee-pieces, greviers, for the lower legs, solarets, laminated foot armor, and gauntlets for the hands. From this period no further improvement was made in the armor, the ingenuity of the armorers turning rather toward richness of decoration. The spread of the use of gunpowder had, especially with the later and more rapid decline of defensive armor, much to do, though this result was one entirely unlooked for at the time when firearms first took their place among offensive weapons.

The first signs of the decadence of armor were the enlargement of certain parts, as the swelling breast-plate, the lengthened solaret, running to a point, and the endeavor to make the shapes of the various parts conform to the fashions in dress of the day, giving a grotesque effect. The defenses for the legs and feet were the first to be discarded, as the weight of the upper armor was increased to make it proof against firearms, and a growing sentiment on the part of the soldiers caused further modifications. Gustavus Adolphus (1612-33) armed his soldiers with only the cuirass, for bodily defense, though elsewhere in Europe and in England the movement toward the disuse of armor was less rapid. Changes in the kinds of arms used were frequent, since the establishment of the infantry as a regular part of the army. Several styles of head covering came and went, among these, the most prominent were the morion and the burgonet. These infantrymen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were armed with the arquebus, the musquet, the pike, partisan and halberd. The sword, likewise, had suffered many changes. From the wide, long, heavy blade of the Crusaders, with its straight, simple hilt and guard, it had become, in the time of Louis XV., the graceful rapier, a weapon used only for thrusting. The pike, partisan and halberd were common to all Europe, and were various combinations of the principles of the spear and the ax. They were terrible weapons in the hands of the foot soldiers, and most effective against cavalry charges.

The succeeding century saw many improvements. Bronze cannon were cast and found to be superior to the iron ones; a gun-carriage was invented, simplifying transportation; wedges of wood were used for elevating or depressing the gun, and about the middle of the century the first iron cannon-balls were cast. The improvement in gun-

powder had kept pace with that of the cannon. In the sixteenth century the French artillery consisted of the cannon, throwing a projectile of about thirty-four pounds weight; three sizes of culverins, throwing shot weighing respectively fifteen pounds four ounces, seven pounds two ounces and two pounds; The falcon and falconet, with balls of one pound one ounce and fourteen ounces respectively. The mortar was likewise a product of this century, as was the howitzer. From this time down to the present century the changes were continuous, but in the nature of improvements on existing styles rather than in the introduction of new ones. The greatest military innovation in modern times is undoubtedly the rifled cannon, the product of the present century, as are also the improved breach-loading apparatus and quick and rapid firing guns. The hand gun and pistol, in many shapes, followed closely the improvement of the cannon, the former passing through the several forms of the arquebes, the wheel-lock, the petronel, the match-lock, the flint-lock, percussion-lock and, lastly, the breach-loader.

To gain something of an idea of the advance made since the introduction of gunpowder, it might be well to contrast the old bombard of the fourteenth century, and its feebleness and bursting propensities, with our forty-foot guns of to-day, throwing 1,100 pound projectiles a distance of fifteen miles, or the smaller culverin of the same century with the Mauser or Krag-Jørgensen breach-loading rifle. Yet, some of the weapons of the stone and bronze ages we still retain. The lance remains a somewhat important factor in the arming of mounted troops, and the sword is universally used. The ax has been relegated to the more peaceful paths of life. Gunpowder, becoming a force in the hands of the common people, rendered them formidable and opened the way for many reforms and concessions. The improvement of arms and the advance of civilization have run a parallel course. What the twentieth century may bring forth—whether we are approaching a series of wars which will be made more terrible by the devastating powers of modern weapons, or whether these very perfections in destructive instruments may be the compelling factor toward universal peace and international arbitration—it is too soon to predict.

*Foreheads and Eyes.....Public Opinion*

A head justly proportioned to the rest of the body shows steadiness and force of character; too large, it generally indicates grossness and stupidity, too small, feebleness and ineptitude of mind, if not of constitution. The physiognomy of a forehead is seen in the form of the frontal bone, its height and proportion, regularity or irregularity; this marks the disposition and measure of our faculties, our fashion of thinking and feeling. Pathognomy should be studied in the covering skin, its color, wrinkles, tension or relaxation; this gives a clue to the passions, the actual state of the spirit within, the use it has made of its natural gifts. Foreheads, seen in profile, are divided into three



classes; projecting above, flat on the eyebrows; retreating from behind developed brows; and perpendicular. Broadly speaking, those with prominent eye-bones act promptly, on the judgment, perhaps passion, of the moment. Yet they err but rarely, for their gifts of intuition and rapid deduction seldom fail to guide them rightly. High foreheads, lacking some part of this quick spirit, pause, consider and weigh the matter before taking action. Less passionate, less imaginative, less resourceful, they cannot afford to make mistakes. Short foreheads, prominent brows, belong to the man of action; high, well-developed temples to the man of thought. A perpendicular, flat forehead with wrinkleless skin stretched tightly across it, may be briefly dismissed as the forehead of the fool. Eye-bones which project so sharply as to cause the hair of the brows to bristle outwards, show immense acuteness and genius for intrigue. Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese minister, and Prince Bismarck are good examples of this class. A forehead square on the temples and retreating into the hair on either side, is a sign of retentive memory and excellent judgment. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum has the typical forehead of a leader of men. Short, compressed, with prominent eye-bones and thick, straight brows, square and receding on the temples. A man with this forehead could not fail to judge character or circumstance with quickness and accuracy, to store such observations in a tenacious memory, and to act upon his conclusions with promptness and decision. . . .

Eyes, mirrors of the soul, may, perhaps, be considered more beautiful and attractive than any other feature. Dividing them into two great classes, light and dark, it has been said that the dark indicate power, the light, delicacy. Black eyes, so called—for they are really of so deep an orange that they appear black contrasted with the white surrounding them—are tropical. Sometimes they seem dull and sluggish, but the forces they betoken are only slumbering, so that any chance spark may set them ablaze. With such eyes the intellect will be powerful and the passions strong. Clear blue eyes belong to temperate regions. Other intellectual indications being equal, what they may lack in power and passion they will make up in subtlety and versatility. Hazel eyes show steadiness and power of constant affection; green, cat-like orbs, though frequently fascinating, are dangerous, for they are a sign of coquetry and deceit. The eyes of genius are said to be of varying tints, like the sea, sometimes blue, tinged with green or orange, in certain lights or when affected by emotion, deep and almost dark. These are but few of the infinite varieties in tint. It should never be forgotten that eyes are more capable of misleading than any other feature. Form and color may indicate much; the glance, steady or shifting, quick or languid, keen or soft, perhaps even more. Widely expanded eyelids see much without reflecting greatly; they live in the senses, and think little beyond the present moment. Eyelids half closing over the eyes denote less facility of impression but clearer insight, more definite ideas, greater steadiness in action; they notice less, but think and feel intensely. Deep-set eyes with wrinkles at the outer corners show penetra-

tion and a sense of humor. Eyes set near together, especially when there are wrinkles across the nose, are a sign of cunning and meanness in small things, money matters and otherwise. Set wide apart, the character will be generous; if too wide, careless and extravagant. The proper distance between the eyes is the length of one eye.

*The North American Indian of To-Day... George Bird Grinnell... Cosmopolitan*

Within the last twenty years the Indian has changed, and it may be doubted whether the change is altogether for the better. He has lost his picturesqueness and has become commonplace; where he was once keen and active he is now slow and inert. We have taken from him his old free life—the life which he loved because it had been his father's and was his own, and because he knew nothing better—and we are trying to make him live our life with all its restraints and limitations. We are trying to force this wild creature, who once was free, into the hard, rigid mold of civilization, and we do not find him plastic. He does not fit the mold; he will not go into it. Why should he? It is asking much to expect that the Indian shall at once become a civilized man, and we should not forget that we are insisting that he shall accomplish in a generation a measure of advancement which it took our own race some thousands of years to attain. We require, too, that his child mind shall at once accept, even though it does not assimilate, our modern ideas. When the white men first set foot in America, they found it inhabited by a people who were absolutely primitive, and whose development had been slow; for although man had inhabited the continent at least since preglacial time, his culture had progressed no further than that of the Neolithic age, so called. Some tribes practiced agriculture, and all gathered the natural fruits of the earth, but they depended for food chiefly on the abundant fish and game which swarmed in the rivers or on the uplands, and which yielded them an easy subsistence. The animals were trapped and snared, and were killed also with arrows—tipped with points of stone and bone, for the Indians had no knowledge of metals. While many of the tribes occupied permanent villages, in which the dwellings were made of dirt or grass or poles, yet the conditions of their lives obliged them to make frequent extended journeys far from home; all used movable tents or lodges, consisting of a framework of slender poles covered with skin or bark. These lodges were of similar type over almost the whole continent. The population of North America was sparse in these pre-Columbian days, and we may suppose that the people lived a contented life, usually unbroken by wars and devoted chiefly to gaining a subsistence. The white people had not been here long before they began to speculate on the origin of the Indian; but to this day no one has reached any definite conclusion as to his origin. Some authorities are quite certain that his home must have been Asia, while others, with greater probability, believe that he came from Europe; but of when or how he came nothing is positively known. Of one thing, however, we are certain. The Indians constitute a well-differentiated race of very great antiquity—as men view time. Through-

out the different tribes the physical characters of these people are everywhere the same. These physical likenesses, together with the extraordinary diversity of language found among them, are very suggestive of the great length of time that these people have occupied America. To say nothing of languages which have become extinct without leaving any record, we know of between fifty and sixty distinct linguistic stocks in North America, north of Mexico; groups of languages which appear to be as different from each other as the Semitic is from the Aryan or the Turanian. Within a single linguistic family we may have a number of tribes speaking different languages; as in the Algonquin family, the Ojibways, Blackfoots, Cheyennes and Arapahoes speak four different tongues, each uncomprehended by the others; just as four Europeans of Aryan family might speak English, Spanish, German and Russian. It must have taken a long time for these different linguistic stocks to become developed.

*A Mad King's Freaks.....Merriden Howard.....Pearson's Magazine*

If Ludwig II., the young King of Bavaria, was mad, it was from excess of majesty. The monarch of one of the smallest kingdoms of the world, his opinion of himself was magnificent beyond all dreams of grandeur. Ordinary people were not sufficiently exalted to be his companions; ordinary occupations afforded him no gratification; all the chateaux and palaces which he inherited when he came to the throne were squalid for one so great. Architecture and building were his ruling hobbies, and he was thus able to gratify the one delusion by building magnificent edifices, the second by occupying his time in the most extraordinary fashions, and the third by shunning society and escaping the inspection of ordinary eyes, either in his gorgeous retreats, or by retiring to one of the more humble dwellings he erected on various mountain summits, where a few attendants awaited his unexpected visits. Ludwig's mania for solitude took the most unexpected twists. He enjoyed his own company best on those occasions when people whose minds are less phenomenally balanced consider companionship most essential. It was his fancy to have dramatic and musical performances for himself alone. Unfortunate theatrical managers and indignant musical directors, not daring to resist the royal whim, were driven to waste their talent by providing entertainments. The theatre was darkened, the orchestra, the chorus, and the full dramatic company were grudgingly provided, one and all detesting the work of putting forth their best efforts for the amusement of an empty house, save for the solitary figure sitting silent and motionless in the shadow of the royal box. Music Ludwig loved, and many of his wildest extravagances and maddest acts of prodigality were due to the influence of Wagner, his one friend and adviser. It was Wagner who prompted his most transcendent folly, the erection of a huge theatre at Bayreuth for that composer's glorification. One performance alone entailed an expenditure of £20,000.

Reared from his childhood amidst the most enchanting scenery, Ludwig dearly loved the lonely mountains and the rich silent forests in which his

possessions were so rich. Delighting to turn night into day, he would order his horses after dark; and the jingle of his sleigh-bells and the big cracks of the postilions' whips would bring the peasantry to their bedroom casements to see a brilliant equipage flash by, a phantom that vanished in a whirl of snow-dust, a dream of red and gold and blue and silver, and above the head of the silent occupant two crowns glowing with electric light. It was only the simple inhabitants of the Bavarian Alps who ever caught a glimpse of these fairylike vehicles. The front of one was formed by a gigantic shell borne by Tritons with little cupids seated on its edge whose tiny arms carried back wreaths to the royal occupant. The ornamentation of another was so profuse that but three small spaces were left on the panels, and these were occupied by delicate mythological scenes painted by the hand of a famous Munich artist. The King's sleighs were never drawn by fewer than four horses. He appears to have been fond of these animals, whom he called his "dumb courtiers." But like everything else about him, they were compelled to suffer in order to gratify their master's fancies. During the winter of 1874 instructions were sent to the royal stables that the thirty best horses they contained were, for several days, to be fed on nothing but oats. The grooms imagined they were to be entered for a race. Though a blinding snowstorm was raging, Ludwig commanded some workmen to at once set about erecting a wooden tower in the forest adjoining his palace, and round this tower a gallery was to run. Finally, when his plans were matured, he stationed an orchestra of wind instruments near this erection, taking up his own position on the balcony. In the cornfields near he had scattered here and there drums, kettles and some soldiers with rifles loaded with powder, and an order was given that each man should remain hidden and silent. At a given signal the horses were led quietly to the foot of the tower. Then the King gave a sign, which was understood by the leader of the orchestra, by the drums, kettles, trumpets and soldiers. In an instant the most infernal hubbub broke forth. Each drummer vied with the other to beat louder, the trumpeters nearly burst their cheeks, there were powder explosions, shrill whistles, and most diabolical howls. The terrified horses broke their fastenings. Mad with terror they reared, wheeled, zigzagged; plunging and kicking they galloped here and there; with blood-red nostrils and floating manes they bolted in all directions to the jeopardy of the orchestra and the terror of the drums and kettles in the fields. One by one they disappeared over the horizon, white with foam, still snorting and rolling their eyes. It was days before some of them were found, many were picked up enfeebled, still wild and terrified. Some had reached the mountains, others had penetrated the woods or become engulfed in the marshes. His Majesty, however, was well amused.

The tricks Ludwig played on his horses he also inflicted on his servants. Every one about him was in danger of life and limb. He injured at least thirty persons and one he killed. It is not to be forgotten, however, that he was mad, and ought long before this to have been under medical charge.



## THE WEDDING OF M'TEAGUE\*

BY FRANK NORRIS

["Doctor" McTeague, proprietor of certain "Dental Parlors" (which in spite of the name consist of but one room, in rather a squalid neighborhood in a Western city), is about to be married. Trina Sieppe, the daughter of a German-American family, is the bride-elect.]

The wedding was to be very quiet; Trina preferred it that way. McTeague would invite only Miss Baker and Heise the harness-maker. The Sieppes sent cards to Selina, who was counted on to furnish the music; to Marcus, of course, and to Uncle Oelbermann.

At last the great day, the first of June, arrived. The Sieppes had packed their last box and had strapped the last trunk. Trina's two trunks had already been sent to her new home—the remodeled photographer's rooms. The B street house was deserted; the whole family came over to the city on the last day of May and stopped overnight at one of the cheap downtown hotels. Trina would be married the following evening, and immediately after the wedding supper the Sieppes would leave for the South.

McTeague spent the day in a fever of agitation, frightened out of his wits each time that Old Grannis left his elbow.

Old Grannis was delighted beyond measure at the prospect of acting the part of best man in the ceremony. This wedding in which he was to figure filled his mind with vague ideas and half-formed thoughts. He found himself continually wondering what Miss Baker would think of it. During all that day he was in a reflective mood.

"Marriage is a—a noble institution, is it not, Doctor?" he observed to McTeague. "The—*the* foundation of society. It is not good that man should be alone. No, no," he added, pensively, "it is not good."

"Huh? Yes, yes," McTeague answered, his eyes in the air, hardly hearing him. "Do you think the rooms are all right? Let's go in and look at them again."

They went down the hall to where the new rooms were situated, and the dentist inspected them for the twentieth time.

The rooms were three in number—first, the sitting-room, which was also the dining-room; then the bedroom, and back of this the tiny kitchen.

The sitting-room was particularly charming. Clean matting covered the floor, and two or three bright-colored rugs were scattered here and there. The backs of the chairs were hung with knitted worsted tidies, very gay. The bay window should have been occupied by Trina's sewing machine, but this had been moved to the other side of the room to give place to a little black walnut table with spiral legs, before which the pair were to be married. In one corner stood the parlor melodeon, a family possession of the Sieppes, but given now to Trina as one of her parents' wedding presents.

Three pictures hung upon the walls. Two were companion pieces. One of these represented a little boy wearing huge spectacles and trying to smoke an enormous pipe. This was called "I'm Grandpa," the title being printed in large black letters; the companion picture was entitled "I'm Grandma," a little girl in cap and "specs," wearing mitts and knitting. These pictures were hung on either side of the mantelpiece. The other picture was quite an affair, very large and striking. It was a colored lithograph of two little golden-haired girls in their nightgowns. They were kneeling down and saying their prayers; their eyes—very large and very blue—rolled upward. This picture had for name, "Faith," and was bordered with a red plush mat and a frame of imitation beaten brass.

A door hung with chenille portières—a bargain at \$2.50—admitted one to the bedroom. The bedroom could boast a carpet, three-ply ingrain, the design being bunches of red and green flowers in yellow baskets on a white ground. The wall-paper was admirable—hundreds and hundreds of tiny Japanese mandarins, all identically alike, helping hundreds of almond-eyed ladies into hundreds of impossible junks, while hundreds of bamboo palms overshadowed the pair, and hundreds of long-legged storks trailed contemptuously away from the scene. This room was prolific in pictures. Most of them were framed colored prints from Christmas editions of the London Graphic and Illustrated News, the subject of each picture inevitably involving very alert fox terriers and very pretty moon-faced little girls.

Back of the bedroom was the kitchen, a creation of Trina's, a dream of a kitchen, with its range, its porcelain-lined sink, its copper boiler, and its overpowering array of flashing tinware. Everything was new, everything was complete.

Maria Macapa and a waiter from one of the restaurants in the street were to prepare the wedding supper here. Maria had already put in an appearance. The fire was crackling in the new stove, that smoked badly; a smell of cooking was in the air. She drove McTeague and Old Grannis from the room with great gestures of her bare arms.

This kitchen was the only one of the three rooms they had been obliged to furnish throughout. Most of the sitting-room and bedroom furniture went with the suite; a few pieces they had bought; the remainder Trina had brought over from the B street house.

The presents had been set out on the extension table in the sitting-room. Besides the parlor melodeon, Trina's parents had given her an ice-water set, and a carving knife and fork with elk-horn handles. Selina had painted a view of the Golden Gate upon a polished slice of redwood that answered the purposes of a paperweight. Marcus Schouler—after impressing upon Trina that his gift was to her, and not to McTeague—had sent a chatelaine watch of German silver; Uncle Oelbermann's present, however, had been awaited with a

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good deal of curiosity. What would he send? He was very rich. In a sense Trina was his protégé. A couple of days before that upon which the wedding was to take place, two boxes arrived with his card. Trina and McTeague, assisted by Old Grannis, had opened them.

"I think—I really think it's champagne," said Old Grannis in a whisper. So it was. Monopole. What a wonder! None of them had seen the like before. Ah, this Uncle Oelbermann! That's what it was to be rich. Not one of the other presents produced so deep an impression as this.

After Old Grannis and the dentist had gone through the rooms, giving a last look around to see that everything was ready, they returned to McTeague's "Parlors." At the door Old Grannis excused himself.

At four o'clock McTeague began to dress, shaving himself first before the hand-glass that was hung against the woodwork of the bay window. While he shaved he sang with strange inappropriateness:

"No one to love, none to caress,  
Left all alone in this world's wilderness."

But as he stood before the mirror, intent upon his shaving, there came a roll of wheels over the cobbles in front of the house. He rushed to the window. Trina had arrived with her father and mother. He saw her get out, and as she glanced upward at his window their eyes met.

Ah, there she was! As their eyes met they waved their hands gayly to each other, then McTeague heard Trina and her mother come up the stairs and go into the bedroom of the photographer's suite, where Trina was to dress.

There was a knock at the door. It was Old Grannis. He was dressed in his one black suit of broadcloth, much wrinkled. His hair was carefully brushed over his bald forehead.

"Miss Trina has come," he announced, "and the minister. You have an hour yet."

The dentist finished dressing. He wore a suit bought for the occasion—a ready-made "Prince Albert" coat too short in the sleeves, striped "blue" trousers, and new patent-leather shoes—veritable instruments of torture. Around his collar was a wonderful necktie that Trina had given him. It was of salmon-pink satin. In its centre Selina had painted a knot of blue forget-me-nots.

At length, after an interminable period of waiting, Mr. Sieppe appeared at the door.

"Are you ready?" he asked in a sepulchral whisper. "Come, den." It was like King Charles summoned to execution. Mr. Sieppe preceded them into the hall, moving at a funereal pace. He paused. Suddenly, in the direction of the sitting-room, came the strains of the parlor melodeon. Mr. Sieppe flung his arm into the air.

"Vowaarts!" he cried.

He left them at the door of the sitting-room, he himself going into the bedroom where Trina was waiting, entering by the hall door. He was in a tremendous state of nervous tension, fearful lest something should go wrong. He had employed the period of waiting in going through his part for the fiftieth time, repeating what he had to say in a

low voice. He had even made chalk marks on the matting in the places where he was to take positions.

The dentist and Old Grannis entered the sitting-room. The minister stood behind the little table in the bay window, holding a book, one finger marking the place. He was rigid, erect, impassive. On either side of him, in a semi-circle, stood the invited guests. A little pock-marked gentleman in glasses, no doubt the famous Uncle Oelbermann; Miss Baker, in her black grenadine, false curls, and coral brooch; Marcus Schouler, his arms folded, his brows bent, grand and gloomy; Heise the harness-maker, in yellow gloves, intently studying the pattern of the matting; and Owgooste, in his Fauntleroy "costume," stupefied and a little frightened, rolling his eyes from face to face. Selina sat at the parlor melodeon, fingering the keys, her glance wandering to the chenille portières. She stopped playing as McTeague and Old Grannis entered and took their places. A profound silence ensued. Uncle Oelbermann's shirt front could be heard creaking as he breathed. The most solemn expression pervaded every face.

All at once the portières were shaken violently. It was a signal. Selina pulled open the stops and swung into the wedding march.

Trina entered. She was dressed in white silk, a crown of orange blossoms was around her swarthy hair—dressed high for the first time—her veil reached to the floor. Her face was pink, but otherwise she was calm. She looked quietly around the room as she crossed it, until her glance rested on McTeague, smiling at him then very prettily and with perfect self-possession.

She was on her father's arm. The twins, dressed exactly alike, walked in front, each carrying an enormous bouquet of cut flowers in a "lace-paper" holder. Mrs. Sieppe followed in the rear. She was crying. Her handkerchief was rolled into a wad. From time to time she looked at the train of Trina's dress through her tears. Mr. Sieppe marched his daughter to the exact middle of the floor, wheeled at right angles, and brought her up to the minister. He stepped back three paces and stood planted upon one of his chalk marks, his face glistening with perspiration.

Then Trina and the dentist were married. The guests stood in constrained attitudes, looking furtively out of the corners of their eyes. Mr. Sieppe never moved a muscle. Mrs. Sieppe cried into her handkerchief all the time. At the melodeon Selina played "Call Me Thine Own" very softly, the tremulo stop pulled out. She looked over her shoulder from time to time. Between the pauses of the music one could hear the low tones of the minister, the responses of the participants, and the suppressed sounds of Mrs. Sieppe's weeping. Outside the noises of the street rose to the windows in muffled undertones, a cable car rumbled past, a news-boy went by chanting the evening papers. From somewhere in the building itself came a persistent noise of sawing.

Trina and McTeague knelt. The dentist's knees thudded on the floor and he presented to view the soles of his shoes, painfully new and unworn, the leather still yellow, the brass nail heads still glitter-

ing. Trina sank at his side very gracefully, settling her dress and train with a little gesture of her free hand. The company bowed their heads, Mr. Sieppe shutting his eyes tight. But Mrs. Sieppe took advantage of the moment to stop crying and make furtive gestures toward Owgooste, signing him to pull down his coat. But Owgooste gave no heed. His eyes were starting from their sockets, his chin had dropped upon his lace collar, and his head turned vaguely from side to side with a continued and maniacal motion.

All at once the ceremony was over before any one expected it. The guests kept their positions for a moment, eying one another, each fearing to make the first move, not quite certain as to whether or not everything were finished. But the couple faced the room, Trina throwing back her veil. She—perhaps McTeague as well—felt that there was a certain inadequateness about the ceremony. Was that all there was to it? Did just those few muttered phrases make them man and wife? It had been over in a few moments, but it had bound them for life? Had not something been left off? Was not the whole affair cursory, superficial? It was disappointing.

But Trina had no time to dwell upon this.

Marcus Schouler, in the manner of a man of the world, who knew how to act in every situation, stepped forward and, even before Mr. or Mrs. Sieppe, took Trina's hand.

"Let me be the first to congratulate Mrs. McTeague," he said, feeling very noble and heroic. The strain of the previous moments was relaxed immediately, the guests crowded around the pair, shaking hands—a babel of talk arose.

"Owgooste, will you pull down your goat, den?"

"Well, my dear, now you're married and happy. When I first saw you two together, I said, 'What a pair!' We're to be neighbors now. You must come up and see me very often and we'll have tea together."

"Did you hear that sawing going on all the time? I declare it regularly got on my nerves."

Trina kissed her father and mother, crying a little herself as she saw the tears in Mrs. Sieppe's eyes.

Marcus came forward a second time, and, with an air of great gravity, kissed his cousin upon the forehead. Heise was introduced to Trina, and Uncle Oelbermann to the dentist.

For upward of half an hour the guests stood about in groups, filling the little sitting-room with a great chatter of talk. Then it was time to make ready for supper.

This was a tremendous task, in which nearly all the guests were obliged to assist. The sitting-room was transformed into a dining-room. The presents were removed from the extension table and the table drawn out to its full length. The cloth was laid, the chairs—rented from the dancing academy hard by—drawn up, the dishes set out and the two bouquets of cut flowers taken from the twins under their shrill protests, and "arranged" in vases at either end of the table.

There was a great coming and going between the kitchen and the sitting-room. Trina, who was allowed to do nothing, sat in the bay window and fretted, calling to her mother from time to time:

"The napkins are in the right-hand drawer of the pantry."

"Yes, yes; I got um. Where do you geep der zoup blates?"

"The soup plates are here already."

"Say, Cousin Trina, is there a corkscrew? What is home without a corkscrew?"

"In the kitchen-table drawer, in the left-hand corner."

"Are these the forks you want to use, Mrs. McTeague?"

"No, no; there's some silver forks. Mamma knows where."

They were all very gay, laughing over their mistakes, getting in one another's way, rushing into the sitting-room, their hands full of plates or knives or glasses, and darting out again after more. Marcus and Mr. Sieppe took their coats off. Old Grannis and Miss Baker passed each other in the hall in a constrained silence, her grenadine brushing against the elbow of his wrinkled frock coat. Uncle Oelbermann superintended Heise opening the case of champagne with the gravity of a magistrate. Owgooste was assigned the task of filling the new salt and pepper canisters of red and blue glass.

In a wonderfully short time everything was ready. Marcus Schouler resumed his coat, wiping his forehead and remarking:

"I tell you, I've been doing chores for my board."

"To der table!" commanded Mr. Sieppe.

The company sat down with a great clatter, Trina at the foot, the dentist at the head, the others arranged themselves in haphazard fashion. But it happened that Marcus Schouler crowded into the seat beside Selina, toward which Old Grannis was directing himself. There was but one other chair vacant, and that at the side of Miss Baker. Old Grannis hesitated, putting his hand to his chin. However, there was no escape. In great trepidation he sat down beside the retired dressmaker. Neither of them spoke. Old Grannis dared not move, but sat rigid, his eyes riveted on his empty soup plate.

All at once there was a report like a pistol. The men started in their places. Mrs. Sieppe uttered a muffled shriek. The waiter from the cheap restaurant, hired as Maria's assistant, rose from a bending posture, a champagne bottle frothing in his hand. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Don't get scairt!" he said, reassuringly; "it ain't loaded."

When all their glasses had been filled, Marcus proposed the health of the bride, "standing up." The guests rose and drank. Hardly one of them had ever tasted champagne before.

What a wonderful supper that was! There was oyster soup; there were sea bass and barracuda; there was a gigantic roast goose stuffed with chestnuts; there were eggplant and sweet potatoes—Miss Baker called them "yams." There was calf's head in oil, over which Mr. Sieppe went into ecstasies; there was lobster salad; there were rice pudding and strawberry ice cream, and wine jelly and stewed prunes, and cocoanuts and mixed nuts, and raisins and fruit, and tea and coffee, and mineral waters and lemonade.

For two hours the guests ate. Their faces red, their elbows wide, the perspiration beading their foreheads. All around the table one saw the same incessant movement of jaws and heard the same uninterrupted sound of chewing. Three times Heise passed his plate for more roast goose. Mr. Sieppe devoured the calf's head with long breaths of contentment; McTeague ate for the sake of eating, without choice; everything within reach of his hands found its way into his enormous mouth.

There was but little conversation, and that only of the food; one exchanged opinions with one's neighbor as to the soup, the eggplant or the stewed prunes. Soon the room became very warm, a faint moisture appeared upon the windows, the air was heavy with the smell of cooked food. At every moment Trina or Mrs. Sieppe urged some one of the company to have his or her plate refilled. They were constantly employed in dishing potatoes or carving the goose or ladling gravy. The hired waiter circled about the room, his limp napkin over his arm, his hands full of plates and dishes. He was a great joker, he had names of his own for different articles of food, that sent gales of laughter around the table. When he spoke of a bunch of parsley as "scenery," Heise all but strangled himself over a mouthful of potato. Out in the kitchen Maria Macapa did the work of three, her face scarlet, her sleeves rolled up; every now and then she uttered shrill but unintelligible outcries, supposedly addressed to the waiter.

"Uncle Oelbermann," said Trina, "let me give you another helping of prunes."

The Sieppes paid great deference to Uncle Oelbermann, as indeed did the whole company. Even Marcus Schouler lowered his voice when he addressed him. At the beginning of the meal he had nudged the harness-maker and had whispered behind his hand, nodding his head toward the wholesale toy dealer, "Got \$30,000 in the bank; has, for a fact!"

"Don't have much to say," observed Heise.

"No, no; that's his way. Never opens his face!"

As the evening wore on the gas and two lamps were lit. The company were still eating. The men, gorged with food, had unbuttoned their vests. McTeague's cheeks were distended, his eyes wide, his huge, salient jaw moved with a machine-like regularity. At intervals he drew a series of short breaths through his nose. Mrs. Sieppe wiped her forehead with her napkin.

"Hey, dere, poy, gif me some more oaf dat—what you call—'bubble-water.'"

That was how the waiter had spoken of the champagne—"bubble-water." The guests had shouted applause, "Outa sight!" He was a heavy joshier, was that waiter.

Bottle after bottle was opened, the women stopping their ears as the corks were drawn. . . .

At last that great supper was over, everything had been eaten. The enormous roast goose had dwindled to a very skeleton. Mr. Sieppe had reduced the calf's head to a mere skull. A row of empty champagne bottles—"dead soldiers," as the facetious waiter had called them—lined the mantel-piece. Nothing of the stewed prunes remained but

the juice, which was given to Owgooste and the twins. The platters were as clean as if they had been washed—crumbs of bread, potato parings, nut-shells and bits of cake littered the table, coffee and ice cream stains and spots of congealed gravy marked the position of each plate—it was a devastation, a pillage—the table presented the appearance of an abandoned battlefield.

"Ouf!" cried Mrs. Sieppe, pushing back, "I haf eatun und eatun—ach, Gott! how I haf eatun!"

"Ah, dot kaf's het!" murmured her husband, passing his tongue over his lips.

The company had left the table and had assembled about the melodeon, where Selina was seated. At first they attempted some of the popular songs of the day, but were obliged to give over, as none of them knew any of the words beyond the first line of the chorus. Finally they pitched upon "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as the only song which they all knew. Selina sang the "alto," very much off the key; Marcus intoned the bass, scowling fiercely, his chin drawn into his collar. They sang in very slow time. The song became a dirge, a lamentable, prolonged wail of distress:

"Nee-rah, my Gahd, to Thee,  
Nee-rah to Thee-ah."

At the end of the song, Uncle Oelbermann put on his hat without a word of warning. Instantly there was a hush. The guests rose.

"Not going so soon, Uncle Oelbermann?" protested Trina politely. He only nodded. Marcus sprang forward to help him with his overcoat. Mr. Sieppe came up, and the two men shook hands.

Then Uncle Oelbermann delivered himself of an oracular phrase. No doubt he had been meditating it during the supper. Addressing Mr. Sieppe, he said:

"You have not lost a daughter, but have gained a son."

These were the only words he had spoken the entire evening. He departed. The company was profoundly impressed.

About twenty minutes later, when Marcus Schouler was entertaining the guests by eating almonds, shells and all, Mr. Sieppe started to his feet, watch in hand.

"Haf-bast elevun!" he shouted. "Attention! Der dime haf arrive, shtop eferyting. We depart."

This was a signal for tremendous confusion. Mr. Sieppe immediately threw off his previous air of relaxation, the calf's head was forgotten, he was once again the leader of vast enterprises.

"To me, to me," he cried. "Mommer, der ter-vins, Owgooste." He marshaled his tribe together, with tremendous commanding gestures. The sleeping twins were suddenly shaken into a dazed consciousness; Owgooste, whom the almond-eating of Marcus Schouler had petrified with admiration, was smacked to a realization of his surroundings.

Old Grannis, with a certain delicacy that was one of his characteristics, felt instinctively that the guests—the mere outsiders—should depart before the family began its leave-taking of Trina. He withdrew unobtrusively, after a hasty good-night to the bride and groom. The rest followed almost immediately.



## CROQUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES\*

Della Smith was the mother of two grave children and the wife of a farmer who never learned to smile. Eben was duller than the ox which plows all day long for his handful of hay at night and his heavy slumber; but Della, though she carried her end of the yoke with a gallant spirit, had dreams and desires forever bursting from brown shells, only to live a moment in the air and then, like bubbles, die. She had a perpetual appetite for joy. When the circus came to town she walked miles to see the procession; and, in a dream of satisfied delight, dropped potatoes all the afternoon to make up. Once a hand-organ and monkey strayed that way, and it was she alone who followed them, for the children were little, and all the saner house-mothers contented themselves with leaning over the gates till the wandering train had passed. But Della drained her draught of joy to the dregs, and then tilted her cup anew. With croquet came her supremest joy—one that leavened her days till God took her, somewhere, we hope, where there is playtime. Della had no money to buy a croquet set, but she had something far better, an alert and undiscouraged mind. On one dizzy afternoon, at a Fourth of July picnic, when wickets had been set up near the wood, she had played with the minister and beaten him. The game opened before her an endless vista of delight. She saw herself perpetually knocking red-striped balls through an eternity of wickets; and she knew that here was the one pastime of which no soul could tire. Afterward, driving home with her husband and two children, still in a daze of satisfied delight, she murmured absently:

"Wonder how much they cost?"

"What?" asked Eben, and Della turned, flushed scarlet, and replied:

"Oh, nothin'!"

That night she lay awake for one rapt hour, and then she slept the sleep of conquerors. In the morning, after Eben had gone safely off to work, and the children were still asleep, she began singing, in a monotonous high voice, and took her way out of doors. She always sang at moments when she purposed leaping the bounds of domestic custom. Even Eben had learned that, dull as he was. If he heard that guilty crooning from the buttery he knew she might be breaking extra eggs, or using more sugar than was conformable.

"What you doin' of?" he was accustomed to call. But Della never answered, and he did not interfere. The question was a necessary concession to marital authority; he had no wish to curb her ways.

Della scudded about the yard like a willful wind. She gathered withes from a waiting pile, and set them in that one level space for wickets. Then she took a handsaw, and, pale about the lips, returned to the house and to her bedroom. She had made her choice. She was sacrificing old associations to her present need; and, one after another, she sawed the ornamenting balls from her mother's high-post

bedstead. Perhaps the one element of tragedy lay in the fact that Della was no mechanician, and she had not foreseen that, having one flat side, her balls might decline to roll. But that dismay was brief. A weaker soul would have flinched; to Della it was a futile check, a pebble under the wave. She laid her balls calmly aside. Some day she would whittle them into shape, for there were always coming to Della days full of roomy leisure and large content. Meanwhile apples would serve her turn—good alike to draw a weary mind out of its channel or teach the shape of spheres. And so, with two russets for balls and the clothes-slice for a mallet (the heavy sledge-hammer having failed), Della serenely, yet in triumph, played her first game of croquet against herself.

"Don't you drive over them wickets!" she called imperiously, when Eben came up from the lot in his dingle cart.

"Them what?" returned he, and Della had to go out to explain. He looked at them gravely. Hers had been a ragged piece of work.

"What under the sun'd you do that for?" he inquired. "The young ones wouldn't turn their hand over for 't. They ain't big enough."

"Well, I be," said Della briefly. "Don't you drive over 'em."

Eben looked at her and then at his path to the barn, and he turned his horse aside.

Thereafter, until we got used to it, we found a vivid source of interest in seeing Della playing croquet, and always playing alone. Sometimes she did not get her playtime till three in the afternoon, sometimes not till after dark; but she was faithful to her joy. The croquet ground suffered varying fortunes. It might happen that the balls were potatoes when apples failed to be in season; often her wickets broke, and stood up in two ragged horns. Sometimes one fell away altogether, and Della, like the planets, kept an unseen track. Once or twice, the mistaken benevolence of others gave her real distress. The minister's daughter, noting her solitary game, mistook it for forlornness, and, in the warmth of her maiden heart, came to ask if she might share. It was a timid though official benevolence; but Della's bright eyes grew dark. She clung to her kitchen chair.

"I guess I won't," she said, and in some dim way everybody began to understand that this was but an intimate and solitary joy.

Della did not have a long life; and that was some relief to us, who were not altogether satisfied with her outlook here. The place she left need not be always desolate. There was a good maiden sister to keep the house, and Eben and the children would be but briefly sorry. They could recover their poise. He with the health of a simple mind and they as children will. Yet he was truly stunned by the blow, and I hoped, on the day of the funeral, that he did not see what I did. When we went out to get our horse and wagon I caught my foot in something which at once gave way. I looked down—at a broken wicket and a withered apple by the stake.

\*From *Dooryards*, in *Tiverton Tales*. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*Doin' Purty Well* ..... *Atlanta Constitution*

Ever time they axed him of times an' sich to tell,  
 Answer that he'd make 'em wuz: "I'm doin' purty well!"  
 When corn wuz goin' beggin', an' cotton wouldn't sell,  
 He told 'em when they axed him: "Oh, I'm doin' purty well!"

An' when the doctor told him that his time had come to go,  
 An' the preacher said: "My 'brother, is it firebrands, or snow?"

He turned upon that preacher with a twinkle in his eye,  
 An' says: "All I'm a-axin' is to gimme room to fly!"  
 But the preacher says: "My brother, ain't there nothin' else to tell?"  
 "Yes," he says, "put on my tombstone: 'He's a-doin' purty well!'"

*A Plea*.....*Paul Laurence Dunbar*.....*The Bookman*

Treat me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,  
 Treat me nice.  
 Dough my love has tu'ned my brain,  
 Treat me nice.  
 I ain't done a t'ing to shame,  
 Lovahs all ac's jes' de same:  
 Don't you know we ain't to blame?  
 Treat me nice!

Cose I know I's talkin' wild;  
 Treat me nice;  
 I cain't talk no bettah, child,  
 Treat me nice;  
 Whut a pusson gwine to do,  
 W'en he come a-cou'tin' you  
 All a-tremblin' 'thoo and thoo?  
 Please be nice.

Reckon I mus' go de paf  
 Othahs do:  
 Lovahs lingah, ladies laugh;  
 Mebbe you  
 Do' mean all the things you say,  
 An' po'haps some latah day  
 W'en I baig you ha'd, you may  
 Treat me nice!

*Katie Got Struck on the Stage*.....*Willard Holcomb*.....*Buffalo Express*

Arrah, Mrs. Ryan, no wondher Oi'm cryin';  
 'Tis trouble Oi'm havin' av late.  
 How kin Oi be aisy whin Oi'm almosth druv crazy  
 Along o' me big daughther Kate?  
 Sure, the way she is actin' is fairly disthractin';  
 She's caught the t'eatrical rage.  
 As Oi'm a lone widder, there's no livin' wid her  
 Since Katie got sthruck on the stage.

She's at the t'eyter till midnight or later;  
 Comes home wid a tough lookin' beau;  
 She says he's a "supe" in an operay troop—  
 Phat 'dat is Oi'm sure Oi don't know.  
 He tells her that yet she will be a soubrette,  
 Though the coleen is not yet av age.  
 She will be an actor—Oi've losht me charackter  
 Since Katie got sthruck on the stage.

Och, nobody knows how she uses me clothes  
 A-makin' thim into costhooms.  
 From mornin' till night me poor house is a sight  
 Wid her scene sittin' in all the rooms.  
 Her fayther's old britches she cuts an' she stitches  
 To get hersilf up loike a "page."  
 Och, murther, thim pages! They drisses outrageous.  
 But she says it's sthoyle on the stage.

She schares me to death wid the scenes from "Macbeth,"  
 Whin Oi'm afther a-goin' to shleep,  
 For thin she comes walkin' and awfully talkin',  
 Till the chills up me backbone do creep.  
 She makes such a pother wid the "ghost of me father,"  
 And tells me, "Avaunt, quit her soight!"  
 Until, saints presarve us, I do be thot narvous,  
 Oi can't shleep a wink all the noight.

She says she will shine in the very front line  
 And dance in the calcium's glare,  
 While all the old beaux in the baldheaded rows  
 Through their operay glasses will sthare.  
 She says her new tights is "clean out ov sight,"  
 And that she will be "all the rage."  
 All the girls in our alley are dancing the ballay  
 Since Katie got sthruck on the stage.

She wance ran away wid an operay bouffay;  
 Got sthranded in Kalamazoo.  
 It took ivry cint I had saved for the rent  
 To pay her way home—now, that's thrue!  
 But sthill the poor child, she is perfectly wild;  
 Oi t'ink Oi will buy me a cage  
 And lock her up in it till that blissid minute  
 Whin Katie gets sick av the stage.

*Sleeptime in Darktown*.....*Baltimore American*

Sun am dess a golden ball  
 A-sinkin' in a west;  
 De bullfrog am a-singin' to  
 De one he love de best,  
 An' at daylight am a-gwine home  
 To take a li'l rest—  
 Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!  
 Sing a low!  
 Sing a low!

Li'l clouds am runnin' kase  
 Dah mammay tol' dem to;  
 Whippo'will am chunin' up  
 A song fo' me an' yo',  
 An' a sky am feelin' happy kase  
 De stars am peepin' frew—  
 Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!  
 Sing a low!  
 Sing a low!

Wind am makin' music fo'  
 De trees up on a hill;  
 Owls am dess a-wakin' up  
 Down yonder by de mill;  
 Shadows comin' roun' to see  
 Ef yo' is keepin' still—  
 Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!  
 Sing a low!  
 Sing a low!

*Loafin' Roun'*.....*Detroit Free Press*

Blossoms in the medders—catfish in the pool—  
 A day off with the daisies, an' who would plow a mule?  
 I don't keer for the preachin' of the wise folks—left an' right—  
 I'm out o' sight in blossoms—good folks, I'm out o' sight!

Lilies o' the feld, you know, don't foller any rule—  
 A day off with the lilies, an' who would plow a mule?  
 To the teachin' an' the preachin' I'm deaf by day an' night—  
 I'm out o' sight in blossoms—good folks, I'm out o' sight!

## CHILD VERSE

*The Fate of Snowflake.....E. Louise Liddell.....The Outlook*

A dear little Snowflake, with never a care,  
Was lazily floating far up in the air,  
When a stray Zephyr whispered, "Dear Snowflake, I pray,  
Do take the trip earthward, I'll show you the way."

Away flew the Snowflake in Zephyr's embrace;  
Along came a Sunbeam, and peeped in her face.  
Had foolish young Snowflake not been a coquette,  
It's likely she might have been Snowflake as yet.

But coyly she looked on the Sunbeam, 'tis said.  
He smiled on her warmly, as downward they sped.  
His glances so melting were not all in vain;  
Poor Snowflake fell earthward, a big drop of rain!

*When Pa Begins to Shave.....Harry Douglas Robins.....Puck*

When Sunday mornin' comes around  
My pa hangs up his strop,  
An' takes his razor out an' makes  
It go c'flop! c'flop!  
An' then he gits his mug an' brush  
An' yells t' me, "Behave!"  
I tell y'u, things is mighty still—  
When pa begins to shave.

Then pa he stirs his brush around  
An' makes th' soapsuds fly;  
An' sometimes, when he stirs too hard,  
He gits some in his eye.  
I tell y'u, but it's funny then  
To see pa stamp and rave;  
But y'u mustn't git ketched laffin'—  
When pa begins t' shave.

The hired hand he dassent talk,  
An' even ma's afeard,  
An' y'u can hear th' razor click  
A-cuttin' through pa's beard!  
An' then my Uncle Bill he laffs  
An' says: "Gosh! John, you're brave;"  
An' pa he swears an' ma jest smiles—  
When pa begins t' shave.

When pa gits done a-shavin' of  
His face, he turns around,  
And Uncle Bill says: "Why, John,  
Y'ur chin looks like plowed ground!"  
An' then he laffs—jest laffs an' laffs,  
But I got t' behave,  
Cos things 's apt t' happen quick—  
When pa begins t' shave.

*A Darktown Lullaby.....Baltimore American*

Sleep time, mah honey! evenin' shadows fallin',  
Sun sinkin' down in a skies;  
Sand Man done reckons time now fo' callin'—  
Close yo' li'l coal-black eyes!  
Close dem, mah honey! Sand Man won't lub yo'  
Ef yo' 'sists to chattah dataway;  
Yander he's callin'!  
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"  
Dat's what'a Sand Man say!

Sleep time, mah honey! shadows am creepin',  
Creepin' up aroun'a cabin do';  
Down in'a meadow dem bullfrogs am weepin',  
Weepin' kase de sunlight had to go.

Sand Man am walkin', sweet dreams he's bringin'—  
Doan yo' blink dem li'l eyes dat way!  
Yander he's singin'!  
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"  
Dat's what'a Sand Man say!

Sleep time, mah honey! shadows done foun' yo',  
Foun' yo' an' yo' po' ol' mammy, too!  
Whippo'will am singin', singin' all aroun' yo',  
Dess a sweet good-night he means fo' yo'!  
Sand Man! How do' suh! li'l one am ready,  
Ready fo' to dream'a night erway!  
Chune up yo' singin'!  
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"  
Dat's what'a Sand Man say!

*The Powerful Brownie.....Adolph Roeder.....Little Folks*

There was a little Brownie  
That lived down by the sea,  
He was just as cute a Brownie  
As ever he could be.

And early every morning  
The Brownie went to swim,  
And all the little minnows  
Came swimming after him.

Yes, early every morning,  
Before the sun arose,  
This Brownie went in swimming,  
And then put on his clothes.

And, looking to the Eastward,  
Right gravely he would say:  
"Now, dear old sun, you may arise,  
Indeed, indeed, you may!"

And, sure enough, each morning,  
When Brownie'd had his swim,  
The sun obeyed his wishes  
And rose and shone on him.

For, do you see, the Brownie  
Couldn't let the sun arise,  
Until he was all washed and dressed,  
And dried his hair and eyes!

*Pussy's Burial.....Youth's Companion*

The cemetery was beneath  
A shaggy cedar tree;  
The mourners were the Jersey cow  
And pussy's child and me.

The tombstone was a piece of slate,  
And daisies were the shroud;  
I cried a little to myself,  
The kitten purred aloud.

*The Dancing Class.....Harriet B. Sterling.....St. Nicholas*

When brother plays the violin,  
Wee Tom begins to prance;  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
He leads us in the dance.  
Now right foot back; now left foot out;  
And now go down the middle.  
A jolly dancing class we have,  
When brother plays the fiddle.



## LA JONGLEUSE—AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND\*

"Is not this life?" he thought, as he floated along a little Canadian stream, a few miles above its foaming shallow rapids.

He had two companions, one a young girl, olive-skinned and black-haired, the other an old woman, whose darker hue showed her to be of unmixed Indian blood.

"Monsieur Villeaubille," said Yvonne, "zaire ees my grandmozaire's house, at zait montagne, far, far. See you zaire? Gardez! gardez!"

Her English was delicious, mixed as it was with French words and spoken with the Canadian-French accent. She spoke to him in English, except when she became much interested in the conversation, or when the theme taxed too heavily her slender vocabulary.

"Ze rivaire she wind much, and I zink we shall haf a storm. And ze courante is against us, Monsieur Villeaubille."

He glanced up at the sky where the clouds were gathering above the top of the Montagne Ronde, dark, heavy clouds, through which the heat-lightning flashed fitfully.

"I do not fear ze storm, I," said Yvonne, "but look, grandmère, wat was zait? Somezings wite ran past me, on ze vater."

Grandmère started, and looked about her uneasily.

"It was the moon's reflection in the stream, Mademoiselle Yvonne," said Willoughby.

From her place in the bottom of the boat grandmère muttered an unintelligible something.

In the shadow of the firs the canoe slid on almost noiselessly, when out of the silence a wail quivered in the air above their heads. Yvonne suppressed a cry of terror, and crouched down low in the canoe. Willoughby himself was startled by a voice so human, so melancholy, sounding in that solitude.

"I believe it is a child crying!" he exclaimed. "Let us go to the shore."

"Non, non, navaire, Monsieur." Yvonne's voice trembled, but she stopped the paddle with her hand as he began to reverse the canoe.

"Zaire was not ze place it sounded—it was above us. We vill go on qvick—qvick!"

"It was a wild loon, perhaps, in passage," Willoughby said. "They have a human cry."

He was endeavoring to reassure himself as well as the others, for fear is somewhat contagious.

"It was not a loon, nor was it human," the old woman spoke out in French for the first time.

"Look there!" She pointed toward a bay of the river that ran up into a marshy meadow.

Willoughby looked, but in the twilight he saw nothing except the white mist slowly exhalng from the water and the flag-flowers along the meadow-edge.

"What is it?" he asked, his curiosity fairly aroused, for he perceived that it was something definite which his companion feared.

"Tell me, Mademoiselle Yvonne."

Silence met his question—the girl putting her finger to her lips with the gesture of one who dares not speak. Willoughby's vision became preternaturally acute as the weirdness of the situation impressed itself upon him. Watching the dusky shore past which they were closely skimming, he observed a slight, sinuous motion among the reeds of the margin, and then something slid suddenly in front of the canoe.

"It is She!" the girl cried, suddenly bowing her head forward upon grandmère's knees.

"La Jongleuse! She is following us to-night."

"Hush! do not speak her name," said grandmère's husky voice, "or one of us will be taken."

Again Willoughby asked, and more earnestly, for an explanation.

"I vill tell you, Monsieur Villeaubille; but it is somezings you vill not laike of hearing."

Then she continued rapidly in French, giving her version, somewhat modified, of the old legend current 200 years ago among the Algonquins, and still preserved in tradition among the seignories of Rivière-Quelle:

"She comes at twilight, when the mist rises from the streams; when the whippoorwill cries among the grasses, then her voice is heard quavering and moaning like a lost child in the lonely marshes. She treads softly on the white, spongy moss, and where her footprints are she leaves behind her little pools of water. One cannot see her, Monsieur Villeaubille. No, no. But one can see the rushes moving where she walks at twilight, for she gathers the pale-purple sticky flag-flowers for her hair. Her hair is long and waves in the breeze. Sometimes one feels it brush the cheek, like the touch of a dank waterweed. Evil—evil for one whom she touches, Monsieur.

"Where the alders droop and dip she loves to go, and there she sits and swings her feet in the water, and the cold low fog rises about her. The sif-fleur whistles in the woods. It is a warning. But the belated fisherman hears the splashing of her feet and thinks the trout are leaping where the current is swift in the deep pool. He pushes his canoe under the low-hanging branches, and next morning one finds it empty.

"One can never see her, but sometimes her long robe, which is the color of evening, leaves a trail of little stars behind it, pale and yellow, among the sedges, or a sheet of bluish light on the water where the scum is like cream and the blue-winged dragon-fly darts. Then we know She has been there, the Jongleuse.

"And along the Rivière du Grand Désert, Monsieur Villeaubille, she floats at night. The little boy who gathers blueberries in the swamps—the sun sets while he is still far from home. Then he starts to return, and he sees flicker a little light, there through the bushes, and he thinks it is the candle in the kitchen-window of his home. It is the Lady of the Flag-Flowers, for so we will call her, monsieur; we dare not speak her name. He hears a call, faint, faint. He thinks it is his mother calling the cows in the pasture. He follows the call,

\*From *The Lady of the Flag-Flowers*. By Florence Wilkinson. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

so faint, faint, and that little, little light. In the morning one knows that a child is lost.

"Her eyes are blue, blue like the flag-flowers she twines in her hair, and her lips are smiling always. She has many voices, like the wind in the firs, sighing, sighing; like the water on the shore, gurgling, plashing; like the little frogs that pipe in the spring; like the grasshoppers, crackling, clapping; like the little cricket, lonely, chirping; and sometimes you can hear her moan around the gray eaves of an empty house, when the dead trees break and fall on windy autumn evenings, and the long mosses swing like an old man's beard from the decaying hemlock."

There were two hours more of paddling, but hardly a word was spoken. Grandmère's head had sunk upon her breast. Yvonne's gaze was fixed earnestly upon the young man's face, as if she found strength there. Willoughby, watching the prow as he sent it shooting through the water, had ever before his eyes the vague, mysterious image of the Lady of the Flag-Flowers.

They approached the hill-side on which stood grandmère's little white house. The storm that had been threatening for so long, seemed almost ready to burst above their heads.

"It is near midnight," said Willoughby, as he turned the canoe toward the shore.

Then, by a sudden impulse, he leaned toward Yvonne.

"You have not told me the name of La Jongleuse, Yvonne?"

"Non, non, for it is ze bad fortune to speak it."

"Nothing will harm you now, my child," he answered, as he sprang from the boat and pulled it up on shore.

"If one speak her name and the hour ees midnight, then she will appear, and if she vill appear it be a sign of death."

He held out his hand to guide her to the bank, and when he felt her fingers within his own, a masterful desire grew strong in him. His persuasion could conquer her fear.

"Yvonne, tell me her name."

He put his arm about her to steady her as she wavered at his side.

"I shall let nothing harm you," and he tightened his clasp of her hand.

"Monsieur Villeaubille, vy make you me to speak? Her name, it ees Matshi Skeou," the young girl whispered. Her face, raised to his, was illuminated by a flash of lightning.

Then, in the intense blackness that followed, there was a deafening noise, an avalanche of sound crashing about them. A tree in the neighboring forest fell, struck by a thunderbolt. Grandmère sat in the boat, her head sunk upon her breast, motionless.

Yvonne laid a hand upon her shoulder, but the old woman did not raise her head.

"Grandmère!" she cried, looking down into her face. Then, "Malheur! Elle est morte, morte!" she shrieked. "La Jongleuse, la Jongleuse!"

It was true. The old woman was dead. Willoughby carried the burden to the house, where the husband and a married daughter awaited them.

He felt conscious-stricken. He knew that

Yvonne would regard him as responsible for the calamity. Perhaps the superstition had laid hold a little on him. At any rate, he sincerely repented that he had made the young girl speak the dreaded name.

"What would you like to have me do?" he asked her after the grandmother's body had been tenderly laid upon a bed.

"Shall I go for a priest?"

She looked at him with reproach in her eyes, but her voice was low and sweet.

"Yes, Monsieur Villeaubille; if you would be so good."

He ran down to the shore again, in the gathering storm. As he stooped over the canoe he heard light steps behind him on the grass. It had been an uncanny experience even for Willoughby, the night, the storm, the mysterious glimpses of a strange and solitary country, the weird tale of Indian superstition, the dead woman, who had stirred not in the canoe, Yvonne's cry, "La Jongleuse, la Jongleuse!"—no wonder that he started when he heard the unexpected sound behind him.

No wonder that a wild fancy made his heart beat quick. A slight figure stood beside him. Yvonne's voice spoke:

"Monsieur Villeaubille, I would not zait you re-tourn to ze village. Ze times ees too, too malfortunate. Monsieur Villeaubille, tell me true, true."

The young girl stepped up to him and laid her two hands lightly, one on each of his shoulders.

"Had you not fear zees momante? Haf you not ven you hear my stepping zink ouf ze Jongleuse?" Willoughby laughed.

"Zen you vill not go. It ees ver' bad sign ven one hass her in ze mind."

Willoughby felt himself swayed by the force of the young girl's will. He also felt himself swayed by a contrary force impelling him to go, as if in some way his decision imported much to him. The Lady of the Flag-Flowers had cast her spell over him. Would she conquer? Would he yield?

"Grandmère ees dead. Ze priest, he may come in ze morning. I vill be content to wait."

Willoughby turned the boat upside down upon the shore, and started back toward the house with Yvonne. A long, low cry came waveringly from the stream, and a cold touch was laid upon his forehead. He raised his hand to brush it away, but his hand met only the empty air.

A little winding path led through the trees to the house. It was very dark, and the branches which they divided across their path sprang back again behind them with snaps and crackles.

Willoughby thought he heard little movements, now on this side, now on that, sometimes in front, sometimes behind.

"Yvonne, are there three of us here?"

The girl disengaged her hand from his arm, and, with an inarticulate scream, flung from him through the trees and vanished.

Then a voice came to Willoughby, low and flute-like, whether from above, from beside or from within, he could not distinguish.

"You have yielded through fear of the Jongleuse. Therefore, you will fear her always, and she will bring death to you once."

## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

*Summer Reading.....Home Journal*

The ideal time of the year for genuine mental enrichment is the very season supposed to be devoted to what is vulgarly called "loafing"—that is, the summer season, especially in mountain and river-side resorts. There are a good many distractions, after all, in the long winter months, which, for people of fashionable surroundings, must count for a good deal. One naturally wants to be "au courant" with the latest thought in art, literature and even philosophy; but the winter months, with their varied social activities, slip by, and one feels a mental gap, as if much really worth appropriation and digestion had passed forever. The book of this season, for instance, may not be exactly "dead" next season; but people's thoughts by that time are on something new. We are not approving the butterfly spirit in literature, but simply stating facts. If it is so hard, then, to keep up with the procession in literature and art by depending upon winter evening study, why not adjourn a part of one's reading to that ideal time and those ideal places where every leaf and flower and iridescent gleam upon the face of lake or river seems to woo the reflective and imaginative literary spirit? We feel sure that those who go to seaside or lake or mountain-top for genuine recreation will not allow themselves to be remorselessly dragged into fashionable life, with its wearying effects, and, at the risk of being a little "queer," will hide away from those associates who are forever chasing something which implies organization, planning, execution and the accompanying toil and trouble. Of course, As You Like It played on a fashionable lawn or in a copse under midsummer skies has a distinct literary quality and flavor; but it also involves considerable study of detail as to plot and scenic arrangements, and there are those who would derive just as genuine satisfaction and more literary enrichment from perusing the play in solitude.

Of course, we are social creatures and no one wants to be a mere recluse, even amid surroundings which so suggest the delights of liberty, freedom of mind and unruffled repose. But there are hours, perhaps whole days, in which, if one can roam at sweet will to some embowered sylvan retreat, and there, book in hand, lose oneself, as it were, in the "boundless contiguity of shade" and silence, a positive mental and spiritual advantage is gained.

*The Third Sex.....Stephen Gwynn.....The Contemporary Review*

People who have a taste for abstract political speculation ought to read Signor Ferrero's book, "L'Europa Giovane," which is a study of northern Europe as it appears to an observer who is of Latin race and a disciple of Lombroso. He pays us Anglo-Saxons the compliment of a particular attention; and one of his most amusing chapters is exclusively devoted to what he takes to be our most characteristic product—the emancipated woman. This chapter is entitled "The Third Sex" ("Il Terzo Sesso"), and from the observation of facts as they are, it trends a good deal into the region of

prophecy. Marriage is becoming daily more difficult, says Signor Ferrero, owing to a network of obstacles, mostly economical, and, as a consequence, the army of voluntary celibates increases. Now, the presence of any new class in society must ultimately make itself felt; and the class of bachelors, male and female, is assuming, in his judgment, alarming proportions. Of the two divisions into which that class falls, it is the women who will make themselves felt as a novel force; for obvious reasons there is not the same difference of character between the bachelor and the married man as between the married woman and the spinster. It is the increasing preponderance of the spinster in Anglo-Saxon society that strikes Signor Ferrero and fills him with apprehensions of the most formidable nature.

Women, he says, are gradually invading all the fields in which man had formerly no competition; and it is a new type of woman who is competing—women who have accepted the necessity of single life and who throw into their work all the energy which nature intended to meet the drain of maternity. Renan has somewhere laid it down that the highest intellectual development can only be attained by absolute chastity (in the Roman Catholic sense); as if there were a total fund of nervous energy available which may be drawn upon solely for the intellect, or, as is the common case, both for the intellect and the emotions. (The idea seems absurd, but I am concerned merely to state Signor Ferrero's opinion.) Consequently the competitor who now meets man at every turn is a creature like the working bee, in whom the desire to be a wife or a mother has been atrophied, and the driving force of that desire is converted into a feverish hunger for work. Woman will count for more and more in the world; all careers will soon be open to her, for she will knock passionately at every door till she is admitted, and, once she is allowed to compete, this sexless creature, this working bee, has such an advantage in the struggle for life as a man would have who could live without eating. What will be the result? Till quite lately marriage has been the only profession open to a virtuous woman; it has been the one success within her grasp. That view is frankly recognized by women, for to every woman marriage in itself is still accounted a promotion. There may be counterbalancing circumstances, but to be married is in itself an object of desire and a subject of congratulation. With men the case is the other way. When a man marries, his friends will admit to themselves that there may be or there are compensations; but the position of a single man is in itself envied and applauded, that of a single woman emphatically is not. In England the single woman has always been able to secure a reasonable freedom, and she has never been accounted ridiculous as she still is in Italy, and to some extent in France. But till of late years she has not had a career open to her, as a single woman. except in works of charity, where there is neither the stimulus of competition nor the consequent intoxication of success. Nowadays there is an al-



ternative to matrimony set before every ambitious woman; she has to choose between marriage and a career; and already, says Signor Ferrero, she chooses the career. The desire for marriage is less in itself with woman than with man. "Dans le mariage il y a toujours celui qui aime, et celui qui se laisse aimer;" and it is in nine cases out of ten, says Signor Ferrero, the woman "qui se laisse aimer." Offer her a substitute for marriage and she will not marry.

*For the Few and the Many.....Book Culture*

The late William Morris was a socialist in theory; his dress proclaimed his creed. But many persons have wondered how he could reconcile his socialism with the productions of the Kelmscott Press, the volumes of which were issued in limited editions and at prices far above the means of the average book-buyer.

Morris was not aiming at the vulgarization of the printer's art. It was not a part of his socialism to enable every-day laborers to possess hand-printed Chaucers. He had a higher aim. He recognized the dignity of manual labor; the honest work demanded by a book of which the paper should be of the finest quality, the typography done with loving care, the binding of the most durable description costs and must be paid for; it is therefore out of the question for more than a few to possess such books. If ever the ideal State shall be constituted, such books will be in the hands of those who best deserve them; now they are owned by those who have money to spend for them and the wisdom to value their beauty or rarity.

The whole difficulty of socialism lies in the limit of rarity. There are only so many front seats in the synagogue; the corner lots or those that face natural beauties are few, and not all men can possess them. But the time will come when the propriety of public institutions lodged in magnificent edifices standing on sites of greatest beauty, even if private persons are dislodged to make room for them, will be fully recognized. And it is always a distinct gain when a bibliophile, dying, leaves his treasures to the public library, where they are not only preserved with the greatest possible care, but are made available for a multitude of book-lovers who would not be able to buy perhaps one of them, if they were dispersed by auction.

There is no likelihood of any diminution in the prices of rare editions; as time goes on, the value of them will enhance, especially under the present régime of immense fortunes. But the example already set by philanthropic men and women of wealth in bequeathing or even lending their treasures to art-museums and libraries is also rapidly becoming contagious. Thus the public which, as represented by the average citizen, could never even see some of the curiosities and splendors of art becomes the owners of them, and the love of art and a general culture is naturally spread throughout the community.

Every attempt at making costly books, in the highest form of typography, the richest paper and the most luxurious bindings, even when the editions are strictly limited is, therefore, to be welcomed. They may at first become the property of

Midas, but ultimately they belong to the world and enrich it with beauty. So William Morris, even as a socialist, was justified in his noble aristocracy of exclusiveness.

*Centenarians.....The Spectator*

The number of centenarians is exceedingly few. The inquiries of the Institute of Actuaries and the Faculty of Actuaries, together with those of the Actuary of the National Debt Office, cover more than 800,000 lives, and among them only twenty-two indisputable cases of life protracted beyond the century can be discovered, of whom four were males and eighteen females. These, it will be observed, were all picked lives, persons either accepted by the offices because they were likely to live, or persons with comparatively good means who had unusual confidence in their own chances of survival, and therefore bought annuities. It follows that even among such persons the chance of any one reaching a hundred is only about one in 50,000, while as the assured, especially among women, have usually surmounted the great dangers of life, the chance of any one taken indiscriminately from the population is almost indefinitely less. The custom of humanity is therefore against any one who wishes to be a centenarian, while apparently his own action will help him very little, the conditions of longevity being in great measure involuntary. Moderation in flesh-eating, it is true, and in the drinking of alcohol conduces to lengthened life, and so does a placid temperament, which however, must not, we suspect, be artificial, as perpetual self-restraint exhausts vital energy; but the three main conditions were settled before the aspirant was born. He should be of spare habit, which is constitutional; he should be of medium height, over which, as Scripture tells us, he has no control; and he should be born in one of those families the members of which have a general habit of living to eighty-five or ninety. This is much the most important requisite of all, and it is not quite established that it is not a universal one. Whence the quality is derived is not yet understood, but it is beyond question that there exists in some families a quality, as separate as any race peculiarity, which enables a majority of its members to go on living beyond the average period. They are not physically stronger than other people, and they are as often attacked by disease, but they have a power of recovering themselves completely after illness which other men do not possess, and they consequently decay more slowly. It is probable, though not certain, indeed, that this peculiarity extends to whole races, and that the greater average duration of Western as compared with Eastern life is derived from it. The Asiatic, that is, who is never attacked by severe illness, lives as long as the European, but if he is attacked he has an inferior faculty of recuperation. He does not recover so completely or he dies at once. It should be added that for those wishing to be centenarians it is convenient to be born a woman, for the popular notion that old ladies tend to live longer than old men, is absolutely true, so true as to affect the tables of all life insurance societies. More of them pass the hundredth year, and they pass it by a longer period.

## TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

*The Modern Spirit and Cookery.....Sterling Heilig.....New York Press*

It is not every day that one can have an interview with so considerable a personage as the chef of M. Alphonse de Rothschild. As I was passing along the Rue de Grenelle I noticed the building of the Horticultural Society decorated as for a grand fête. Here was being held the second International Culinary Salon, presided over by the greatest cookery experts of the gay French capital. M. Ernest Docquet, "chef des cuisines" of the late Baroness Hirsch, was president, while the vice-president is the celebrated Rothschild adviser, Henry Vasseur. In their private capacities neither of these gentlemen would speak for publication. As officers of an international salon, however, they saw no reason why they should not give expression to some matters resting heavily upon their consciences.

"Yes, monsieur," declared M. Docquet, "the culinary art is undergoing a crisis at the present moment in Paris, caused by the irregularity of the dinner hour. People no longer know how to eat, and they do not eat. Formerly dinner was one of the principal events of a well-ordered life. In well-kept houses the guests made it a point of honor to arrive punctually, and the chef made it a point of honor to serve them nothing that was not perfect. One of my old employers, M. de Mortemart, kept this tradition to the last. At seven o'clock sharp he sat down to his dinner. If his guests had not arrived he sat down alone. But they rarely arrived late, because they knew his habits and feared his stern reproaches. These traditions are dead with him, and they are replaced by the most appalling disorders! In the greatest houses of Paris it is as helter-skelter as a clerk's pension! Dinner is announced for 7.30. In reality it commences at 8, at 8.30, and even at 8.45! And meanwhile the meats are drying and the sauces are thickening!"

"If they would only eat tranquilly when they do get to the table!" It was now the Rothschild chef that spoke. "If they would only eat tranquilly and decently when they get their forks in their hands!" said the great Vasseur. "But, no; they are in too much of a hurry. They swallow it down. They are late for the theatre, or for some other social function. They hurry the cooks; they frighten the waiters; they are hustling on their hats and cloaks and coats while they are still chewing the last bite! It is something almost unbelievable, but at the Baron Alphonse's, where I serve, they have been known to get through fifteen courses in forty minutes. It is disastrous for the health and very uncomfortable for the servants."

"What is the cause of this extraordinary state of affairs?" I asked. "All this will be news to Americans. We have always been accused of hurrying, and are only now learning to take our time."

The Rothschild chef answered categorically. "It is the American and English five-o'clock tea fashion that is ruining the Parisian dinner. It is the fault of the ladies! As late as a few years ago a cup of tea and a little dry cake were sufficient for them. They had their five-o'clock at four o'clock; nowadays their five-o'clock begins at six o'clock

and lasts till seven. They drink chocolate, sweet wines and punches; they eat sandwiches, 'patés de foie gras' and cold meats. Their stomachs filled with indigestible foods, they come to the table without appetite, and this is why they make the dinner hour continually later."

"What characterized the tables of the past," said M. Vasseur, "was the great number of dishes and their succulence. They were not things thrown together, but were dishes built up tenderly over a slow fire. A great number of ingredients entered into them; not only spices and perfumes, but rich meat juices. They did not hesitate to use up ten pounds of beef, a capon, four partridges and half a ham to obtain a consommé for the base of a sauce. Now it is I who tell you," remarked the Rothschild chef impressively, "that such prodigalities are no longer permitted. Butcher's meat is so dear in Paris that even the most opulent families fall into the most regrettable principles of economy."

*Unusual Food.....St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

Lion flesh is said to be very good eating, but tiger is tough and sinewy. Nevertheless, the latter is eaten in India, as there is a superstition that it imparts strength and cunning to the eater. Bear's flesh is a great favorite in Germany, and smoked tongues and hams are considered great delicacies. On account of the rarity of Bruin, they are expensive. Sausage—so dear to the Teutonic heart and stomach—is also made from bear liver; twenty-five pounds of sausage can be made from a single liver.

There appears to be considerable diversity of opinion as to the merits of elephant's flesh. In India and Africa it is a favorite dish with the natives, but a European who has traveled much in Africa says: "I have tasted elephant over and over again. It is more like soft leather and glue than anything I can compare it to." Another traveler, however, declares that he cannot imagine how an animal so coarse and heavy can produce such delicate and tender flesh. All authorities, however, agree in commending elephant's foot. Even the traveler quoted above, who compared elephant's flesh to leather and glue, admits that "baked elephant's foot is a dish fit for a king." When an elephant is shot in Africa the flesh is cut into strips and dried; it is then called "biltong." The elephant's foot is cut off from the knee joint and a hole about three feet deep is dug in the earth and the sides of it baked hard with burning wood. Most of these fagots are then removed, and the elephant's foot placed in the hole. It is filled up with earth, tightly packed down, and a blazing fire built on top, which is kept burning for three hours. Thus cooked, the flesh is like a jelly, and can be eaten with a spoon. It is the greatest delicacy which can be given to a Kaffir.

Rhinoceros meat is something between pork and beef, and is not to be despised when no other flesh is to be obtained. In America a 'possum is esteemed a great delicacy. Kept in a barrel for a week and fed on sweet potatoes, and, when killed, stuffed and roasted, it forms a most delicate dish,



resembling chicken in taste. A negro will spend all the night catching a 'possum for his Sunday dinner. Monkey meat is also good eating. Dr. Wallace, the well-known scientist, once breakfasted on monkey. "It was by no means bad," he wrote, "being something like kangaroo." He also stated that: "Although the habits of the jaguar are filthy in the extreme, jaguar steaks are beautifully white and remarkably like veal in taste." In the same way ducks, though feeding on grubs, worms, frogs and mud, form, as every one will admit, a delicious dish. Kangaroo steaks are splendid, and our Australian cousins assert that kangaroo soup is the finest in the world, and infinitely superior to ox-tail. Travelers are also unanimous in declaring that the flesh of the alligator and crocodile is extremely tender, white and delightful to the palate. Seal flesh, though perfectly black, is matchless for flavor, tenderness, digestibility and for heat-giving power. Squirrels are extensively eaten in some parts of rural England. Skewered nightingales is the great dish of Florence, and those who have conquered their sentiments and eaten the little songsters are loud in their praises. In Florida a stew of robins, jays and bluebirds forms a most savory and delicate dish, and if you did not know the names of the dishes, you could eat and enjoy rat pie, stewed cat, boiled horse beef, fried snails or any of the above dainties. As it is, the imagination is the autocrat of the stomach, and people will only eat what custom has made familiar. There is no reason—beyond that of custom—why man should not add some of the above dainties to his bill of fare.

*Earth-Eating..... Pall Mall Gazette*

No collector of national dishes includes earth or clay among them, but this is a favorite "plat" with a good many millions of people up and down. Even in Europe they are not difficult to find, or were not fifty years ago. Tastes have changed a good deal since then, no doubt. But human beings do not readily give up a favorite dish, especially when it is cheap. If superior persons denounce it, they enjoy the treat on the sly. Probably the quarrymen of Kiffhausen no longer breakfast in public upon slices of bread "buttered" with fine clay, as Humboldt saw them; but we should be rather surprised to learn that thrifty souls among them do not follow the custom of their ancestors in private. Humboldt was reminded of that early experience upon the banks of the Amoor, where he saw Russian soldiers eating what they called "rock-butter," a similar clay. Mr. Laing had the good fortune to observe the first appreciation of the delicacy, or almost, in one district of Sweden. Five years only before he made the "tour" so famous in our grand-sires' time there was dearth in the country. The people had already begun to eat "bark bread," when a very poor woodman noticed some white stuff among the roots of a tree he felled. It looked so clean and nice that he carried home a basketful, mixed it with rye and bark, and baked it. The loaf proved to be excellent and no disagreeable consequences followed. So the woodman told his neighbors, and a rush set in. When the magistrates heard of this abnormal provender they forbade the use of it, of course; that would be the natural im-

pulse of the superior person. But the peasantry were not to be persuaded or coerced into rejecting food which they knew by experience to be wholesome and nourishing. When Mr. Laing visited the district—it is called Degenfors—they were using the stuff both for soup and bread. Samples dispatched to Stockholm for analysis gave "finely pulverized flint and felspar, lime, clay, oxide of iron and a residuum of some organic matter similar to animal, which yielded ammonia and an oil."

It is organic matter which contains the nourishment everywhere, no doubt, if nourishment there be. But that is not always the case, and earth-eating seems to deserve more attention than has yet been paid to it, so far as our reading goes. Commonly it is dismissed as a degrading practice of savages. But German quarrymen, Swedes, even Russian soldiers are not to be classed with savages. Nor are the potters of Scinde. Their work is fashionable at present, and they make money—that is, by the Indian standard. But among their weekly expenses an allowance must be made for the quantity of "chaniah" which their wives and children consume; "chaniah" is a white unctuous earth used for glazing pottery. But, as a rule, of course, it is savages who affect this diet, alike useful and agreeable to their taste. Few understand, perhaps, how common it is. Instances might be found in every continent and every zone by any one who looked into the matter thoroughly. We give a few which recur to mind. The Ainos are enthusiastic earth-eaters. In the north of their island is a valley where alone the material can be dug, but it is carried to all parts. They boil it with the root of the wild lily; when a certain proportion of the clay has settled, the remainder is poured off and eaten like cream. Sir Spencer St. John reports that the Sea Dyaks always took a supply of red ochre on their piratical expeditions as a reserve in case stores should run short; "and we once found in some deserted Seribas praus many packets of a white oleaginous clay used for the same purpose." In Java little cakes of earth are sold in the market; women buy and eat them to preserve a slender shape. The treatment succeeds, for they lose all appetite. Humboldt asserts that the Indians of Quito put earth and quartz sand into their drinking water; but this is not unusual, so far as the earth goes, at least. We have heard a Boer family complain that they could nowhere get good water when absent from their home on the banks of the Orange. The water of the Orange is a "purée" of mud, hence its name. The peoples of New Caledonia eat pieces of a friable stone, "Lapis ollaris." Messrs. Cloquet and Brischet, traveling in those islands, could get no food for several days. They came upon some green laminate talc, and ate five ounces each; their strength returned, and they never felt any inconvenience. The Ottomac Indians of South America live exclusively on fish when they can get it. But during the season of floods there is no fishing, and they manage very comfortably with earth. Moreover, they find the diet so agreeable that during the rest of the year they eat a ball of clay for dessert. Evidently it agrees with them, for the Ottomacs are very tall and robust.



## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

*Tommy*\*.....*Rudyard Kipling (Published by Request)*

I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer,  
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."  
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die;  
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

O, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,  
go away";  
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the  
band begins to play;  
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins  
to play,  
O, it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band  
begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as 'could be,  
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;  
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,  
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the  
stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Tommy, wait outside";  
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the troop-  
er's on the tide;  
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troop-  
ship's on the tide,  
O, it's "Special train for Atkins" when the troop-  
er's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you  
sleep  
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation  
cheap;  
And hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a  
bit  
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"  
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums  
begin to roll;  
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin  
to roll,  
O, it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums  
begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards  
too,  
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;  
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,  
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Tommy, fall behind,"  
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's  
trouble in the wind;  
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's  
trouble in the wind,  
O, it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's  
trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an all;  
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.  
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our  
face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

\*From Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-  
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lishers, The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Chuck him out, the brute!"  
But it's "Savior of 'is country" when the guns  
begin to shoot;  
Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' any-  
thing you please;  
But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that  
Tommy sees!

*The Moneyless Man*.....*Henry T. Stanton*

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth  
Where Charity dwelleth, where Virtue has birth,  
Where bosoms with mercy and kindness will heave,  
Where the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?  
Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor  
Will bring a kind Angel to open the door?  
Oh, search the wide world wherever you can,  
Is there no open door for a moneyless man?

Go look in your hall, where the chandelier's light  
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;  
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold  
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold.  
And mirrors of silver take up and renew  
In long-lighted vistas the 'wildering view;  
Go there at the banquet and find, if you can,  
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in the banks where mammon has told  
Its hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;  
There, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,  
Lie pile upon pile of the glittering ore.  
Walk up to the counter, and there you may stay  
Till your limbs grow old, till your hair grows gray,  
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan  
With money to lend to the moneyless man.

Go look to your judge in his dark flowing gown  
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,  
Where he frowns at the weak and smiles on the strong,  
And punishes right while he justifies wrong.  
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid  
To render a verdict they have already made.  
Go there in the courtroom and find, if you can,  
Any law for the cause of the moneyless man.

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire  
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,  
And the arches and columns are gorgeous within,  
And the walls seem as pure as the soul without sin.  
Walk down the long aisle, see the rich and the great  
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate,  
Walk down in your patches and find, if you can,  
Who opens the pew to the moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel, no raven has fed  
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread,  
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death frost  
From the lips of the Angel your poverty lost,  
Then turn in your agony upward to God,  
And bless while it smites you, the chastening rod,  
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,  
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.

*To the Moon*.....*Shelley*

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth,  
And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

*Emilio Castelar*

In London Truth we find a reminiscence of the great Spanish statesman:

Men who rise to pre-eminence are apt to lose lovable qualities. Flatterers help the growth of weeds, which crowd out the better plants. Castelar was an exception. He never lost his hearty, brimming, bubbling-over goodness. He was very much in the world. Was he not worshiped by his illustrious countrymen and countrywomen of every degree of grandeur? I was once at a "déjeuner" in his second-floor flat. Wines, game, fruit were sumptuous. There was hardly a thing on the table that was not a present. Such a Duke sent him the quails; some other nobleman had dispatched to him in ice the saddle of "Welsh" mutton from his mountain estate in Galicia; a Duchess contributed the melon, cultivated by her French gardener. Somebody else equally grand furnished the other fruits. The Queen's cellar could not have provided choicer vintages. All the silver—and it was of the rarest—was an accumulation through years of presents. No Rothschild could have fared more sumptuously than did Castelar's guests at that "déjeuner." But the set-out, once the first impression was over, was just nothing. It was cast into the shade by the cheering and inspiring presence of the host. He somehow lifted us all to his level. Had he not done so, he might perhaps have talked over our heads. The conversation was lively. He laughed often and heartily, and turned off epigrammatic sentences without intending them to be so. Every thought came from the fountain-head. Castelar borrowed of nobody. And his greatness fitted him so easily that even when he dazzled and delighted he most impressed one with the idea that he was such a good fellow! None the less he was a man of the best breeding and the highest distinction. His tact was exquisite, and his exuberance was always under control. He had what Gladstone wanted, a keen sense of fun, and was almost a humorist. The heart, as much as the mind, was an animating principle of his extraordinary eloquence. He never recovered from the blow he received in his sister Concha's death. She was a quiet, plain, benevolent old woman when I knew her, and only resembled Castelar in her thick-set figure and freedom from affectation. Concha was his guardian angel in childhood. She was some years his senior. I suppose he must, at some time or another, have been in love, but I never heard that he was. Concha, after he had a house to keep, kept it. Their living-rooms were on one floor; and a perfect museum of curios and priceless paintings they were. The study and working library were on the floor above, and were furnished with deal.

An instance of Castelar's goodness. When I first knew him I was suffering terribly from a bereavement. No consolation was to be found anywhere. There were intellectual perceptions of the beauty of the sky, of the flowers, of the birds' songs, of the loveliness of childhood and the gayety of the common people; but nothing of all that went home to me. I knew how good the world was, but could not feel it, and was as if an alien to all that

made life bright and happy. Castelar heard of this. He used to give up endless opportunities for basking in social sunshine to come often and draw me gradually into another mood. Sometimes he stayed for hours, and did not leave until he saw that the cloud was passing off. He always began in a minor key. When he called out retorts and repartee, he transposed to a major key. Then the fireworks began. The inspiring heartiness was unchecked. One really felt renovated, vitalized and lifted above all the cares and sorrows of life.

*Jules Massenet*

Of the French "King of Composers" Dunois writes in the Philadelphia Bulletin:

His last work, *Cinderella*, has just been produced at the new Opera Comique and won the enthusiastic testimonies of musical Paris; Europe, for that matter, since the virtuosi from all over the Continent rushed to the "City of Light" to witness the masterpiece. Massenet has gone through just the probations and romantic trials that the writing folk love to encounter in their subjects. He was the twenty-first child of a rich ironmaker on the Loire, where he was born in 1842. Such a prodigious family gave his father a certain distinction through all the Touraine, as the Loire country is known. But Jules was still a very small chap when his inclination to music convinced the family that he was born for great things. It so happened that among the iron master's workmen there were a band of Tyroleans, who, after the labors of the day, took up the mountain chants of their Swiss home. These airs the young Massenet could warble out at an age when other small boys were remarkable only for the squalling that drives household peace to distraction. His small sister, too, having among her possessions a piano, just for fun perched the infant prodigy upon the stool, and to the stupefaction of the household the boy played as if he had been schooled in the tricks of the instrument. In the end, it was resolved that he should have masters and become a musician. But just about that time the revolution of 1848 broke out and the rich iron master found himself penniless; liberty seemed incompatible with carrying on a great business. Then the enormous family packed its baggage and set out for Paris. Though a mere child, Massenet was sent to the Conservatoire, and, incredible to say, won an entrance on a rendering of a sonata of Beethoven. He was barely nine years old when this phenomenal achievement was set down to his credit. But politics having taken another turn, the elder Massenet returned to his Touraine forges and began to rebuild his business. The boy was left at one of the boarding schools adapted to children, and encouraged to push on; but he became so despondently homesick that he packed his small traps and fled toward home. How he ever reached Lyons the runaway never told very clearly, but one day he dropped in on some of his mother's relatives, while the distracted parents were looking all over Paris for the stray. This escapade convinced the parents that such a genius was not to be sub-

jected to the ordinary restraints of boyhood, and when he returned to Paris he was placed with people who took an interest in him. The family means were at a very low ebb, as it was all the elder Massenet could do to resume his business in a very small way. Jules, however, met about as hard a destiny as falls to the lot of the ambitious with a constancy rarely equaled. He gave lessons at "forty cents" each every night; he lodged in an attic in the most dismal desert of the Latin Quarter; three times a week he played an instrument in a second-rate concert in his quarter; then he undertook a regular part in a concert and earned perhaps \$3 a week. All this time he was composing music and getting some of it played in churches as well as concerts. Finally the Two Purse-Holders won a sort of success at a third-rate theatre.

Manon was his first masterpiece. For thirty years Massenet made use of the very early morning hours to write his music—he was never later than five o'clock in beginning his day's work. His music has not been so much heard in this country as in Europe. The opera that Sybil Sanderson presented a year or two ago, *Thais*, was considered a masterpiece in European capitals, but evoked no enthusiasm here. His *Eve* and *Herodiade* are, however, looked upon as his most perfect works, and in Germany they are only second in popularity to the contemporary German masters. Massenet has never been a disciple of Wagner, and has for that reason suffered in the esteem of the musicians of the future. But in spite of the growing cult for their music there are a great many more than the majority who cling to the romantic music of the older masters.

In the Chicago Chronicle we find this brief characterization of the coming Queen of England:

Alexandra of Denmark is a woman who will set the crown of England upon her brow and glory that it is there. Unlike Victoria, who dislikes to wear a crown, she will keep it upon her head and look prettiest in it.

An intimate friend of the Princess of Wales, for only an intimate friend can be pardoned in so describing her, says that she is "sweet, small, pretty, snappy, arrogant and disagreeable." Her temper is quick, disagreeable and uncertain. Yet, withal, this friend adds she is "just the most lovable woman in the world."

Queen Victoria, during her sixty-two years' reign, has shown herself to be more a man than a woman. Her conduct in time of trouble has been calm and serene, and in time of peace she has displayed the stolidity so admired by Englishmen.

Alexandra, on the other hand, is excitable, fervent, pathetic, variable—always a woman.

The strongest feature displayed by the coming Queen of England is her clique. No one ever knew the Queen of England to have an intimate friend. Even Mme. Albani was kept at length, but the Princess of Wales has her friends and falls out with them in a woman's way.

At one time she loved Lady Brooke, but her love cooled; at another she and Lady Randolph Churchill were inseparable—one never shopped

without the other—but at a later date she took Lady Craven instead, and insisted that she become one of her ladies of honor. Just now Consuelo is her fad, and the two are often seen together. An English paragrapher remarked upon the great similarity of the two women, and the Princess of Wales, though Consuelo is young enough to be her granddaughter, was so girlishly delighted that she insisted upon driving in Rotten Row side by side with the youthful American beauty.

The Princess of Wales is noted for her taste in dress—a distinction which does not belong to Queen Victoria.

In admirable characteristics Alexandra is not wanting. She is the only one of Queen Victoria's royal daughters-in-law who have been able to get along with her; even her daughters have found little sympathy in the cool rigidity of the throne. But Alexandra began by determining to like her mother-in-law, and she has kept it up for thirty-five years.

Queen Victoria declares to-day that she likes the Princess of Wales better than any one of her own family, except Beatrice, and that she would sooner see her than any other on the throne.

In the Philadelphia Bulletin Dunois gives this sketch of Oscar of Sweden.

There is no living monarch so well thought of by all who have any personal intimacy with him as the giant King of the Swedes. He is the "good brother" of every monarch in Europe. When he was in Paris recently the city was his own from the market halls to the casinos on the Champs Elysees. He is a "persona gratissima" to the French for many good turns he has done them. For example, he was the first royal personage to give the right hand of sovereignty to a French President. He went out of his way to visit Paris and, throwing aside all the conventions of royalty, officially visited President Carnot on precisely the same terms he would have called on a Bourbon or Bonaparte tenant of the French chief magistracy. Monarchs, it must be known, embrace when they meet; this is called "giving the accolade," and the big Oscar took the small Carnot in his stalwart arms and gave him the royal hug as if he had been born in the purple. This delighted the French, who are little more than grown-up children in matters of show and convention. Not long ago, when the congress of journalists met in Stockholm, the royal Oscar made every man in the assembly welcome, and went far out of the usual way of royalty to show the scribes that he had a warm corner in his heart for the toilers of the pen. The Paris press was, during his visit, filled with accounts of his charming manners, his good nature, his interest in everything concerning France. He was just then devoting many hours a day to the installation of the Swedish exhibit in the forthcoming World's Fair. He means to have his people magnificently represented, and he finds the French officials more than willing to give him all he wants. The tales of his kindness and tact make him almost the sort of King Henri IV. is represented. While he was at Biarritz recently he took the notion to run over to Nerac, the birthplace of Bernadotte, the founder



of the present royal line of Sweden. The French, as may be imagined, are not particularly in love with Bernadotte, for had he remained aloof at the battle of Leipsic, France would have defeated the allies and Europe would have been spared forty years of despotism. While in the country of his ancestors, King Oscar preserved a discreet incognito, but his very stature portrayed him. Instead of being coldly received, however, he was acclaimed wherever he went. He bought the property identified with his ancestor's family, and now boasts himself a French taxpayer, with a right to vote.

King Oscar is the only sovereign who bears the medal awarded for saving life. In 1893 a pleasure party were driving along the Riviera, where the precipice runs down to the Mediterranean, a sheer steep of hundreds of feet. By some accident the horses took fright and tore madly along the roadway just where it curved toward the water. When the party were given up for lost a stalwart figure sprang at the head of the horses and stopped the flight. If it had not been for an attendant, no one would ever have known who the hero was. The medal given for the act is always worn by the King above all his other orders, and he has every great badge in Europe. In spite of his environment, Oscar has very strong French leanings. He resisted all Bismarck's cajolings to enter the triple alliance, and whenever he can diplomatically do so, throws his influence in favor of the republic. Just before Felix Faure, the late President, set out for St. Petersburg to conclude the formal treaty with the Czar, Hugues Le Roux, one of the Cabinet, was sent to Stockholm to ask permission for the French fleet to stop in one of the Swedish harbors. No sooner had Le Roux touched Swedish territory at Upsal, late at night, than he was seized by a company of army officers, carried to a palace hard by and entertained like a prince. When the time came to take his leave, to keep his appointment with the King, he asked the names of his entertainers. He was told that there were no names; that the whole nation, with the King at their head, were his hosts! When he reached Drottningholm, the Swedish Versailles, and narrated his experience to the King, Oscar laughed and made answer: "I'm enchanted at the conduct of my officers; they remember that I have French blood in my veins." Naturally a monarch who talks like this is at home in Paris. His pictures are in every public place, and his appearance at the theatre is the occasion for such demonstrations as royalties are supposed to love. The King has many talents; he is a musician of the first order. He was one of the marked pupils of the great Gounod, the composer of Faust, probably the most perfect opera ever written. In his study at Drottningholm he has an organ just beside his desk, and to the favored he will roll off semi-sacred music by the hour. His taste in literature would have made him a critic of eminence if he were not a royalty. He submitted poetic works anonymously and received the highest awards of the most distinguished society in his kingdom. His *Life of Charles XII.*, of Sweden, is considered a classic in his own country, and is awarded incontestable superiority wherever it has been translated. Unlike most royalties, Oscar holds himself

firmly to regular work, and may be found daily at his desk from eight o'clock in the morning until noon. He could make more than a living as a singer, for he has a baritone voice of immense power. Not long ago, at Monaco, he consented to sing for the Princess of that tiny principality. The Empress Eugenie was among the audience, masked in the deepest mourning. In spite of this, the King recognized her, and sang a song that used to be a favorite of hers in the days of her grandeur at the Tuileries. He saw that she was weeping, and hastened to her side to apologize for his thoughtlessness.

Bernhardt

In Black and White we find these recollections of the "Divine Sarah":

"Madame Bernhardt's arrival in London is always an event," I said by way of preamble. "I wish you could go with me to Hamlet. I suppose really you have seen her in almost everything?"

"In her best things. How time goes! I can remember her one year after the Conservatoire—an ingénue with a complexion like a tea-rose, and deep, poetic, dreamy blue eyes, full of a kind of cloistral melancholy. This air of sadness pervaded her beauty as a mist pervades a summer dawn."

"I imagine it was that depth or mystery of expression that George Sand raved of . . . that made her compare the young débutante to a Madonna."

"She made her first hit in the *Passant*, I remember, though it was not till after '70 or '71 that she burst on us with full force. She and Agar made a superb contrast—the one in her opulent maturity, the other fragile as a feather, sensitive, spirituelle, with lips tuned by Nature for lyrical melody. Perhaps the eight years of her stay with the *Comédie Française* were her greatest; they were stormy years, but they were artistically grand. She had acquired no mannerisms—not a trick of the trade was obvious. Pure art, noble diction and—herself! Herself traveling out to us on 'winged words.' After one of Hugo's plays I met a critic raving of her. I shall never forget his description: 'Elle passe comme une blancheur, comme une poesie, comme une musique!'

"When she had severed her connection with the *Comédie Française* and the Paris Exhibition had made her world-famous, she entered upon the second—a stage where report gave her a white cut-away jacket and trousers, and set her to play croquet with skulls coiffed in Louis XIV. perukes. Her own description of the menu attributed to her was most amusing. For roast—fried cats. For delicacies—lizards' tails, and brains of peacocks 'sautées au beure de singe'!

"She has her eccentricities. As she once said, her dreamy nature transported her eternally into the highest regions, and we all know imagination's air balloons are apt to make strange excursions."

"She is full of gentleness. . . . With the serpent element that is her fascination, there is the dove element—always! Under her Gallic gayety there exists, too, a vague haunting sadness. It belongs to all who know human nature, to all who have been great students of its possibilities and its limitations."

## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

*Peterhof Illuminated.. . . . .B. Fletcher Robinson.....Cassell's Magazine*

The gardens of Peterhof are almost as signal a triumph of man over Nature as St. Petersburg itself. Peter the Great found a low ridge looking down upon dreary marshes, on the like of which he had built his city, and, having crowned the former with a palace, he turned the latter into pleasure grounds. Yet it is but for the summer months that they can be called gardens at all, for King Winter is no respecter of persons; when he lays his icy hand on the Imperial property the statues are boxed up, the fountains run dry, and a thick, crisp carpet of snow hides terrace, walk and lawn.

If, during the day, these gardens, that lie a very oasis in the monotonous plain of marsh and pine forest, seem somewhat dreary to visitors from kinder climes, their ornaments tawdry and ostentatious, the palace they encircle a weak parody of Versailles, yet, by night, Peterhof illuminated is a Peterhof magically changed as by a touch from a fairy's wand. It becomes a land of marvel, a glimpse of the Babylon of Semiramis, a scene from Bagdad in "the golden prime of good Haroun Al-raschid." Two years ago I was fortunate enough to see a night "fête" given there in honor of the German Emperor when a guest of the Czar. The sight was one I am not likely to forget. The steamboat which I had boarded at St. Petersburg passed rapidly over the gray waters of the broad Neva estuary. Slowly the twilight gathered round us, blotting out the distant shores that stretched away in lines so low and indistinct, that it was difficult to distinguish where the dark sea and dark land conjoined. Behind us the gilded cupolas of the churches of the capital glittered and shone in the last of the dying sunset. Mile after mile slipped by, until on a sudden to the northward out sprang a shadowy line of islands that lay upon the waters like basking whales. But Kronstadt the impregnable was not our destination, and leaving its numberless batteries on our right we shot across the shallows to where a pier stretched out dimly from the woods. As we approached it, sparks of light began to shine among the trees, every moment saw a hundred more added to the glowing mass, until from end to end of the sea front of the great gardens thousands of lamps danced and twinkled. The illumination had begun.

How, I wondered, had the woods thus suddenly blazed forth into light? I was soon to learn. On landing I found the grounds crowded with soldiers, kindling the lamps with extraordinary rapidity. In hundreds they moved about, working with the regularity and order of the parade ground. Soon the long avenues were fringed with lamps, row on row; glowing festoons swung from bough to bough, while colored fires, fastened by daring climbers, showed even in the topmost branches. Onward I moved, pausing for a moment to admire the little lake of Marly, now shimmering under the lights that lined its shores, until I came to where the central canal passed from the palace to the sea. There I halted in amazement. On either side of the long, straight reach, the fountains tossed and

foamed under gaudy flares which tinged the waters with all the colors of the rainbow. High above rose the Imperial Palace, each window shining out a hospitable light; within the Emperors were dining. The terraces that fell away from the windows of their banqueting hall presented an extraordinary spectacle. The whole hill-side was ablaze with lights which, shining on the waters of a hundred exquisite fountains, illuminated the high-tossed spray in ever-changing glories of prismatic coloring. Down the centre a rapid bounded from marble step, until it plunged into the great pool where commenced the canal. But this was no ordinary rapid; for behind each step countless lamps were duly ranged, which shone and twinkled through the rushing waters in the strangest fashion. Lastly, as if in contrast to the delicate tracery of glowing spray, the Samson fountain, set in the centre of the great pool, hurled its solid silvery column eighty feet into the air from the jaws of the struggling lion torn apart by the Jewish warrior's grip.

*Samoa Country.....Isobel Strong.....New York Post*

Late one afternoon I was riding up from town alone and met a war-party coming down the forest road. They were in fighting trim; instead of the graceful lava-lava that reaches to the knee they wore little more than a breech-clout covered by a girdle of leaves; on their broad, brown shoulders were garlands of green, which they also twisted about their ankles and the biceps of their mighty arms; tall, sinewy men they were, polished with freshly scented cocoanut oil until their bodies shone like bronze. On their heads they wore the scarlet turbans of the Malietoas, and they were armed with rifles and "death tooth" knives.

I drew my horse to one side in the shadow of the trees to let them pass, saying, "Alofa, Alii" (Greeting, O chiefs), to which they all replied with the single word "Sula," that the dictionary defines as "a term of admiration for wealth or beauty," and smilingly and courteously passed on.

Twice I have visited Mataafa's camp in war-time, and it is not surprising that we should be well received there, as it was known far and wide that our sympathies were on that side, and Mr. Stevenson and the grand old chief were friends of long standing. But to reach the camp we had to ride through Malietoa villages crowded with armed men, who knew our errand. On one of our excursions, as Mr. Stevenson, my mother and I reached the last town on the outskirts of the Tuamasaga, we whipped up our horses and passed on at a good pace; on reaching the turn of the road I heard an exclamation from Mr. Stevenson, and, looking back, we saw my mother far behind us in the centre of the village, surrounded by a crowd of armed men. With some alarm we turned and galloped back to find that her saddle had turned and that these gentlemen had come to her assistance. Another time, during a brisk skirmish between the two forces, I wanted to make some sketches, and my mother and I walked over alone to the camp of the Malietoa men. We wandered about without the



least fear; the native houses are like huge bowl-shaped roofs set on short stilts, and are open on all sides to the gaze of the public. We could see the soldiers looking out at us, and occasionally greeting us with friendly "Alofas" and invitations to enter. We accepted the hand of a handsome brown girl, who ran out and led us, like little children, into her house, and offered us freshly gathered coconuts to drink. A young man, I remember, was sitting on the floor filling cartridges, and he looked at us somewhat resentfully, but no remark was made, except the ironical one of a passing soldier, who asked, as we were leaving, if we found the Malietoa men so much handsomer than the Mataafans that we came here "shadow-catching," as they call drawing and photography.

It is not that the Samoans particularly respect white ladies; they are kind and considerate to their own women-kind. They have many words in the language of compliment to the fair sex. "Aolele," the native name that my mother is known by, is a term of admiration, meaning "beautiful as a flying cloud." There are "sula," and "agalelei," and many others; also they have words of respect for the aged, which are carefully taught to well-bred children. The dictionary defines one as "a deprecating address, in asking a favor of an old person," and "an affectionate address to the aged," and many more of respectful esteem.

The distribution of their daily work shows more than anything else could do the place women hold in Samoa. The men bring in the heavy logs for building the ovens, the girls carry the banana-leaves for wrapping and preparing the food; the men fish for sharks and dive for turtles, the women catch prawns in the rivers; the men do the cooking, the women spread the feast, and of the married couples it is the man who carries the children; "naturally," they explain, "because he is stronger."

My mother and I lived alone for months at Vailima after Mr. Stevenson's death, and my brother and his wife had left for California. Our household consisted of Iopu, the cook; Sosimo, who did the housework; Levelu, the gardener, and Lafache, who looked after the horses and cows. These men went every night to sleep at the village of Tanugmanono, a mile and a half from Vailima, so that, when the evening meal was done, the lights lit, and our men departed, we two women were alone on the place; yet our doors stood always open, and our windows could not lock if we had wanted to fasten them. No thought of fear ever entered our heads, and this does not argue our bravery, but the simple goodness of the islanders.

Once only did my mother suspect them. It was after midnight on a fine moonlight night that she heard the tramp of bare feet, as of people heavily laden. Looking over the veranda railing, she saw a number of men crossing the lawn with baskets carried on poles. They had come from the direction of our taro patches, breadfruit groves and banana plantation, and it certainly looked suspicious. Hastily donning a wrapper, my mother ran down and, putting up her hands, called them to halt. There were about forty men gathered on the lawn. She demanded to see the contents of their baskets. The spokesman laughed and said:

"Aolele is mistaken. There is a famine in our village of Maniani, and we have been in the woods digging the roots of the wild taro. We saw the breadfruit hanging ripe upon your trees and the bunches of bananas turning red, but we touched them not, for are we not friends, Maniani and Vailima? We go at night for we fear the shame and ridicule of the village of Tanugmanono, which is richer than we, and would jeer us if they heard that we were reduced to eating roots like the wild four-legged animal." (The Samoans will not mention the word pig before ladies or in polite society.)

The spokesman turned out his basket for Mrs. Stevenson's inspection, which was filled, indeed, with the coarse black roots of the wild taro. Another basket was brought up and another, and still there was naught of ours.

"Enough," said my mother, "I was mistaken. Pardon me, for I was in error. I will go now, and you may depart."

But no; the others insisted that she should look at each of the forty baskets; and half laughing, half insisting, she was made to glance at the contents of all. Then, when the last man was satisfied, the talking-man ("tulafale") said: "It is a beautiful evening; we will sit on the veranda here and converse if it pleases the high chief lady Aolele." It did not please my mother at all at that hour in the chill of the morning, so she retired and left them smoking amicably on the veranda, and we heard them singing the Vailima songs in compliment to us before we went to sleep and forgot all about them.

#### *Post-Card Traveling in South Africa.....South Africa*

In the old days, while in South Africa, the traveler had to trust himself to the tender mercies of the post contractor, and we did so, as a rule, in fear and trembling. There were, as in all else, degrees in the various services, but the man who could have found pleasure in a trip even on the best roads must have indeed possessed a disposition of which Mark Tapley might have been proud. In some of the services on the principal routes from the Cape Colony and Natal the carts were well horsed, the drivers were thoroughly up to their work, and the conditions were made as desirable as was possible under the circumstances. But the carts had been built to suit the roads, the space was strictly limited, and the mails would absorb a considerable quantity of this space, and the unfortunate passenger, jammed in between a couple of other unfortunates, his knees compressed against a pile of bags and his back sore from constant friction against the seat, would sit in silent agony until his destination was reached—the only relief obtainable being when the cart stopped for the night and the weary traveler could throw himself partly dressed on a bed to snatch a few hours' sleep before the driver's call at the earliest dawn warned him that the dread hour had arrived for him to again take his seat in the cart.

The start from the town was always of the same nature. The four or six horses would stand pawing the ground while a couple of Hottentots would hang on to their heads, the driver would gather up the reins and crack his whip, the boys would spring to one side, and the equipage would disap-



pear in a cloud of dust in the distance. On some lines this would hold good at all the various stopping places, but in others once the first halt was reached, and civilization left behind, a span of weary mules would be dragged reluctantly forth, and the traveler's heart would sink into his boots, and he would glance reproachfully at the driver. The mules would be inspanned and a fresh start made, and the driver's assistant would bring forth his short "sjambok" and prepare for business. Tender-hearted travelers would at first sympathize with the mules; later on the sympathy would be transferred to the wretched boy who had to urge them on, by jumping down from the cart every few minutes, and running alongside the animals and belaboring them. After a time the traveler's sympathy for both would have vanished, and he would mentally consign both to the nether world. When the boy climbed on the cart at intervals the passengers would draw deep breaths. "Everything comes to him who waits," and at length a stage would be reached on the confines of civilization, where a span of horses would be produced and a better start made. Like the Irish jarvey, the post-cart driver firmly believed in "saving a trot for the avenue," and the coach would wheel into the village in a blaze of glory, the driver awakening the echoes with a shrill blast from his bugle. The village would turn out to see "the cart" arrive. The postmaster would pull himself together and assume a severe judicial expression as of one who had weighty business on his hands and must not be lightly approached. The cart would pull up at the post office and disgorge the mail, and would then make for the hotel, and the traveler would alight to be welcomed by the host at the hospitable portals. The village would by this time be at the post office clamoring for their letters and passing unpleasant remarks as to the dilatoriness of the postmaster, heedless of the fact that that official was working like a galley slave inside. The little window would at length be thrown open and the public would receive their mail, and the postmaster would draw a breath of relief and retire into the innermost recesses of his dwelling, and peaceful night would once more settle down on the village.

*Baku and Its Oil Springs.....Francis H. Shrine.....Pall Mall Magazine*

The traveler who approaches Baku by rail is reminded of the source of its prosperity by one of the most persistent and disagreeable of odors—that of kerosene oil. He passes for many miles through an undulating country, treeless and nearly bare of vegetation, and at length sees the white buildings of his goal and the glittering Caspian beyond overhung with a pall of smoke vomited forth by the innumerable refineries. Baku stretches round a bay which is protected from northerly winds by a barren isthmus called Apcheron, and is crowded with shipping. The old Persian town covers a low hill at the southern extremity. It is surrounded by high battlemented walls of the true Oriental pattern; and the tourist who passes its gates finds himself in surroundings wholly unaffected by the fierce struggle for wealth so near at hand. Latticed balconies stretch well-nigh across the narrow streets; the shops are little pigeon-holes, where sad-eyed

Asiatics squat in a setting of rich carpets, and watch the light-blue smoke curling upward from their "narghiles" in dreamy indifference to custom. Beyond the crumbling ramparts, and at a considerable distance from the sea, stands the Kiskale, a lofty tower of rusticated masonry.

The modern city of Baku lies to the north of the old Persian fortress. And very modern it is, for the population has grown in twenty-nine years from 12,700 to 120,000. When Colonel C. E. Stewart, now our Consul-General at Odessa, was there in 1866 he found only two refineries of petroleum at work, and land could be had at twopence a yard. There are now at least 200 works, and town lots are purchasable with difficulty from the greedy Tartars and Armenians who have monopolized them at a sum equivalent to 12 shillings for the same area. In spite of these exorbitant demands the builders' craft is in keen demand, and all the vacant spaces are rapidly being covered with bricks and mortar. The place has been well laid out, and the new buildings are not without architectural merit. The shops, however, are poor, the pavements nearly as execrable as those of Tiflis. Oil is still burned in the streets, though an American speculator has been endeavoring for years to induce the municipality to utilize the vast stores of natural gas given out by the petroleum beds. Waterworks are in the womb of futurity, and people are content to pay three shillings a month for two buckets daily of insipid distilled water, and to choke their boiler pipes with the intensely salt fluid yielded by the Caspian. The population of Baku is as heterogeneous as that of other towns on the threshold of Asia. I visited the great weekly market, held on Sunday mornings in a vacant space ankle-deep in mud and exposed to all weathers, and found it crowded with buyers and sellers of nearly every race dwelling in the two continents. Long streets of stalls were piled high with great-coats and "slop" clothing, all made in Russia. Another quarter was given up to boots—long Wellingtons from Warsaw, and coarse highlows of local manufacture. The stockings, articles of underwear, trinkets and cutlery showed the unmistakable German trait. Moscow had a monopoly of "eikons"—pictures of saints gorgeous in tinsel and coarsely illustrated books. The Armenians of Baku displayed iron and wooden furniture of very fair quality; and appeared to be competing successfully with Russians and Germans in other fields of supply. The products of one country were conspicuously absent, and that a struggling little island whose foreign trade alone enables its teeming millions to exist. The centre of Baku social life was the Club, a sumptuous establishment with nearly a thousand members. A refiner's daily routine would soon reduce a London mercantile man to a state of hopeless idiocy. He rises at 9 a. m., swallows a cup of coffee and hurries to the "shop," where he busies himself till 2 o'clock. Then follows a copious "déjeuner à la française" and a couple of hours' siesta. At dark he leaves his couch again and betakes himself to the Club, where cards and billiards are pursued with ferocity till 10 p. m., which is the Baku dinner-hour. The meal is taken at the Club, and afterward play is resumed till late in the small hours.

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA \*

—The Tarahumare people, who live in the most inaccessible part of northern Mexico, were described by Dr. Krauss in the British Association as ignorant and primitive, and many still living in caves. What villages they have are at altitudes of about eight thousand feet above the sea level. They are a small and wiry people, with great powers of endurance. Their only food is "pinoli," or maize, parched and ground. They have a peculiar drink, called "teshuin," also produced from maize and manufactured with considerable ceremony, which tastes like a mixture of sour milk and turpentine. Their language is limited to about three hundred words. Their imperfect knowledge of numbers renders them unable to count beyond ten. Their religion seems to be a distorted and imperfect conception of Christian traditions, mixed with some of their own ideas and superstitions.

—No one has come nearer than George Humphrey to an accurate conception of the secret of longevity. The total number of aged persons whose life story was examined by him was close on 1,000, 74 of whom were centenarians. His conclusions were these: "1. That the primary factor in a long life consists in an inherited durability; the vital machinery is wound up to go for a given period, and but for accidents or in spite of them it will go till the time appointed. 2. That an important part of the primary inheritance is good digestive and nutritive power. 3. That temperance is necessary in the use of the nutritive functions both in eating and drinking, and in regard to all kinds of food and drink. 4. That an energetic temperament and active habits conduce to longevity."

—In the course of a day a person breathes about 2,600 gallons of air, weighing 34 pounds, about six times the average amount of food and drink consumed. It therefore seems rather foolish to be constantly on guard against adulterated food and impure water, and to allow your neighbor to pollute the atmosphere because it is cheaper for him in his business.

—A curiosity at least is this compilation of the deepest wells in the world: In Europe, one at Passy, France, depth 2,000 feet; at La Chapelle, Paris, depth 2,950 feet; at Grenelle, Paris, depth 1,798 feet; at Neusalwerk, near Minden, depth 2,288 feet; at Kissingen, Bavaria, depth 1,787 feet; at Sperenberg, near Berlin, depth 4,190 feet, which is said to be the deepest in the world; at Pesth, Hungary, depth 3,182 feet. In the United States there are wells located at St. Louis, depth 3,843 feet; at Louisville, depth 2,086 feet; at Columbus, Ohio, depth 2,775½ feet; at Charleston, S. C., depth 1,250 feet.

—It is not generally known that the remains of all the Czars of Russia since Peter the Great lie in a memorial chapel built on one of the islands of the Neva. All the cenotaphs are exactly alike, each being a block of white marble, without any decoration whatever. The only distinction by which one is marked is the name of the deceased Emperor.

—Prince Alfred Furst Wrede, of Vienna, has written a communication to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, in which he proposes, with their permission, to introduce into Washington the "telefon hirmondo," the telephonic news system which enables the subscriber to hear the ordinary news of the day through the telephone instead of reading it from the daily papers, also to hear whatever is sung or played at the opera house or theatre, public speeches, etc. Prince Wrede, in his petition to the Commissioners, called their attention to the fact that the system is in successful operation in Budapest and also in Paris.

—France in war has 1,000 soldiers to 15,407 inhabitants; Germany in war has 1,000 soldiers to 17,427 inhabitants; Great Britain in war has 1,000 soldiers to 72,413 inhabitants, while under the House bill, during the late war, the United States provided for only 1,000 soldiers to about 791,000 inhabitants.

—A wearable silk fabric made from gelatine solution seems one of the wildest absurdities that was ever thought of, but, in effect, such an artificial silk is manufactured in Glasgow with undoubted success. It goes by the name of "Vandura" silk, can be dyed any color, and takes all shades with a brilliant lustre that rivals even that of natural silk. "The fibre is prepared by ejecting fine threads of a strong solution of gelatine from very small orifices on to an endless band, conveying them to bobbins on which they are reeled. After leaving the small orifices the gelatine solidifies in a continuous fibre a thousandth of an inch in diameter, possessing a lustre even greater than that of a natural silk. The fibre in this state, however, is unsuitable for use, as it is easily spoiled by water. In order to render it impervious it is waterproofed by a special process."

—The spider has a tremendous appetite, and his gormandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in twenty-four hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scales he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator, by 7 a. m. a lamb, by 9 a. m. a young camelopard, by 1 o'clock a sheep, and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds.

—At the annual meeting of the American Public Health Association, Dr. A. Walter Suiter, brought vividly before his hearers the dangers of infection that await those who make use of the services of the barber, who is not legally obliged to disinfect his implements. The utensils used in the acts of shaving and hair-cutting are employed upon very diverse customers in all states of health and ill-health, while between each operation these instruments receive very perfunctory disinfection, if any. As a result, parasitic and bacteriologic communications from one customer to another are only too likely.

—The telephoto attachment is a marvelous recent addition to the use of the camera. It is designed to enable the photographer to obtain magnified pictures of scenery and buildings at a considerable distance.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.

# NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND. GAY

*The Wainscot Mouse.....C. G. B.....Chicago Daily News*

A mouse has come to live with me,  
And when the house is still,  
And when the shadows of the night  
Creep 'round the window sill,  
I hear his nibble in the wall,  
Or from his hole he looks,  
And runs about the cheery hearth  
To scan my chimney nooks.

Before the fire I sit and dream  
And watch his dainty play  
And dare not move a hand or foot  
Lest he should run away.  
He only asks the crumbs that fall,  
The warmth I do not miss,  
The wainscot shelter for his home;  
And shall I bar him this?

Say, what am I, who, in God's house,  
Ask, oh, so much of worth,  
That I should shut my humble door  
To this poor child of earth!  
Are pride and greed and vanity  
So noble in God's sight  
That I should drive away the mouse  
And sit alone to-night?

Stay, little friend, so long as time  
Doth give thee life to live,  
And what I have for one so small  
Let me with honor give.  
Thy heart, I know, hath never sinned,  
And is to him more dear  
Than all the majesty of kings  
Hedged 'round by bow and spear.

The Sparrow's Friend is also thine,  
And should I slay thee, mouse,  
Could I complain with conscience clear  
Did ruin seize my house?  
My roof is thine. Let twilight's hour  
Full often summon thee  
To teach me more of brotherhood  
And keener sympathy.

*At Dead o' the Night, Alanna.....Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliau-na-mon)*  
(An Irish Ballad. Written for The Boston Pilot.)

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wake and see you there,  
Your little head on the pillow, with tossed and tangled hair;  
I am your mother, acushla, and you are my heart's own boy,  
And wealth o' the world I'd barter to shield you from annoy.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the heart o' the world is still,  
But sobbing o' fairy music comes down the haunted hill.  
The march o' the fairy armies troubles the peace o' the air;  
Blest angels shelter my darling for power of a mother's pray'r.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the sleepless Banshee moans,  
Wailing for sin and sorrow, by the Cairn's crumbling stones,

At dead o' the night alanna, I ask of our God above,  
To shield you from sin and sorrow, and cherish you in His love.

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wonder o'er and o'er,  
Shall you part from our holy Ireland, to die on a stranger shore?

You'll break my heart in the leaving like many a mother  
I know—

Just God look down upon Erin and lift her at last from woe!

At dead o' the night, alanna, I see you in future years,  
Grand in your strength, and noble, facing the wide world fears;

Though down in the mossy churchyard my bones be under the sod,  
My spirit shall watch you, darling, till you come to your rest in God.

*The Fiddler of Dooney.....W. B. Yeats.....N. Y. Times*

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney  
Folks dance like a wave of the sea;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Moharabinee.

I passed my brother and cousin;  
They read in their books of prayer;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo Fair.

When we come, at the end of time,  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile at the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate.

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me  
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

*Maud Muller of the Links.....S. E. Klaer.....Chicago Times-Herald*

Maud Muller, on a summer day,  
Was out in the meadow raking hay.

Beneath her straw hat glowed a wealth  
Of large, red freckles and rustic health.

Singing, she raked and didn't see  
The Judge addressing at the tee,

But at last she glanced across the links  
And saw the Judge and sighed: "Oh, jinks!

"I'll bet if I hit that ball a whack  
They'd never succeed in getting it back!"

The Judge moved onward stroke by stroke  
Until he got bunkered behind an oak.

Then he stopped for a while and scratched his head,  
And Maud got scared at the things he said.

He stood and fanned himself in the shade,  
And, looking over, he saw the maid.

He asked for a draught from the jug she had;  
'Twas cider she'd carried out to her dad.

She offered to let him use her cup,  
But he took the jug and he turned it up.

She thought of the job he had in town,  
While his Adam's apple went up and down.

The Judge drank on till she feared he'd burst,  
For the golfer gets a terrible thirst.

Then he spoke of the grass, the birds, the bees,  
Of fozzles and strokes and putts and tees.

And Maud forgot the unraked hay,  
And wished she could have a chance to play.

The Judge said "Come" and he pinched her cheek,  
And she swiped away with the Judge's cleek.



Then sent the caddie along ahead,  
So he couldn't hear what either said.

And they baffed and putted and foozled around  
And sat and talked on the teeing ground.

She sighed and she thought to herself: "Ah, me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"We'd fix up bunkers on father's place,  
And I'd set his Honor a beautiful pace.

"My brother should be a caddie then,  
And I'd stance with ladies and gentlemen."

But the Judge, at last, resumed his play,  
And Maud went back to raking hay.

"Bunkered," she sighed, "and stymied, too!  
It's a sad old world, Maud Muller, for you."

The Judge moved slowly over the hill,  
And he thought sometimes, as Judges will.

He thought of Maud Muller's plump, brown arms,  
And her freckled nose and her other charms.

But there were his sisters, cold and proud,  
Up at the clubhouse with the crowd.

So he left the treasure that he had found,  
And married a woman who bossed him 'round.

Oft when the wine in his glass is red  
He longs for the cider jug instead.

Maud married a man who couldn't spell,  
And she helps him harvest hay to sell;

She rocks the cradle and sadly croons,  
As she patches the holes in his pantaloons.

And oft as she darns his socks she thinks  
Of those other holes out on the links.

Alas for maiden! Alas for Judge!  
For the hen-pecked man and the household drudge!

Ah, pity them both, and pity us all  
Who hit the earth instead of the ball!

For of all sad words to those who've missed,  
"If" is the saddest in the list!

But a time will come for man and maid  
When every game will be fairly played.

Green fields await us all somewhere,  
And approaches are never foozled there.

*Search Thou Our Hearts.....Anne Virginia Culbertson.....Baltimore Sun*

Search Thou our hearts, O God, and see  
If this our strife be waged for Thee.

Thou gavest in our infancy  
The precious gift of liberty.

And is it, then, through Thy commands  
We rend the gift from other hands?

Lord God of Battles once wast Thou,  
Declare Thyself unto us now!

For since One came, the Prince of Peace,  
Hast Thou not bidden war to cease?

Yet, peradventure, now, as then,  
Through darkling paths Thou ledest men,

From present ills of war and blood,  
Permittest them to work out good.

An hundred years Thy face hath shed  
Its light upon the paths we tread.

And all we did was in Thy name,  
And Thou hast given us power and fame.

No stronger nation walks Thine earth  
Than ours, the one of latest birth.

Since Thou hast given such bounteous store,  
What need, O Lord, have we of more?

Then woe to us if we profane  
Thy name to cloak our lust of gain!

No sin more hateful, Lord, may be  
Than that which cursed the Pharisee.

And, Thou, howe'er we cloak intent,  
Wilt judge us by the thing we meant.

Search Thou our hearts, O God, and see  
If this our strife be waged for Thee.

*His Finish.....Life*

He bought two gaudy, scarlet coats,  
Brass-buttoned, with green collars;  
His knickerbockers made the bill  
Close to \$100.

The Golf Club that he joined was large,  
Established well and thrifty,  
And for his fee, in good, hard cash,  
He next put up a 50.

His brassy, cleeks, and putter fine,  
The club with which to drive,  
The bag, the balls, and other sticks,  
Cost nearly 25.

With shoes, broad-soled, with hobnails filled,  
He next his feet bedecks;  
For them he gave up in exchange  
A crisp, new, green-backed X.

For sundries like a code of rules,  
White paint, a rubber tee,  
And books to tell him how to play,  
He dropped at least a V.

At last he started out one day,  
And as he hit the fence—  
"Geel!" some one heard the caddie say,  
"He plays like 30 cents."

*Thus Are We Judged.....Philadelphia North American*

This is the maxim they swear most by,  
And the young reporter may take the hint:  
"It isn't the stuff you write that counts,  
But what gets into print."

Reams and reams of paper are filled  
Each day by scratchy pen,  
With burning thoughts and eloquent words  
From the teeming brains of men.  
And the editor sits with his pencil blue,  
And winnows the wheat from the chaff,  
And what survives of the stuff writ down  
Is a good bit less than half.

Men who win are the men who find  
The shortest way the best;  
They write no more than they have to write,  
And the desk man does the rest.  
And this should the adjective worshipper know:  
The reporter wins renown  
As much by the stuff he doesn't write  
As that which he writeth down.

Mark, then, the maxim they swear most by,  
It's a rule of the office, hard as flint,  
"It isn't the stuff you write that counts,  
But what gets into print."

## BLUE RAT\*

It had become evident to me during our stay in Quesnelle that we needed one more horse to make sure of having provisions sufficient to carry us over the 360 miles which lay between the Fraser and our next eating-place on the Skeena. Horses, however, were very scarce, and it was not until late in the day that we heard of a man who had a pony to sell. The name of this man was Dippy.

He was a German, and had a hare-lip and a most seductive gentleness of voice. I gladly make him historical. He sold me the Blue Rat, and gave me a chance to study a new type of horse.

Herr Dippy was not a Washington Irving sort of Dutchman. He conformed rather to the modern New York tradesman. He was small, candid and smooth—very smooth—of speech. He said: "Yes, the pony is gentle. He can be rode or packed; but you had better lead him for a day or two till he gets quiet." . . . He looked like a child's toy, but seemed sturdy and of good condition. His foretop was "banged," and he had the air of a mischievous, resolute boy. His eyes were big and black, and he studied us with tranquil but inquiring gaze as we put the pack-saddle on him. He was very small. We packed him with 100 pounds of our food and lashed it all on with rope, while the pony dozed peacefully. Once or twice I thought I saw his ears cross—one laid back, the other set forward; bad signs—but it was done so quickly I could not be sure of it.

We packed the other horses while the blue pony stood resting one hind leg, his eyes dreaming.

I flung the canvas cover over the bay pack-horse. . . . Something took place. I heard a bang, a clatter, a rattling of hoofs. I peered around the bay and saw the blue pony performing some of the most finished, vigorous and varied bucking it has ever been given me to witness. He all but threw somersaults. He stood on his upper lip; he humped up his back till he looked like a lean cat on a graveyard fence. He stood on his toe calks and spun like a weather-vane on a livery stable, and when the pack exploded and the saddle slipped under his belly he kicked it to pieces by using both hind hoofs as neatly as a man would stroke his beard.

After calming the other horses, I faced my partner solemnly.

"Oh, by the way, partner, where did you get that nice, quiet little blue pony of yours?"

Partner smiled sheepishly. "The little devil! Buffalo Bill ought to have that pony."

"Well, now," said I, restraining my laughter, "the thing to do is to put that pack on so that it will stay. That pony will try the same thing again, sure."

He did it! All that had gone before was merely preparatory, a blood-warming, so to say; the real thing now took place. He stood up on his hind legs and shot into the air, alighting on his four feet as if to pierce the earth. He whirled like a howling

dervish, grunting, snorting—unseeing and almost unseen in a nimbus of dust, strap ends and flying pine needles. His whirling undid him. We seized the rope, and just as the pack again slid under his feet we set shoulder to the rope and threw him. He came to earth with a thud, his legs whirling uselessly in the air. He resembled a beetle in molasses. We sat upon his head and discussed him.

"He is a wonder," said my partner.

We packed him again with infinite pains, and when he began bucking we threw him again and tried to kill him. We were getting irritated. We threw him hard, and drew his hind legs up to his head till he grunted. When he was permitted to rise he looked meek and small and tired, and we were both deeply remorseful. We rearranged the pack—it was some encouragement to know he had not bucked it entirely off—and by blindfolding him we got him started on the trail behind the train. . . .

I was now quite absorbed in a study of the blue pony's psychology. He was a new type of mean pony. His eyes did not roll nor his ears fall back. He seemed neither scared nor angry. He still looked like a roguish, determined boy. He was alert, watchful, but not vicious. He went off—precisely like one of those mechanical mice or turtles which sidewalk venders operate. Once started, he could not stop till he ran down. He seemed not to take our stern measures in bad part. He regarded it as a fair contract, apparently, and considered that we had won. True, he had lost both hair and skin by getting tangled in the rope, but he laid up nothing against us, and, as he followed meekly along behind, partner dared to say:

"He's all right now. I presume he has been running out all winter and is a little wild. He's satisfied now. We'll have no more trouble with him."

Every time I looked back at the poor, humbled little chap my heart tingled with pity and remorse. "We were too rough," I said. "We must be more gentle."

"Yes; he's nervous and scary. We must be careful not to give him a sudden start. I'll lead him for a while."

An hour later, as we were going down a steep and slippery hill, the Rat saw his chance. He passed into another spasm, opening and shutting like a self-acting jack-knife. He bounded into the midst of the peaceful horses, scattering them to right and to left in terror. He turned and came up the hill to get another start. Partner took a turn on a stump, and all unmindful of it the Rat whirled and made a mighty spring. He reached the end of the rope and his handspring became a vaulting somersault. He lay, unable to rise, spitting the wind, breathing heavily. Such annoying energy I have never seen. We were now mad, muddy and very resolute. We held him down till he lay quite still. Any well-considered, properly bred animal would have been ground to bone dust by such wondrous acrobatic movements. He was skinned in one or two places, the hair was scraped from his nose, his tongue bled, but all these were mere scratches. When we repacked him he walked off comparatively unhurt.

\*From *The Trail of the Goldseekers*. Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company.

## THE SKETCH BOOK : CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*Le Cabecilla.....Alphonse Daudet.....Home Journal*

The good father was just on the point of finishing mass, when the prisoners were taken before him. It was in a savage corner, among the mountains of Andalusia. A rent, fallen rock, into which a giant fig-tree had insinuated its twisted trunk, served as an altar. It was covered by a Carlist flag with silver fringe. When the sacristan Miguel, who was assisting in the mass, rose to remove the gospels, the rattle of cartridges in his cartridge-box was plainly heard. All around, the Carlist soldiers were ranged silently, with carbine slung across the back, reverently kneeling on their white caps. A burning-hot sun, the sun of Easter in Navarre, concentrated its rays into the rocky hollow, where every sound was multiplied. Above, on the ridge of the heights, were standing silent sentinels, whose motionless silhouettes were cut out clearly against the blue sky.

It was a singular sight—an army officer acting as priest to his soldiers—but the double existence of the cabecilla suited him marvelously well. About him there was an air of mysticism and piety; his eyes were very small, very black and very piercing. His features were hard, and his appearance was made all the sterner by the bronze of the weather-beaten soldier. There was none of the ascetic paleness of the cloister about this soldier-priest. His forehead was traversed by enormous veins which seemed to knot his thoughts, as it were, with cords, and which gave him the appearance of being most unyieldingly obstinate.

Every time that he turned to his congregation with open arms to say the "*Dominus Vobiscum*," his uniform could be seen under the stole, and his surplice was raised in some places by the butt of a pistol or the handle of a Catalonian knife.

"What will he do with us?" asked the terrified prisoners of each other. While they were waiting for the termination of the mass, they related to each other all the acts of ferocity which they had heard of the cabecilla, whose brutal cruelty had earned him a name and a fame separate from the rest of the royalist army.

For a wonder—indeed, it might have been called a miracle—the good father was, on that particular morning, in a clement humor. The mass celebrated in the open air, the success of the previous evening, and the brightness of Eastertide had all worked favorably upon the mind of the priest, and his face beamed with joy and goodness. As soon as the service was over, and while the sacristan was packing away the vessels, which were carried on mule-back with the expedition, the priest approached the prisoners. They numbered about a dozen, and were all completely worn out by the battle of the previous day as well as by the night of anguish which had followed, and which they had spent on the straw of a stable, into which they had been cast by their captors. Livid with fear and exhausted by hunger, thirst and fatigue, they huddled together like a flock of sheep in a slaughter-house. Their uniforms were full of straw; their belts were in disorder; from the crown of their head to their yellow

shoes they were dust-stained. Everything contributed to mark them strongly with that sinister air which belongs to soldiers who have been beaten, moral dejection and physical despair striving for the upper hand.

For a moment the cabecilla regarded them with a smile of triumph. He was not at all sorry to see them in such a plight; soldiers of the hated republic were they—humble, downcast, ragged, and in that condition a good object-lesson to his own well-fed, well-clad troops, in whose midst they stood. His own men were as hardy as oaks, while the captives looked half-starved.

"God bless you, my children!" he said to them sympathizingly. "The republic, it seems to me, takes but poor care of its defenders. You are all as lean and gaunt as the wolves of the Pyrenees, when the mountains are covered with snow and the animals are forced to descend into the plains. Look at my men! You see, we treat our soldiers differently. Wouldn't you like to take our side? Throw away your infamous '*casquettes*' and put on the white cap. I swear by the holy Easter Day that to such as cry '*Long live the King*' I will give the same food and the same treatment that the rest of my soldiers have. All shall live on the fat of the land."

Before the priest had finished, the "*casquettes*" of the republican captives were thrown into the air, and there was a general cry of "*Long live the King! Long live King Carlos!*"

Poor devils! they were not to blame. They were famished and full of fear, and they dreaded the thought of dying, and the smell of all the good meat which was being cooked was so tempting. Never was a pretender cheered more heartily.

"Give them something to eat, and be quick about it," said the priest, smiling. "When wolves yell like that it seems that they are pretty hungry."

The captives were retired—captives no longer. Only one of them remained looking at the chief, and the one who stayed behind was the youngest of the band. His fierce and resolute attitude was in contrast with his juvenile appearance. The down on his cheeks was only just visible; his cloak was too big for him, so that he seemed almost lost in its folds; the sleeves of his coat were turned back because they were too long, and the wrists shown were made to look all the thinner by the width of the sleeves. His brilliant eyes—Arab eyes lit up by Spanish pride—were full of fever. The look which he fixed upon the cabecilla was disturbing to that worthy.

"What do you want?" asked the priest, curtly.

"Nothing. . . . I am only waiting for you to decide what is to be done with me."

"Why, the same as with the others. I made no exceptions. Pardon was for all."

"The others were traitors and cowards. . . . I was the only one who did not cry '*Long live the King*'"

The cabecilla started, and looked his youthful captive sternly in the eyes.

"What is your name?"



"Tonio Vidal."

"Where do you come from?"

"Puycerda."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"The republic must be sadly in need of men when it is reduced to drafting children."

"I was not drafted, father. I am a volunteer."

"Do you know, I have more than one method by which I can break your pride and make you cry 'Long live the King'?"

With a motion of contempt the youth retorted: "I defy you."

"You mean to say that you would prefer to die?"

"A hundred times."

"Very good. You shall die."

At a sign from the priest the squad for execution ranged up.

The youth did not flinch.

Moved by such courage, the chief felt a touch of pity.

"Have you anything to ask before you die? Would you like anything to eat or drink?"

"No," replied the youth, "but I am a good Catholic, and I should not like to go into the presence of God unconfessed."

The cabecilla had not removed his surplice and stole.

"Kneel down," he said, as he seated himself on a rock. The execution squad having withdrawn, the youth began, in a low voice:

"Bless me, my father, for I have sinned."

His voice was drowned by a terrible fusillade, which broke out at the mouth of the pass.

"To arms!" called the sentinels.

The cabecilla bounded to his feet, issued orders, arranged the posts and scattered his soldiers. He himself seized a carbine, but did not have time to remove his surplice. On turning his head, he noticed the kneeling youth.

"What are you doing there?"

"I am waiting for absolution."

"That's so," said the priest; "I had forgotten you."

And gravely he raised his hand and blessed the youth, who knelt with bowed head. Then the priest looked about for the execution squad, which had dispersed. He, therefore, stepped back one pace, raised his carbine to his shoulder, and shot the penitent through the head.

*The Curse of Women.....T. Jenkins Hains.....The Wind-Jammers\**

"Some skippers are good and some are bad," said Gantline, joining in the talk on the main-hatch. He was second mate, so we listened. He expectorated with great accuracy into a coil of rope and continued:

"Likewise so are owners. The same holds good to most kinds of people. Some owners don't want good skippers. They're apt to be expensive on long runs, for they won't cheat a poor devil of a sailor out of his lime-juice and other luxuries they have nowadays. At best a sailor gets less pay and

works harder than any man alive, leave out the danger and discomfort on a long voyage on an overloaded ship. It's only fair to treat him as well as possible. This idea that feeding a man well and not cursing him at every order will make him lazy is altogether wrong, and ought to be kept among the class of skippers who take their 'lunars' with a hand-lead.

"There are some ships always unlucky. But you will almost always find that the luck is mostly the fault of the skipper.

"Take, for instance, the loss of the Golden Arrow or the big clipper Pharos, that was found adrift in the doldrums without a man aboard her. Everything was in its place and not a boat was lowered. Even the dishes lay upon the table with the food rotten in them, but there wasn't a soul to tell how she came to be unmanned. She was an unlucky ship, for on her next voyage out she stayed. No one has seen plank or spar of her for twelve years. But the skipper and mate who left her adrift outside of the Guinea current were well known to deep-water men.

"I'm no sky-pilot, and I don't mean to say a skipper who prefers a pretty stewardess to an ugly one—or none at all—is always a bad man, but I do say that a skipper who cuts off a man's lime-juice, gives him weevils for bread, and two-year-old junk for beef, has got enough devilry in him for anything, and is apt to have things comfortable in the after-cabin.

"It was nothing but scurvy that killed young Jim Douglas, so they said; but what about Hollender, the skipper, who brought him in along with nineteen others?

"I went to see Jim in the hospital, and he was an awful sight. His eyes rolled horribly, but he took my hand and held it a long time; then he tried to talk. His mind wasn't steady and he often lost his bearings, but there was something besides delirium behind his tale.

"'Her curse is on us, Gantline,' he kept whispering. I held him, but he lay mumbling. 'Dan died, too, an' we sewed him up in canvas like a ham, an' over he went; but it wouldn't have helped, for the water was as rotten as it lays in the deadwood bilge. 'Twas the ghost of the skipper's wife holding us back—her curse did the business, an' I knew it.' Then he calmed down and talked a bit more natural.

"'She came aboard with the child, an' Hollender's stewardess wouldn't wait on her. Black-eyed she-devil that woman. An' the skipper grinned, an' the poor thing cried an' cried. 'Don't treat me so; have mercy!' But he just grinned. 'You can go forward an' live with the mate if you don't like it,' he said. She just cried an' cried. One night she came on deck an' rushed to the rail. She had her baby with her an' she hesitated.

"'Shall we go aft?' I said to Dan. 'It's mutiny an' death,' says he.

"Then she cursed us all—an' went over the side——' Jim lay quiet after this for a minute, then he began:

"'Slower, slower, slower. No wind, two hundred days out, an' the water as rotten as it is in the deadwood bilge. The cat—I mean the mate—

\*The Wind-Jammers. By T. J. Hains. J. B. Lippincott Co.

went up on the fore-castle, an' he never came back. We ate him, an' tied his paws around our necks for luck. No wind, an' the sails slatted to and fro on the yards. Midnight, an' bright moonlight when it struck us, an' tore our masts out an' drove us far out of the path of ships, an' we lay there with the boats gone, water-logged till we rigged enough gear to drift home by— Help! Gantline, help! The curse of the woman was on the ship, for there wasn't a man aboard—

"He struggled and rose up in the cot. His eyes were staring at the blank wall. I held him hard for an instant and he suddenly relaxed. Then he fell back dead.

"Then, you see, there was the Albatross that sailed—"

"But hold on a bit. Stop a minute!" said Mr. Enlis. "If you keep on like that, Gantline, you'll ruin the passenger trade as far as wimmen are concerned. As for stewardesses, there won't be one afloat if you keep croaking. You seem to think wimmen do nothing but harm afloat, whereas I know plenty who have done good. I don't see what wimmen have to do with wittles, anyhow!"

"Who in the name of Davy Jones said they had?" growled Gantline, angrily. "I'm no sky-pilot, and I—"

"Right you are, mate, you say true there, for if I was to go to you to get my last heading I'd fetch up on a lee shore where there'd be few strange faces."

Gantline gave a grunt of disgust. "That's just the way with you every time any one starts a line of argument to prove a thing's so, you always sheer off, or bring in something that's got nothing to do with the case and don't signify. Here I've been showing that bad luck to ships is caused by something wrong with the skippers, and here you are trying to bring wimmen into the case, just as if your thoughts ran on nothing else. But, pshaw! everybody knows what kind of a fellow you are when you're on the beach." And he jerked his pipe into his pocket and walked aft.

"Never mind him," said Mr. Enlis. "He's an old croaker, and it's just such growling that makes trouble for skippers. But whenever you see a man talk like that there's always something behind it. Yes, sir, every time."

"How do you mean?" asked Chips.

"Well, when a man's soured on wimmen there is always a cause for it, and I happen to know something about Gantline's past. It's the old story, but who wants to know how Jim or Jack's wife fell in love with him? Neither does any one care about how she comes to leave him, though nearly all story-books are written about such things, and that's the reason I never read them. There ain't much novelty in that line.

"Lord, love is all alike, just the same in the poor man as in the rich; but what I was about to say is this: Gantline, here, gives the idea that wimmen are dangerous afloat and leaves off telling anything good about them. That ain't exactly fair. It's true most wimmen who follow the sea are not exactly to be considered fighting craft, and are mighty apt to strike their colors do you but let it be known you're out for prizes. Still, I know of cases where they've

done a power of good. There was 'Short Moll,' who was stewardess with old man Fane, and she made him.

"The old man, you see, had been getting lonely, and had taken to carrying large invoices of grog, which is bound to break a man in the long run.

"One day at the dock Moll came along and inquired for the skipper. The old man saw her coming, and bawled out, 'For heaven's sake, Mr. Enlis, don't let her come aboard!' and dived below.

"I ran to the gang-plank as she started over and said, 'Captain's gone uptown, and there ain't no visitors allowed.'

"'Oh, there ain't?' she said sort of sweetly, and she screwed up her little slits of eyes. 'If that's the case, you may consider me one of the crew, for I've got a notion they want a stewardess aboard.'

"'There ain't no passengers, so get back on the dock and obey orders!' And I planted myself athwart the plank.

"Well, sir, if you ever seen a change come over a woman in three shakes of a sheet-rope you ought to seen her.

"'What!' she yelled. 'You stop me from coming aboard a ship in this free an' easy country of America? Git out o' the way, you slab-sided, her-ring-gutted son of a wind-jammer, or I'll run ye down an' cut ye in two.' And she bore down on me under full sail.

"She carried a full cargo, and I stepped down on the main-deck, for, after all, that gang-plank was too narrow a subject for such broad-minded folk as Moll and me to discuss on the spur of the moment.

"She never gave me a look, but steered straight for the cabin and disappeared.

"There was a most uncommon noise, and I saw the skipper's head pop up the hatchway. But in a moment he was drawn slowly downward, and as he turned his face he looked like a drowning man sinking for the last time.

"Well, the first day off soundings there was an' other fracas, and Moll came forward with a can of condensed milk in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other. She gave me a leer and waved the can of milk, and I knew we were to live high that voyage. I hadn't tasted any of the stuff for nigh two years.

"One day there was another scuffle below, and a bottle of liquor sailed up the companion-way and smashed against the binnacle. There were all kinds of noises after that, but I finally made out Moll's voice bawling, 'Not another drap, sir! Not another drap!'

"He was a sober man for two years until she left, and after Fane heard of her death he wasn't the same man. She really did more good than many a better brought-up woman on the beach, and if he called her an angel it's nothing to laugh at, though her wings may have looked more like the little winged animals that fly o' nights among the mosquitoes in the harbor than like doves.

"So you see there's no use going against the wimmen, for there's lots of good in them, only it takes strange circumstances at times to bring it out."

## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

*Boy Choir-Singers.....Oliver F. Guntz.....New York Evening Post*

Choir singing in a great city is a regular profession for boys, a profession offering steady pay and emoluments that seldom come to the boy worker in commonplace pursuits. The chorister boy with an ordinarily good voice can make from \$2 to \$10 a month at an age when his contemporaries, anxious to start out in other fields of wage-earning, would be considered too young to be trusted, even if there were no law to bar them out. The boy soloist, whose talent is coveted by choir directors, and is in demand for weddings and funeral ceremonies, can almost become a capitalist by the time he is thirteen, and when the voice-crisis comes and his apprenticeship as a boy singer is over, there is sometimes a fund accumulated from his child-talent that may put him well on the way through college or serve to start him in any other life career he may wish. The boy chorister must do without certain pleasures that are as meat and drink to boy nature. To shout and halloo and whoop, whether in sheer abandon or the enthusiasm of play, is as natural for the healthy boy as for the winds to blow or the birds to sing, and shouting, whooping and yelling are especially prohibited in choir circles. "Remember your voice; don't yell over a ball game or strain it needlessly," is the first warning of the choir director to the little novitiate just engaged, and although the boy may forget at first, he soon learns that the choir-master can tell when he has been thus overstraining his voice, and learns to regard it as a treasure to be guarded against injury.

The best, most carefully chosen choirs, those that make a point of having notably good music, depend upon the general public for supply. Boys with good voices to be trained are advertised for or sought for privately, just as factories, or shops, or foundries advertise for apprentices. "Previous experience unnecessary," is announced with the desired age and the salary paid, and, in all cases, it is stipulated that the boy be "respectable" and within convenient living distance of the church and practice-room. Out of fifty applicants perhaps thirty may have promising voices, and only a small percentage of that number have voices that the choir-master really covets. In addition to voice requirements, the choir applicant must be amenable to training in other regards.

The ordinarily raised tenement-house boy is unfit for a chorister. Seldom can anything be done with a voice of that sort. He has had no unobstructed space to practice in, as the country boy has, and his parents have yelled at him, and he has called to them until all the sweetness and roundness have been taken out of his voice. You can tell this when the newsboy cries "Extra!" at the top of his lungs. Then the tenement-boy is prone to colds; nobody takes any care of him, and when he gets a cold it is allowed to run on into a catarrh that makes voice-sweetness impossible. The best chorister material is the small-town or country boy, and next best is the well-cared-for, gently reared city child, who will value and take care of whatever voice-quality he has.

A New York choir director who has made many tests gives his opinion that the most flexible and artistically satisfactory choir is made up of boys of a uniform social grade, not necessarily sons of rich or even well-to-do parents, but children who by inheritance and nature have gentlemanly qualities. He has tried mixing the elements, when an especially fine voice has tempted him, and has found that one boy of coarse mold can do very much to demoralize a choir. The choir that stands for the best musical proficiency is now looked after on week-days, and in all secular pursuits. The boys go to school together to the same teachers, and have the same pleasures and recreations, wear a choir uniform, are marched back and forth to luncheon at a common table, and in every way are brought under one ruling influence each day of the 365, only dispersing at night when they go to the home roof.

The boy choirs are transitory in character. Some boys lose their child-voice at fourteen, some at sixteen. Often just when they have come to be of real value to the director that premonitory squeak or harsh tone is heard one day that forever closes their careers as boy singers. Later, this chrysalis stage of the voice will be past, and the boy sometimes develops a beautiful tenor or bass voice, but his silvery child-tones are gone, and he takes off his choir vestments, both the cadet uniform of the choir school and the angel-sleeved surplice, and retires to private life. At this crisis the use he has made of his chorister experience tells. If he was a promising student in other lines than music, if he shows a taste for books, sometimes somebody comes forward and helps him to a good education or to a good place in some business.

*Reminiscences of Meissonier...Vassili Verestchagin...Contemporary Review*

Meissonier's fame began late, at the age of thirty-five, but grew very rapidly. Society got tired of enormous canvases and hypocritically noble subjects, of the sham classics and romantics, as well as of historical anecdotes. All that, together with the reduced size of living apartments, caused the public to crowd round, to be delighted with, and to pay any price for these miniature pictures, that were executed and finished in a style rarely to be met with even among the Flemings. The prices of Meissonier's pictures used to be much talked about, and many were scandalized by them. But he never sold any of his works himself; he blindly trusted his dealer, who disposed of them, at his discretion, to the highest bidder. He referred all applications to ———, who would take a good half of the price as his commission. If we deduct this commission, and distribute the remainder in proportion to the working hours of the artist, who never knew any rest or holiday, estimating also the long period of preparation, we arrive at a comparatively small remuneration, which reached large sums only because he worked unceasingly all the 365 days of the year.

A great noise was made at one time in Paris about the portrait of an American woman, a mill-



ionaire, whose pretensions and fancies were unbounded, though not supported by any beauty or talent, but merely by a well-filled purse. They say of her that, getting tired of seeing the Arc de Triomphe from her windows, she wanted to know what the Government would charge for the removal of that obnoxious monument. "Si non è vero." . . . The joke is, at any rate, characteristic. This lady wanted to have her portrait painted by Meissonier. The artist refused, but ———, who was standing behind him, and was anxious to make as quickly as possible "son million à lui," persuaded him to undertake the task. I saw the portrait, which I considered to be excellent in the highest sense of the word. The lady, however, imagined that her hand, which was putting on a glove, was too large, and wanted it to be made smaller, which Meissonier refused, saying:

"The hand being in front of the body is true both to nature and perspective. It must not and cannot be diminished. I shall not alter it."

This determination received approval as well as blame in society. In clubs and drawing-rooms people were amusing themselves by propounding the riddle:

"Will he alter it or not?"

"Will she take it or not?"

In the end the painter did not alter it, but got his money all the same, while the offended lady is said to have destroyed the portrait.

The portrait of Madame M., as well as that of Meissonier's friend, the Senator Lefranc, and a few others, are real pearls of painting. The expression of the face, the skin, as well as the stuffs and every detail, are rendered truthfully and vividly without dryness at the finish, or any trace of a fatigued hand, though the painter was then over sixty years of age. It was not till after the age of seventy that he began to show signs of a weakened eye and hand. The former succulent finish made way for sharpness and minuteness. Nor were the enlarged dimensions of the canvases and figures of any use. In looking at Meissonier's later works one had to remember his old ones, just as a fading beauty gains by being remembered in her past condition.

Alexandre Dumas, who was one of the most intimate friends of Meissonier, tells an interesting trait of the artist's absent-mindedness and candor:

"Is it true," he once asked the author, "that I am hated by many?"

"That may be; your talent, your fame, the prices of your pictures——"

"I don't mean that. I mean those who object to my character."

"Yes, it is true; they think you proud and haughty."

"But I swear to you that it is not true. The fact is that I am always absorbed in thinking about the gesture or movement of the figures, or of the tone of the picture I am working at. This accounts for my absent-mindedness. By the bye, tell me, is Giraud dead?"

"No, he is not dead; he is alive."

"Then I must have met him yesterday! He accosted me and asked me how I was. Not recognizing him, I answered: 'Thank you, I am all right.' Only afterward did I remember that it was

a familiar face, and now I am sure that it was Charles Giraud! To be sure, to be sure! Where does he live?"

When I told him the address he snatched up his overcoat, his cap and stick and dragged me with him to Giraud's house. As soon as he entered he threw himself into the arms of Giraud, and, with tears in his eyes, he asked him to forgive his coldness of the previous day.

This anecdote had a personal interest for me, as something similar had happened to myself.

One day, while waiting at the Gare St. Lazare for the train to my place at Maisons-Lafitte, Alexandre Dumas asked me:

"I dare say you often meet Meissonier here?"

"Sometimes, but now I pass him by."

"How is that?"

"He remembers one with difficulty. Last time he shook hands with me and looked at me so perplexed that I thought it best to go my own way."

"But, surely, he did not know you at the moment!"

"That may be. But it is rather awkward. It might be taken as importunity on my part."

"What a man!" exclaimed Dumas. "Il passe son temps à ne pas reconnaître ses amis et à se faire des ennemis!"

Dumas must have told the artist about our conversation, for shortly afterward, on my walking up into the waiting-room, I met Meissonier with a tender face, prepared for a greeting. I am sorry to have to confess, however, that I pretended not to notice him, and passed by. It was only after I heard from Dumas what had happened to Giraud that I realized how unjustly I had behaved toward the great and extremely absent-minded artist.

*Recollections of a Famous Dancer. . . . . Katti Lanner. . . . . Black and White*

I was eight years of age when I first saw Grisi, who was already famous. The recollection comes back to me quite vividly. I was dancing at the Imperial Opera House of Vienna, where I made my début as a child. Practice all day and dancing all night were my rules of life, and one eventful morning I went quietly into the theatre for my three hours' hard work in the foyer where I was never disturbed. As I entered I heard the sound of music, and came suddenly upon a very ugly man who was seated on a chair playing the violin, while one of the most beautiful and graceful women I ever saw upon the stage danced before him and paid great attention to every word he said. The man was Perrot, who atoned for his looks by his dancing, which was superb; the woman was Grisi, working as hard in the hour of her triumph as she did when all her laurels were yet to win. She had just arrived in Vienna. I remember how kindly she spoke to me, and after watching me at my work told me that I, too, should be a great dancer. Imagine, if you can, what that praise meant to a young girl whose heart and soul were in her work. In those days the great dancers, like Taglioni, Cerito, Grisi and Grahm, were queens of the stage as well as the auditorium. When they came upon the stage for rehearsal the young girls who were beginners would come forward and kiss their hand; it was the homage of honest ambition to talent. There was

only one woman who was greater than Grisi in the world of dancing—I refer to Taglioni. At the same time comparisons between the famous dancers of that period are not quite fair. Taglioni was what was called a “ballon” dancer; she seemed to dance in the air, to float upon it at times. Grisi was wonderfully graceful, had the technique of her work by heart, was an artist “au bout des ongles” and a dainty manner that was quite irresistible. Cerito in *La Sylphide* which Taglioni had made famous, had her individuality marked as strongly as any one of the famous “pas de quatre” that electrified London when Mr. Lumley brought them to Her Majesty’s, and Fanny Elssler was one of the greatest pantomimists of the day. I used to watch her with delight, and I do not mind saying that I modeled my style upon hers. She was as great a dancer as she was a charming woman. How I remember her farewell performance! It took place at the Imperial Opera House. In all my life I never saw such a scene. All the nobility of Austria filled stalls and boxes, every man and woman in the house stood up to wave handkerchiefs and to applaud. The flowers seemed to fill the stage.

All the great dancers came to Vienna—Taglioni, Grisi, Elssler, Grahn, Cerito—but we never had more than one at a time. They came for the three months’ season of Italian opera, when the ordinary prices of admission were doubled or even trebled; and I think I may say truly that in those nights the ballet was more than the opera itself. Everybody understood dancing and held it in high esteem; people thought it was a great privilege to see one of the very renowned artistes. Dancing is very healthy, its votaries live long. I visited Grisi after she had retired from the stage, and found her as sweet a woman in private life as she had been in the early days when I, a shy little girl quite unknown, interrupted her rehearsal. Her love of dancing, her enthusiasm and delight in great dancers did not come to an end with her retirement. She shared the regret of all who were still working before the public at the gradual fall of the public interest in dancing for dancing’s sake. Perhaps she was happy to think that to her at least there had been no pause in the triumphs. She came when ballet dancing was at its best, she left before it had gone out of fashion.

*The Bayeux Tapestry*.....*London Spectator*

Everybody has heard of the Bayeux Tapestry. Everybody knows that the story of Edward, Harold and William, and of the conquest of England, is told in its series of pictures. Most people have an idea that it was worked by Queen Matilda and her ladies. But few besides those who have visited Bayeux, or have specially studied the subject, possess any clear notion of what this ancient and extraordinary work of art is really like, or any knowledge of its authentic history. Its value is great as a chronicle and as a relic of needlework certainly 800 years old. Historical and artistic, it is on both accounts a treasure; and one does not wonder that it has been an object of desire on this side of the Channel, though by good right it is among the most precious of the historical monuments of France. There was a legend that Mrs. Stothard,

when her husband was employed in copying the tapestry in 1818, cut off a piece and carried it away with her to England. In Mr. Fowke’s opinion, however, the accusation was unjust. Mr. Stothard certainly possessed two pieces of it, one of which was restored to the City of Bayeux in 1872 by the South Kensington Museum, but he is said to have rescued these pieces, before his marriage, from “a mass of rags incapable of restoration.” These rags, the existence of which seems disgraceful, were the consequence of the extraordinary manner in which the tapestry was kept and shown from the Revolution till 1835. During these years it was wound like a panorama on two cylinders, and so carelessly that it was partly worn out under this treatment, which, however, was respectful compared with what it had suffered under the Revolution. Up to that time it had been preserved with care among the treasures of Bayeux Cathedral, being brought out for eight days every summer and hung round the nave of the Cathedral. Its length is to be realized by the fact that it decorated the whole nave. But the Church had no power to protect such a treasure in 1792, though its character ought to have appealed to those who considered themselves patriots. The ancient length of linen, with its quaint embroidery, was dragged out of the Cathedral and utilized to cover one of the military wagons belonging to the local battalion. It had started on its way to the war when a worthy commissary of police, M. le Forestier, whose name should never be forgotten, flew to its rescue, brought canvas to cover the wagon in its place, and kept the tapestry in his study till he was relieved of the charge by a self-appointed commission—in those days how necessary, how beneficent—who undertook the protection of the works of art there.

Since those days the tapestry, first on cylinders in the Hôtel de Ville, latterly restored and safely framed under glass in a museum of its own, as we see it now, has been an object of pilgrimage to all kinds of people from all parts of the world. It has been copied, photographed, reproduced in color. The fact is rather curious that from 1476, when it was mentioned in a Cathedral inventory, the tapestry seems to have dropped entirely out of the world’s knowledge till 1724. Nobody cared for it but the Cathedral authorities, and they, no doubt, chiefly as a curious decoration, for it was neither beautiful nor ecclesiastical. Nobody saw it but the Bayeux citizens and the peasants who flocked in during that week of midsummer to pay their devotions to the great relics and to stare at the strange hangings of the nave. In 1724 an old drawing of part of the tapestry came into the hands of M. Lancelot, a learned antiquarian, and he tried without success to find the original. The Père Montfaucon, of St. Maur, also made a search, writing to various Benedictine abbeys in Normandy, and thus the tapestry was discovered at Bayeux, and the Père Montfaucon made it known to the world in his great book, *Monumens de la Monarchie Française*. Then English antiquaries woke up. Stukely and Ducarel wrote about “the noblest monument in the world relating to our old English history.” Since those days the bibliography of the Bayeux Tapestry has become extensive.



## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

*Wild Horses of Thibet.....W. J. Reid.....Through Unexplored Africa*

"Wild horses, called by the Sifanese Dzerlikadu, are very numerous in the country to the eastward of Sukul at the base of the mountain ranges. They are generally in large herds, very shy, and when frightened continue their flight for days. They are never hunted, owing to the difficulties of the chase, but are captured by strong nooses attached to sunken stakes, distributed in the districts which they are known to frequent, in this manner insuring their capture without injury. These horses usually roam over the country in groups of 50 to a 100. Each lot of mares is led by a stallion, the size of whose family depends on his age, strength and courage, his individual qualities keeping his herd together. Over this he maintains the most strict watchfulness, for if he descries intruders from other herds in his ranks he rushes to the encounter and tries in every way by biting and kicking to drive them off. During the breeding season the males are exceptionally aggressive, and encounters among themselves, and even attacks on human beings, are of frequent occurrence. Long before reaching this country we had been entertained by numerous narratives of a more or less nebulous character concerning the almost human characteristics of these animals, in which stories we had placed no more faith than in those usually told by the natives. The head man of Sukul we had immediately concluded was no better than his fellows, for he told such astonishing tales of the doings of this equine nation that we momentarily expected he would tell of cities, forts and houses built by them. We were all the more surprised, therefore, when, on the second day, he came to us with the assertion that, if we were still incredulous, he was ready and willing to put proof to the test, as several of his hunters had reported a number of herds in the valley plain to the southward. Accordingly, shortly before nightfall, we rode for some hours, until we had reached a spot whence we could overlook the plain where we were informed the astonishing wonders of which we had been told might be performed. About ten o'clock, as, shivering with the almost Arctic coldness of the weather, we were making futile efforts to keep warm, and cursing our stupidity in coming to verify fairy tales, we were aroused to action by an ominous stir among our ponies, who were straining at their tethers and whinnying nervously. A few minutes later a weird, shrieking howl, as of some soul in dire distress, floated through the air, sounding near at hand and yet far removed. Following the guide, we mounted to a little jutting crag overlooking the broad plain which stretched away for miles from the foot of the broad plateau, and there, indeed, saw a sight which almost beggared description. The broad expanse, lighted by the new moon, which rendered the surrounding country almost as luminous as day, was filled with herds upon herds of horses of every size, color and description. For several moments we were dumfounded at a sight so thrilling and awe-inspiring—a vast, surging mass of living, breathing animals busily engaged in feeding on the luxuriant

grass of the valley. Suddenly upon the night air resounded a blood-curdling neigh, as clear as a bugle call; and immediately the herd stopped feeding, and stood with heads erect, as a mighty army at the call of its leader. Another prolonged neigh, pitched in a somewhat higher key, and, like a whirlwind, the whole herd bolted up the valley, as orderly and regularly as the finest disciplined army, with the three or four who seemed to be the leaders symmetrically arranged ahead of the main body, and flanking and rear detachments posted with studious exactness.

"On reaching the head of the plain once more they came to a halt and grazing was resumed. Our attention had been so drawn in following the action of this herd that we had not noticed that another fully as large had come from far down the valley and had installed themselves on the feeding grounds just vacated. The scene in front was now all-engaging; cold and fatigue were alike forgotten in the enthralling interest of the moment. For half an hour both herds cropped the short grass in silence, when a shrill neigh from the group nearest to us attracted our attention in their direction. They had all stopped feeding, and stood restless and fearful, as if detecting the approach of some terrible enemy. Suddenly from out the compactly gathered mass sprang a gigantic stallion, who, after pawing the earth and meanwhile neighing fiercely, proceeded at a gallop a full half-mile up the valley, stopping every few hundred feet to repeat his bellicose neighing. Following his movements, we now saw that another animal was galloping down in a similar manner from the other herd, doubtless to accept the challenge. The newcomer was a magnificent snow-white, and, with the clear light of the moon shining upon him, he presented a gigantic appearance when contrasted with his smaller antagonist. When within a quarter of a mile of each other the two beasts came to another halt, and stood facing their respective herds, pawing the ground and neighing fiercely, bending their shapely necks much in the manner of two actors in sword combat making the preliminary flourish previous to deadly action.

"This overture lasted for fully fifteen minutes, when, with startling suddenness, both animals leaped around and rushed at each other with the velocity of well-aimed projectiles. Nearer and nearer they came in their mad, onward career, and we were waiting the moment when the two grand beasts must come together with tremendous force. But, no! for, when within twenty feet of each other, they came back on their haunches, and eyed each other cautiously for a moment, as if awaiting the necessary opening. And then, with one last defiant neigh at each other, they leaped to the encounter.

"To describe the events of the next ten minutes would require pages of hyperbole to give in any measure a faint idea of the supreme grandeur and weirdness of this herculean struggle between two giants. They rushed at each other time and time again like immense catapults; they fought with tooth and hoof, while no other sound could be



heard—the two herds, who had meanwhile approached nearer to the struggle, gazing on their leaders as if carved in stone. One would have had to be within a few feet of the titanic combat to describe accurately the events of that short quarter of an hour. The two beasts could be seen rearing in the air, locked together like two wrestlers, their teeth tearing each other and their great hoofs relentlessly kicking in all directions with the force of pile-drivers. Both animals were tiring perceptibly, when in an instant all was over. A sharp rally, and then the ghostly form of the big white stallion rose alone, and on the ground lay the prostrate body of his antagonist. The victor contented himself with giving utterance to short, exultant neighs, and ever and anon kicking the body of his defeated foe.

"We had seen the great equine duel, but we little knew what was yet in store for us. Soon there was a movement in both herds, and with the same military promptness as we had witnessed before, with the mares and colts in the centre, the two bodies formed, and, without the least warning or signal, rushed at each other. It seemed as if the very heavens were falling in. The din and crash as they swept together, even at our distance, was terrific, and in the clear moonlight could be seen the rolling mass of contestants surging like a huge wave over the plain. At the end of ten minutes, and as suddenly as it had commenced, the battle terminated, and the two herds slowly separated. We could now see some of the results of the awful conflict, for, scattered here and there all over the plain, were the forms of those who had fallen in the sanguinary conflict."

*The Marathon of the Seals.....F. T. Bullen.....The Spectator*

One bright spring morning, when after a full meal the females were all dozing peacefully among the boulders, and the pups were gleefully waddling and tumbling among them, there came a message from the sea to the fighting males, who instantly suspended their family battles to attend to the urgent call. How the news came they alone knew, its exact significance was hidden even from them, but a sense of imminent danger was upon them all. The females called up their young and retreated farther inland among the labyrinth of rocky peaks that made the place almost impassable for human travel. The males, about forty of them, ranged uneasily along the shore, their wide nostrils dilated and their whiskers bristling with apprehension. Ever and anon they would pause in their watchful patrol and couch silently as if carved in marble, staring seaward with unwinking eyes at the turbulent expanse of broken sea. Presently, within a cable's length of the shore, up rose an awful head—the enemy had arrived. Another and another appeared until a whole herd of several scores of sea-elephants were massed along the land edge and beginning to climb ponderously over the jagged pinnacles shoreward. Not only did they outnumber the seals by about four to one, but each of them was equal in bulk to half a dozen of the largest of the defenders. Huge as the great land mammal from whom they take their trivial name, ferocious in their aspect, as they inflated their short trunks and bared their big gleaming teeth, they hardly

deigned to notice the gallant band of warriors who faced them. Straight upward they came, as if the outlying rocks had suddenly been endowed with life and were shapelessly invading the dry land. But never an inch did the little company of defenders give back. With every head turned to the foe and every sinew tense with expectation they waited, waited until at last the two forces met. Such was the shock of their impact that one would have thought the solid earth trembled beneath them, and for awhile in that writhing, groaning, roaring mass nothing could be clearly distinguished. Presently, however, it could be seen that the lighter, warier seals were fighting upon a definite plan, and that they carefully avoided the danger of being overwhelmed under the unwieldy masses of their enemies. While the huge elephants hampered each other sorely, and often set their terrible jaws into a comrade's neck, shearing through blubber and sinew and bone, the nimbler seals hung on the outskirts of the heavy leviathans and wasted no bite. But the odds were tremendous. One after another of the desperately fighting seals fell crushed beneath a mammoth many times his size; again and again a fiercely struggling defender, jammed between two gigantic assailants, found his head between the jaws of one of them, who would instantly crush it into pulp. Still they fought on wearily but unflinchingly until only six remained alive. Then, as suddenly as if by some instant agreement, hostilities ceased. The remnant of the invaders crawled heavily seaward, leaving the rugged battleground piled mountainously with their dead. The survivors sank exhausted where they had fought such a memorable fight, and slept securely, knowing well that their home was safe—the enemy would return no more. And the rejoicing, ravenous birds came in their countless hosts to feast upon the slain.

*In the Jaws of the Lion.....The Spectator*

The attacks of the lesser carnivora, smaller in proportion to man, are frequently very painful; but matters are so ordered that the bite of a dog or a ferret is usually more painful than the injuries inflicted by the jaws of the lion.

J. Crowther Hirst, in his *Is Nature Cruel?* states that "the view that no actual pain is suffered at the time seems almost universal. In most cases it would seem that there was no knowledge of the actual contact, even in the first rush of a lion, much less of any pain experienced from tooth wounds." This was the view not only of the English, but of natives. In one or two cases where consciousness was entirely lost, the person "came to" while the lion was still standing over him, a period of complete anaesthesia and unconsciousness having intervened. But more commonly those who have been attacked and have recovered are conscious all the time, and if they suffer at all do not feel acute pain. This may be accounted for partly by the shock given by the charge, which forms the usual preliminary to being wounded. A lion comes at its enemy at full speed, galloping low, and dashes a man standing upright to the ground by the full impact of its body. Major Inverarity states that "the claws and teeth entering the flesh do not hurt as much as you would think," but that the squeeze given by

the jaws on the bone is really painful. When knocked over he was still keenly conscious, and felt none of the dreamy sensation experienced by Livingstone. Major Swaine, struck down by a lioness going full gallop, was unconscious for some minutes, and did not know what had happened till he found himself standing up after the accident. "I felt no pain," he writes, "not, I believe, owing to any special interposition of Providence, but simply that the shock and loss of blood made me incapable of feeling it. There was no pain for a few days, till it was brought on by the swelling of my arm on the twelve days' ride to the coast." Captain Noyes, attacked in the same district by a lion in 1895, was charged down, and bitten, until the creature left him, probably when attacked by his servants. His hand was badly bitten, but he "was not conscious of any feeling of fear, or any pain whatever, probably because there was no time, but felt exactly as if he had been bowled over in a football match, and nothing more." A far worse accident was that which befel Lieutenant Vandezee in the same year, near Beira. The lion charged him down in the usual way, and mangled his thighs and fractured one of his arms. "During the time the attack on me by the lion was in progress," he writes, "I felt no pain whatever, although there was a distinct feeling of being bitten—that is, I was perfectly conscious, independently of seeing the performance, that the lion was gnawing at me, but there was no pain. . . . I may mention that while my thighs were being gnawed I took two cartridges out of the breast pocket of my shirt, and threw them to the Kaffir, who was hovering a few yards away, telling him to load my rifle, and immediately the lion died and rolled off me, I scrambled up and took a loaded rifle and fired at the carcass."

*Mr. Bullen's Orphan Whale.....Contributed  
To the Editor:*

My attention has been called by friends who know of my experiences in the sperm whale fishery, to a story published in *The Independent* of April 27, entitled *The Orphan*, by Frank T. Bullen, who, as explained by editorial note, is the author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, a recently published book which received high praise from the critics, and to which "an enthusiastic preface was written by Mr. Kipling."

I have not had the pleasure of reading Mr. Bullen's book, but I am perfectly willing to concede that any literary work Mr. Kipling indorses is more than apt to be good reading. The creator of Mowgli is too conscientious laborer to eulogize second-rate performance in others, and he must have discerned high merit in *The Cruise of the Cachalot* to have induced him to depart so far from his usual reticent habit as he appears to have done in this instance.

However, if Kipling had ever chased the sperm whale himself (what glorious whaling yarns we should have had!) I take the liberty of believing that he would have hesitated before writing an "enthusiastic preface to *The Orphan* as it appeared in *The Independent*. If there is one thing about Mr. Kipling's work more remarkable than the glamour of his style it is his absolute fidelity to truth. In

his wonderful creations, where bird and beast, reptile and man, are played with by his fancy until one feels in an Arabian Night's dream, he is as true to Nature as Nature's self. His wolves and tigers never transcend the laws of their being. He knows his elephant as accurately as I do my dog. In *Captains Courageous* he absolutely gets under the skin of a codfish, feels with its feelings, and is moved by the same impulses.

Now, to come to my definite charge in regard to *The Orphan*, this is the kind of work that Mr. Bullen does not appear to do, judging him by this story. I do not wish to be understood that he does not know his whale. On the contrary, the narrative proves that he does, and very intimately. My accusation is a graver one. He is not true to the eternal verities. Were he talking to an audience in New Bedford, or Nantucket, or Sag Harbor fifty years ago the old salts would shift their quids a bit uneasily, but still would listen indulgently, because they would understand that he was in many cases stretching the truth for the sake of artistic effect.

But there are no longer such audiences, and Mr. Bullen is the self-constituted historian of a great industry that has vanished from among us. The readers of to-day cannot detect his inaccuracies and make allowances for them. Whaling never fostered a breed of writers. Whale-catching and story-telling are essentially different trades; in fact, with the exception of Herman Melville there never appears to have been one who hunted leviathan who could tell the tale with literary fitness until Mr. Bullen hove in sight. He does not appear to realize the gravity or importance of his self-imposed task, and it is to publicly entreat him to be true to himself, to the whale, to literature and to his sponsor that I pen these words.

No cabin-boy ever sailed out of New Bedford who does not know that if a bull and a school of cows are attacked from a boat the cows will leave their lord the moment the "iron" is fast in his blubber, and "shove junk" to secure their own safety. On the other hand, if a cow is harpooned first the school will linger apparently to tender assistance and sympathy. The whale incident of the encounter of the school of seven cows, the bull and the calf on pages 1134 and 1135 is out of gear. Mr. Bullen's whaling is deplorable—on paper! If I had been the officer of that boat I should certainly have used a lance on the calf first instead of letting my boat-steerer make fast to the bull. Every man who ever "broke blackskin" knows that a bull never abandons his cows, or the cows a calf. So the whole school might have been killed, while I'll stake my existence that any man who ever chased a whale will tell you that thirty seconds after the bull was "fast" there would not have been a hump in sight.

In the same incident Mr. Bullen speaks vaguely of "invisible death-darts that continually pierced him (the bull) to the very seat of his vast vitality." In my day every whale boat carried two "irons," or harpoons (the second or "preventer," in case the first missed). There were also two lances, but no invisible death-darts.

Again, the author of *The Orphan* says that "only when advancing age renders him (the bull whale)



unable to hold his own against jealous rivals . . . does he forsake the school and wander off solitary and morose about the infinite solitudes," etc., etc. If Mr. Bullen's bull whales were so gregarious during the "robustious" period, I feel very certain that they were the only ones of their species who were. I have seen as many and more "lone bulls" who were young than ones who were aged, and most whalemens used to think that a school of cows was always within call of the solitary patriarch. The method of his summons in these cases is one of the unfathomed secrets of the great sea mammal.

On page 1138 this acrobatic Orphan whale "swiftly and gracefully turned head over flukes, rising on his back and clutching the nearest of his opponents by his pendulous under jaw." The next time you go a-swimming try this manoeuvre yourself and see how you'll rise. Then "pendulous" is a very hazardous adjective to apply to a sperm whale's under jaw. In the next column "the aggressors (whalemens) were busily engaged clearing their boat of the hampering sail, and perforce helpless for a time!" How old 'Zene Bourne, who headed the boat of which I pulled tub oar, would grin at that if he could arise from his grave. The "hampering sail" never made us helpless, and it was 'Zene's favorite way of going on to a whale. And "six oars!" A Nantucket quahaug knows there was only five in a whale boat.

But I am not going to continue in this hypercritical strain. Mr. Bullen was talking to an audience of land lubbers, and it is not fair to him to have an "old whale" pick holes in his statements.

JAMES COOPER WHEELER.

*Training Horses to Face Fire*.....*Pearson's Magazine*

In the British army the four-legged recruits are drawn up in a ring round an instructor who fires a pistol. Some take the flash and report very quietly, and these are soon passed on to severer trials, while the others have lesson after lesson until they are quite convinced that there is no danger to them, and before long you might fire a seven-pounder within a yard of them and they would hardly look around. After this they are taught to face fire—that is to say, to gallop fearlessly up to a line or square of infantry, blazing away with their rifles, and to charge batteries of quick-firing guns. Of course, only blank cartridges are used, and so to a trained horse going into battle for the first time there is no difference between the harmless thunder of the manoeuvres and the death-dealing storm which sweeps over a battlefield. The poor brute only learns what the difference really is by bitter experience.

When smokeless powder came into general use it was found that in many cases horses which would face the smoke of guns using black powder without flinching, flinched and shied at the flash and roar unaccompanied by smoke. Continental opinion is somewhat divided as to the moral effect of smokeless powder on men and horses, but the general conclusion seems to be that in daylight it is not more terrifying than black powder, although some hold that to see men and horses struck down by an invisible agency must necessarily be so. But it is generally agreed that the use of smokeless powder

at night has a much more disturbing effect than that of the old powder, because the flashes of the guns, unobscured by smoke, are a great deal more vivid. The fear thus inspired can, however, be overcome by training; but there is another fear which must, in the nature of the case, be felt for the first time on the battlefield, and that is the often uncontrollable terror produced both in men and horses by the whistling of bullets and the screaming and banging of shells. Some authorities have, indeed, said that since the introduction of smokeless powder and the great increase in the range and accuracy of weapons, it would be impossible to keep cavalry in hand under the fire of modern artillery, but this is probably an exaggeration.

*Bookworms*.....*Willard Austen*.....*Popular Science Monthly*

A review of the different families of insects whose habits under favorable conditions lead them to infest books and bindings will show them to be more or less well defined according to their feeding habits. The book scorpions and mite, "Cheyletus eruditus," which do not come under the head of insects, are primarily carnivorous, and their presence in books may be due to the fact that they find there animal as well as vegetable food. This is certainly true of the book scorpion, which feeds on mites, book lice and other small insects. The "fish moths" or "silver fish," the "book lice" and the "cockroaches" can have no other reason for infesting books than their liking for farinaceous substances such as are used in and about the bindings and labels of books. For this reason the damage done by them is largely confined to the exterior or interior of the bindings, and only so much of the books itself is injured as comes in their way in their search for food. The "white ants" feed principally on wood, and in and about books there is more or less wood fibre which would be to the liking of these voracious feeders. The moths and beetles are the burrowers and borers. They seek retired places in which to lay their eggs where the larvæ will be surrounded with food for their growth. The moths and some of the beetles are more given to burrowing in the bindings, keeping close to the outer surface for the purpose, it is thought, of making it easy for the imago to emerge after the change is completed; while others bore straight tunnels often from cover to cover.

A natural conclusion for one who has gone over the literature of book-injuring pests to reach is that the many persons that have been industriously looking for the bookworm, as well as those that have reported the finding of isolated specimens, some dead, some alive, have had in mind the one creature which bored holes in books. The frequent use of the terms "genuine bookworm," "the real bookworm," etc., reveals the fact that the users of these phrases approached the subject with a preconceived idea of the kind of creature they should find to account for the ravages only too apparent on scores of volumes which pass through the hands of booksellers and bookkeepers. To many the boring beetles are the only creatures which are rightfully called bookworms, and in their search other book pests have not been given enough attention.



## AN IMMERSION\*

Mr. Crimp's trousers were tucked into his boots, and he wore his hat a little on one side. He appeared highly elated by the prospect before him. In his hand he held a paper, and from this he read in a loud voice, stepping forward to command attention:

"Rose Rooney, aged nineteen years, converted to the Christian faith, and accepted the doctrines of the Christian Church, August 12, 1894.

"Joel Milligan, aged thirty-three years, converted August 26, 1894.

"Elnora Malvina Milligan, aged twenty-four years, converted August 26, 1894.

"Margaret Janet Milligan, aged twenty-one years, converted August 26, 1894."

The preacher placed his hat on the bank, and waded out into the pool, cautiously feeling for a level bottom. "Rose Rooney," he called loudly, beckoning with his hands.

Without a moment's hesitation, Rose Rooney pulled off her sunbonnet and tossed it to her mother. The ruddy color had died out of her cheeks. The scanty folds of her gray gown clung to her tall form, showing its crude but artistic outlines like a sculptured figure half-chiseled. She clasped the preacher's outstretched hands and stepped into the water beside him. She stood waist-deep. A shiver ran through her frame, her eyes were wide open and frightened, like a child's.

Her two little children crept close to the edge, breathless with curiosity, staring round-eyed with lips apart.

Their mother saw neither them nor the crowd on the bank. After the first shock of the water, a rapt and dreamy look had come into her eyes. She was alone. Visionary ideas of salvation and of another world whose boundaries the rite of immersion was to gain for her filled her childish soul to the oblivion of all else.

The preacher, raising his hands heavenward, repeated a prayer. The people bowed their heads.

"Great God, sanctify this water to the mystical washing away of this woman's sinful affections. Grant that this water may give her power to triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil. Grant that the old Adam in this woman may be buried."

A convulsion broke over the features of the convert. She clasped her rough hands before her face, and trembled and cried. Her attitude was that of a penitent. Did she grasp the meaning of the vows she was about to take, or was she wrought to the pitch of nervous excitement by an awe-inspiring ceremony?

Her agitation thrilled the people. The women broke into sobs. Mrs. Flieger wept aloud, and her husband groaned, while tears forced themselves underneath his closed eyelids and coursed down his cheeks. Even Ruth and Hermia Wood succumbed to the passing thrill of emotion.

The preacher attempted to draw away Rose

Rooney's hands, but, as if in terror, she persisted in hiding her eyes. He then placed his hands on her shoulders, and in resonant tones reciting the baptismal form, he drew her backward until the water bubbled over her face and hair.

"Buried with Christ in baptism, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, I baptize thee."

The convert reappeared on the surface, drenched, gasping for breath, her lips purple, her chest and shoulders heaving. She turned in a bewildered way to the bank. Some one struck up a familiar chorus, and the people lifted their voices and sang:

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore."

Rose Rooney climbed shivering out of the water. Her stepfather sprang to aid her. His kindly features wore an expression of deep concern; he threw a heavy woolen shawl over her shoulders, and hurried her into the carriage.

"Next! Joel Milligan!" shouted Mr. Crimp.

No one responded to the call. The people on the bank turned around and looked at the people behind them; and they in their turn stared at those in the rear. There was a confused whispering and nudging. Mr. Post sternly elbowed his way through the crowd until he confronted the scared face of Malvina Milligan.

"Where's that man o' yours?"

"I d'n know; I 'lowed he was hyur; I can't think whur he's took hisself."

"Ain't he about?" demanded Mr. Crimp from the middle of the pool, and several voices replied: "No, he ain't."

Jimmy Rooney thrust himself into the midst of the excited crowd. He was a blue-eyed boy of three years. His hat, in close imitation of Mr. Crimp's, was stuck on the side of his head, and his sturdy little figure bristled with importance.

"I seen him! I seen Joel Milligan!"

An interested audience collected.

"Where'd he go to? Where's he at?"

Jimmy jerked his thumb in the direction of the Milligan claim.

"Over yonder! I seen him kitin' acros't the prairie! He jist hit the road!"

The spell was broken. The people parted into knots of twos and threes. Everybody talked aloud at oncè. In the midst of the confusion, Malvina Milligan lifted her children into the aged family buggy and jumped in after them. Several voices called to detain her. She shouted back her intention of finding and restoring her truant husband, slapped the old mule with the reins and ambled away. She was soon beyond recall.

Thus it happened that the only remaining candidate for baptism was Maggie Milligan, but, upon being importuned to come forth and enter the water, she, too, hung back, and refused to be baptized without her sister.

Mr. Crimp sat down on the bank. He looked considerably less elated than half an hour since.

"'Tain't very pleasant to get your breeches wet for one convert! But a minister has got to expect such things," said Mr. Crimp.

\*From Windy Creek. By Helen Stuart Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

## AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

"Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" says quaint Touchstone, in "As You Like it," and, indeed, the question may well be asked from one who strolls through "garden, field and forest" in search of objects of beauty or scientific treasures. The whole field of plant-life is full of phases which arouse all manner of philosophic thought, and the mind is led on through mazes of striking anomalies and analogies. It would not be easy to find an apter illustration of the truth of this than the following extract from an article by Richard Kerr, F. G. S.:

*The Monkey's Dinner-Bell.....Helping Words*

"We are accustomed to noisy outbursts occasionally when we are in the neighborhood of certain representatives of the animal kingdom. Such outbursts we generally describe as the outcome of 'animal spirits.' And, unfortunately, we know that too frequently many noisy results proceed from the use of 'vegetable spirits,' or spirits extracted from certain plants. But in England we are wholly unprepared for noisy and obstreperous conduct on the part of the plants themselves. The English trees and their allies behave themselves in a becoming manner. To the English people they are models of steady, decorous conduct. This exemplary behavior, which is the invariable rule in the home countries, leads us to the deceptive idea that the trees of other parts of the world are endowed with the same self-respect. But this is far from being the case. Certain trees of the West Indies and of the tropical parts of South America, instead of being circumspect, at certain seasons of the year seem to revel in playing pranks not only upon the natives but also upon the monkeys that honor them with denizenship. When trees are given to frivolity an allowance must be made for the comic antics of the monkeys of the New World. It will be seen from the following that some idea of the natural laws prevailing among certain species of trees in the West may be obtained without journeying across the Atlantic."

One cannot read such a passage as this without feeling what a different tone has arisen in the way in which we look at plants. A very few years ago such language, applied to "inanimate" vegetables, would have been considered as eminently improper. Nowadays we can enjoy this playful and entertaining way of looking at nature without any danger of being charged with materialism or unorthodoxy. Continuing the same interesting paper, Mr. Kerr goes on:

"A few winters ago we received a consignment of vegetable curiosities from a relative in British Guiana. Among the number were several 'Sand-box Nuts,' botanically known as 'Hura crepitans.' Not a word was said about the proclivities of these nuts. Perhaps it was just as well. It may have been better for our education that we were left in ignorance. . . . One beautiful specimen, with sixteen compartments, with radiations forming a superb design in geometry, was placed under a glass shade on the mantelpiece. It was often taken out, handled, admired, and its sixteen kernels rattled. It was then replaced side by side with other treasures. I was proud of my possession. No one

else in the town had one. It was well for them that they were denied this privilege. The local museum could not boast of a single specimen. I commend the curator for his respect, for his glass cases and for the eyes of his clients. For several months our nut was in high favor, and was prized beyond most of the specimens in our collection. There was no need to prize it, for it had a peculiar way of prizing itself. One night, without any warning, a loud report, quite up to the vibration-pitch of any pistol I ever heard, startled the whole house. We thought that we had been fired at through the window, and this surmise gained support, owing to the shower of broken glass that followed the report. The window was not broken, but the glass case was gone from the mantelpiece, and, alas! my beautiful sand-box nut was gone as well. The experience opened up in a moment the why and wherefore of this startling explosion. It appears that the explosion is necessary for the protection of the trees. Owing to this effort the kernels are scattered several yards away and do not fall immediately under the tree, as would be the case if the pods opened gradually. It requires no great stretch of imagination to see that if the seeds fell under the tree they would take root, grow up and ultimately impoverish the parent tree. This, in time, would tend to the degeneracy of the species. One cannot but admire the wisdom that is thus extended to the trees of the forest. A general, who has spent several years in Jamaica, informs me that one of these trees, growing immediately in front of his quarters, was the source of some lively scenes during the ripening season. Repeatedly were the fragments of the exploded nuts sent in through windows. The monkeys in the branches of 'Hura crepitans' never seemed to become reconciled to these explosions, for, as soon as a report takes place, they scamper away to the other side of the tree, only to be met with more reports and consequent terror. For this reason the nuts are called the 'monkey's dinner-bell.'

"It is worth notice that under favorable conditions all the compartments of each nut explode simultaneously. This arises from the drying up and contraction of certain layers of the cell walls. Sometimes the fragments and kernels are scattered to a distance of fifteen or sixteen yards away from the outermost limits of the tree. The diameter of the nut is about that of an orange.

"In the museum in Kew Gardens one bottleful of specimens is preserved in a solution, thus preventing the drying and contracting process. Close by is a glass jar containing dried specimens. These can scarcely burst asunder, because several strands of stout copper wire have been passed around the circumference and several times across the nut. One can imagine the pent-up force in each little nut when we see them bound with copper wire sufficient to bind a strong man to a post. Doubtless this law of nature, whereby nuts and pods explode when completely ripe, is to be observed in a great number of other instances; but we think it would be diffi-



cult to find one in which the explosion is so great or the ornamentation so perfect as in the sand-box nut."

Mr. Kerr is undoubtedly right. The phenomenon is observed in some of the violets, in a cress, in some of the balsams, in a spurge and in other plants which have been recorded. One of these, allied to the mistletoe, often throws its seeds from one tree to another. The squirting cucumber, if touched by an unwary person, is apt to discharge the contents right in the face. None of these, however, proceeds with such vigor and regularity of division as the "monkey's dinner-bell." When we think of the hurry and decision with which the "Hura" gets rid of its offspring, we also fall into the spirit of "philosophy," and wonder how it is that the cocoanut palm not only provides its seeds with an almost impenetrable covering, but drops them gently at its very own feet. This instance is exactly the opposite of the one already quoted, and affords a good example of the diverse plans and methods of Nature. But the very name of cocoanut brings us back to the practical side of life, and the following article presents a picture of what may be called the very practical side of "epicurean" philosophy:

*Cocoanuts in Cuba.....Michigan Mirror*

"The saying goes that a cocoanut tree bears a nut for every day in the year. In time of peace one might buy a dozen nuts for a twenty-cent coin anywhere in the rural districts of Cuba, and he who has never tasted the milk from one freshly gathered can have no idea what is meant by "a draught fit for the gods." In their proper state, however, the nuts are not brown and hard, as you see them in Northern markets. They look like enormous pale-green apples, slightly elongated; for each still wears its Robin Hood jacket, which is removed before shipment. Being still 'alive,' as they say on the island, its shell is soft and easily cut with the machete or long-bladed knife, which every countryman carries, or your own pocket-knife may answer the purpose. Make a hole in one end of the nut, about the size of a half-dollar, and out gushes the milk like a living spring, not by any means such sour stuff as you have seen come out of the cocoanuts at home, white as chalk and thick as buttermilk. The trouble is that the cocoanuts of commerce are gathered before they are ripe, and are entirely spoiled in transit. The fluid shut up within it should have no suggestion of milk, but be colorless as water, with a slight sparkle like that from some clear mountain spring, except for a slightly sweet and most delicious flavor. If freshly picked in the early morning, after the nut has been swinging all night in the cool breezes, the liquid is almost ice-cold. Where cocoanuts grow you never see inside of their shells any of that hard, white layer which the Northerners grate and desiccate (one might as well say desecrate), for in its best estate the nut has no such substance, only a creamy-white film inside of it, hardly thicker than your thumbnail, which is scraped off with a spoon when eaten. Before drinking the juice the tenderfoot generally pours it out into another vessel than that which Nature intended; but the sophisticated epicure tilts trickle down his throat—and, like the old toper we trickle down his throat—and, like the old toper we have heard of, he wishes that his throat were a mile long! There is nothing in the wide world more nourishing or fattening, more health-restoring and

youth-preserving. Emaciated invalids are recommended to begin on the juice of half-a-dozen nuts a day, the dose to be increased according to the patient's inclination. And the invalid is yet to be discovered who does not develop a taste for it so rapidly that in a week's time half-a-dozen nuts at a single sitting will hardly satisfy him. Each full-grown nut contains nearly a pint of this true "fountain of youth"—the same, perhaps, which the old Conquistadores sought vainly far and wide, expecting to find it gushing out of the earth in some sequestered spot, instead of hanging, green and beautiful, everywhere overhead."

The writer of the above is nearly as enthusiastic about this natural beverage as Mr. Grant Allen is. Truly, there must be danger of dwellers and sojourners in these regions becoming sybaritic, for in the annexed extract there is additional evidence of the abundant hand with which Nature supplies their wants and luxuries:

*Grown in Hawaiian Islands.....New York Dispatch*

"The soil of the Hawaiian Islands is of a very rich volcanic nature, and nearly all the plants and trees of the tropical and temperate zones may be grown on it, but only a small portion of the land is under cultivation. When irrigation is perfected there is scarcely a limit to the productive capabilities of the islands.

"Citric fruits, oranges, lemons, limes and grape fruits can be grown, ripening in time to supply the deficiency of the California market when that gives out. All vegetables, breadstuffs, mangoes, dates, figs, pomegranates, mulberries, strawberries, guavas and cocoanuts grow in profusion. There are hundreds of acres of land which might be used for cocoanut groves with great success. Thousands of acres are covered with guavas in the wild state, which are falling to the ground ungathered. The fruit makes a fine jelly, and United States capital might make guava jelly factories profitable.

"Celery is grown if the proper soil is selected. That this vegetable thrives in a warm climate was proved in Southern California, where five years ago not enough was produced to supply the home market, but on the introduction of skilled methods from Michigan, celery raising has become a great industry. Dairying might be made a profitable business in the Hawaiian Islands, but at present is neglected."

It is worth while to let the imagination have scope and to try to picture to ourselves what the vegetation of the earth will be when man has carried out his schemes of introducing the plants of one region into another to which they were alien and, apparently, unfitted. There are, however, limitations which will prevent man doing exactly as he wishes. Nature is bountiful, but, at times, she imposes insuperable difficulties in the way of re-distributing the results of her distribution. We have some very interesting remarks on this phase of man's relations with the plant-world in—

*The Peach in Florida.....Florida Times-Union*

"With all our sanguine anticipations as to the future of the peach in Florida, candor compels us to admit that the natural conditions here are not as favorable as they might be, not as favorable as they are for the citrus family. In some parts of the Argentine Confederation, with a climate as tropical as ours, the peaches introduced by the Spaniards have



taken so readily to the land that they have spontaneously formed extensive thickets, bearing luscious fruit, and the trees have propagated themselves so extensively over the country as to be used for fuel. This surpasses the most extravagant stories recorded of our wild orange groves. Yet, when an acclimated variety is planted on suitable soil and properly cultivated, the peach shows itself more at home here than it does in the North. In a Northern climate, when a peach tree begins to languish, it is as good as gone, and might as well be uprooted at once; but in Florida a tree which has apparently passed its zenith may be kept in fair bearing condition for several years. It should be pruned back every year or two, at least those varieties throwing out long willowy limbs; otherwise the leverage of fruit on the ends of the long boughs will break them down. This must be supplemented by thinning, as a special measure for preventing 'off years.' In addition to this judicious pruning—not excessive shortening-in—there must be liberal culture and fertilizing and assiduous hunting out of borers and root-knot parasites. The old Indian and Spanish peaches about the pioneer's cabin often put to shame by their vigor and fruitfulness the vaunted exotics, budded and petted, grown by the newcomer. This was because, in addition to their acclimated condition, they were grown near the house, and, therefore, well-nourished by the waste of the premises, and did not have their roots lacerated by frequent cultivation, leading to the attacks of the root-knot parasites. They grew up as household pets, like the farmer's children, under the gentle and kindly ministration of letting alone, yielding abundant crops of fruit, generally inferior in flavor, perhaps, but sound, solid, of a fairly prolonged season and furnishing the farmer's table with the fruit acids needed in hot climates—when the good wife did not, in pursuance of a false system, drown them in syrup.

"These old household pets of the pioneer frequently had a remarkable longevity, and were capable of renewing their youth. It was not infrequently the case that declining peach trees fifteen years old or over, after being sawed off a few feet from the ground, renewed their heads with fruit-bearing wood in abundance, especially if they were dug up and replanted in a new place clear of parasitic and fungus germs. These old aboriginal peaches generally showed their acclimated condition, among other ways, by the growth of a thick fuzz, which served the same purpose as the heavy coating of hair on the body of the Florida pony, and even in the inside of his ears, as a protection against vermin. Unless generously supplied with ashes—for which the peach with its heavy stone has an unbounded appetite—these pioneer strains of peaches generally lacked flavor and bright color. 'Potash colors the peach,' says the noted orchardist Hale; and if ashes are lacking the element should be liberally supplied from commercial sources. The peach does not lend itself to bonanza fruit culture like the orange, but a man of fine horticultural genius, with two or three acres of choice early varieties, may achieve results of fascinating brilliance, or above the average attainable with the orange.

The varieties descended from Oriental strains, which our Florida specialists have wonderfully improved, are capable of giving in open-air culture specimens of fruit almost equal in delicacy of 'bloom' and exquisite flavor to the product of the hothouse. These fruits are very perishable; they must be picked within twenty-four hours of the right time, and to determine these nice points requires little less than genius. . . . The trees last only a few years, but under good management they accomplish such brilliant results that in four years after planting they might be dug up and thrown over the fence, and yet leave the owner's pockets well lined with bankbills."

It, of course, goes without saying, that a large share of the interest in garden, field and forest partakes of a commercial nature, and that the "bankbills" are of great importance. There remains, however, a considerable amount of observation and study, which, while botanical in its character and originating with lovers of nature, bears on questions which affect hygienic, among other, conditions, and even the national prosperity of a people. Much of this observation and study has, of late years, been turned to forestry, not so much for the commercial advantage to be derived from the possession of vast tracts of timber of value in the lumber yard as for the bearing that forests have on the physical conditions of a country. To those who have taken an interest in this question of late, the following will be accepted as a valuable note:

*Regions Without Trees.....Atlantic Monthly*

"Any one who has traveled through the comparatively treeless countries around the Mediterranean, such as Spain, Sicily, Greece, Northern Africa and large portions of Italy, must fervently pray that our own country may be preserved from so dismal a fate. It is not the loss of the forests only that is to be dreaded, but the loss of agricultural regions now fertile and populous, which may be desolated by the floods that rush down from bare hills and mountains, bringing with them vast quantities of sand and gravel to be spread over the lowlands. Traveling a few years ago through Tunisie, I came suddenly upon a fine Roman bridge of stone over a wide, bare, dry river bed. It stood some thirty feet above the bed of the river, and had once served the needs of a prosperous population. Marveling at the height of the bridge above the ground, I asked the French stationmaster if the river ever rose to the arches which carried the roadway of the bridge. His answer testified to the strength of the bridge. He said: 'I have been here four years, and have three times seen the river running over the parapets of that bridge.' That country was once one of the richest granaries of the Roman Empire. It now yields a scanty support for a sparse and semi-barbarous population. The whole region roundabout is treeless. The care of the national forests is a provision for future generations, for the permanence over vast areas of our country of the great industries of agriculture and mining upon which the prosperity of the country ultimately depends. A good forest administration would soon support itself, but it should be organized in the interests of the whole country, no matter what it costs."

No one will question the wisdom of these remarks, and unless the wheels of the Government move quickly, the nation may awake to find the truth of the old adage about locking the door after the steed is stolen.

## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*The America Cup.....Byron and Shipping*

If the British public had their way, they would, without doubt, deem him who brings the America Cup back to England worthy of a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. But were such a tribute of national regard actually guaranteed, it could hardly spur British yachtsmen to do more than they have done and are doing to wrest that trophy from its present holders. The Cup, an insignificant matter so far as intrinsic value goes, was first won by the United States schooner *America* in August, 1851. It was a Queen's Cup, and the race was one of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the course to be sailed over being round the Isle of Wight. "There is no second, your Majesty!" was the report made to the Queen, who was anxiously watching the conclusion of the race, and in contests between English and American yachts there has been no second worthy of the name yet. In 1851 there was a chance of British boats being both second and first, but, unfortunately, our fastest representatives, the historic *Alarm* and *Arrow*, were prevented from finishing, the one by going ashore, and the other by unselfishly staying to render assistance. Thus the Cup, which henceforward was known as the "America" Cup after the winner, passed to the States, and there it still remains, and there it will—though we do not wish to be pessimistic—probably stay for some time to come.

It is obvious that an English yacht competing in American waters is heavily handicapped by reason of the all-important fact that she has to voyage across the Atlantic, and must therefore be built so strongly that she will make the voyage without unduly straining hull or spars. But the provision of this necessary strength means an increase of weights that materially prejudices her chances of success when competing with a lighter craft specially designed and built for sailing in comparatively light airs and calm water. Without doubt, the great disability under which English craft labor is geographical. The Eastern seaboard of the United States, like England, enjoys a predominance of westerly winds, with the natural result that while we experience the rude blasts which have gathered strength and the companionship of heavy seas during their passage across the Atlantic, American yachtsmen can pursue their craft in waters sheltered by the land. Thus weather conditions have tended to the evolution of a British yacht, which shall be, first and foremost, a good, stout sea-boat, and when we add to this inherently heavy type the additional strength necessary to enable a boat to make a voyage across the Atlantic, it is plain that choice of ground means everything, or nearly so. But, in spite of this very serious and, to a great extent, irremovable handicap, British yachtsmen have ever, with indomitable pluck, addressed themselves to the recovery of the "America" Cup.

When first the trophy was carried westward, it remained in the hands of its winners unchallenged for twenty years; in fact, it might have done forever but for the sporting instincts and courtesies of its winners. In 1870, Mr. Ashbury built the *Cambria*

schooner, but in August of that year she was hopelessly defeated by twenty-seven minutes by the United States representative *Magic*. Not deterred by one defeat, the intrepid Mr. Ashbury tried again the next year to lower the American colors, but his schooner, the *Livonia*, only won one race against four wins placed to the credit of the American yachts *Columbia* and *Sappho*. With the *Livonia* match, schooner competitions dropped out of favor, and cutter contests became the order of the day. The strength and stanchness of these schooner yachts is evidenced by the fact that the *Livonia* is still in commission, while the *Cambria* also figures on the active list, but in the more modest capacity of a sailing collier. But, perhaps, a still more striking example of the lasting qualities of English schooner yachts is furnished by the Liverpool pilot fleet, which, before the advent of steam pilot craft, did capital work, though some of them could point to over half a century's service, and some still carry coals, and others bring fish from the far away North of Norway. The next contest for the Cup was in 1885, when Sir Richard Sutton's cutter, the *Genesta*, was beaten by the Puritan. Then, in 1886, Lieutenant Henn's *Galatea* suffered defeat by the *Mayflower*, as in the next year did Mr. Bell's much-fancied *Thistle* by the speedier *Volunteer*. Then, in 1893, Lord Dunraven took up the running, only to find his *Valkyrie* beaten, and to again suffer defeat in 1895. This year, Sir Thomas Lip-ton has thrown himself into the breach, and proposes to accomplish, by means of his *Shamrock*, what other British yachtsmen have failed to do.

As to the chances of success, they are extremely problematical. In addition to the handicap of greater weight of hull there are the unfavorable conditions under which the race will be sailed to be considered. Knowledge of water counts for much, and there are other abnormal conditions. It is one thing to navigate a yacht over an uninterrupted course, but quite another thing to do so with the perplexing accompaniments of fleets of mammoth excursion steamers, whose occupants insist on being taken as close to the competing boats as possible, without collision with them. This interference with wind and water is a matter which British yachtsmen find it hard to understand, for it is hardly within the bounds of possibility for a Yankee holiday crowd to be so chivalrous as to ensure that the competing craft will be hampered in their movements impartially. . . . It is not long now before the Americans will have held the Cup for fifty years, and it would be a fitting wind-up to the triumphs of British shipbuilders could we, in the closing years of the century, beat the Yankees at their own game of designing, building and sailing a fair-weather yacht.

*The Falcon of the Sea.....Ernest Ingersoll .....The New Voice*

The occupation of Cuba and Porto Rico by Americans may enable some of the sportsmen among them to revive in those islands an ancient sport which would be a decided novelty—fishing with trained remoras. It was reported by the early



voyagers to the Antilles that the natives of those coasts were accustomed to use live remoras in capturing other fishes, and such other marine animals as turtles, by keeping their trained captives tethered, and pulling them in, prey and all, as soon as they had attached themselves to a catch.

One of the oldest accounts of this curious method of fishing is that by Columbus, or one of his companions, given in Ogilby's *America*, printed in 1671:

"Columbus from hence [that is, Cuba] proceeding on further Westward, discover'd a fruitful Coast, verging the Mouth of a River, whose Water runs Boyling into the Sea. Somewhat farther he saw very strange Fishes, especially of the Guaiacan, not unlike an Eel, but with an extraordinary great Head, over which hangs a skin like a bag. This Fish is the Natives Fisher, for having a Line or hansom Cord fastned about him, so soon as a Turtel, or any other of his Prey, comes above Water, they give him Line; whereupon the Guaiacan, like an Arrow out of a Bowe, shoots toward the other fish, and then gathering the mouth of the Bag on his Head like a Purse-net, holds them so fast that he lets not loose till hal'd up out of the Water."

Now, this quaintly described "guaiacan" is the large sucking-fish or remora.

These fish are related to the family of bluefish, and are found in warm waters the world over. One which inhabits the Mediterranean has been known from antiquity as the remora, the literal meaning of which is "hold-back."

The remora of the Mediterranean was well known to the ancients, and its queer habits caused extraordinary deeds and qualities to be attributed to it. As long ago as the sixth century before Christ it was declared (you may read of it in the history of Herodotus) that the ship of Periander, the wise but outrageous tyrant of Corinth, was stopped and held firm by one of these little fishes that had attached its head to the keel and its tail to a rock.

This is only one of several cases reported in which, probably, careless pilots or bad seamen sought to hide their fault in running aground by blaming an invisible fish.

Primitive man in America, Australia and Africa put the tenacity of the fish to practical use. The natives of the northern and northeastern coasts of Australia still take great numbers of sea-turtles in this way. Francis Holmwood, a scientific man acquainted with the southeast coast of Africa, wrote for the catalogue of the great fisheries exhibition held in London in 1883 an account of how remoras are employed in turtle-catching by the natives of Zanzibar and Madagascar:

Some young ones (called "chazo") having been procured, and a ring or hoop of iron let into the tail of each, they are confined in a pen under water, and fed sparingly on meat and fish until those that survive the confinement become used to captivity and to being handled. When they have reached two or three pounds in weight they are strong enough for use and are taken out for trial. A line is fastened to the iron hoop, which has become embedded in a firm growth, and on sighting a tortoise or turtle the "chazo" is put overboard. It has to be prevented from attaching itself to the canoe, and then it soon makes for the nearest floating object,

to which it instantly adheres, and generally allows itself to be drawn with its prey toward the boat. Should it prove too timid to stand this treatment it is discarded as worthless; but if it will hold on it soon gets bold enough to retain its hold until taken into the boat, when it is detached from its prize by being drawn off sideways, returned to its tank and fed. Mr. Holmwood says they learn quickly what is required of them; and that he had been told that in Madagascar they were taught to catch sharks and crocodiles.

The extraordinary tenacity with which these fish can hold on makes this possible. The prey cannot shake them off, and it is credibly stated that a turtle weighing 100 pounds may be lifted into the boat by using the remora as a handle. If one be allowed to adhere by his sucker, when wet, to a smooth surface, like a table-top, no vertical pull short of tearing the fish to pieces will break its hold; and the only means of loosing it is by giving it a sideways twist.

*An Australian Cattle-Rush.....H. C. MacIlwaine.....Harper's Magazine*

The life of the drover is one of the utmost monotony. Upon him devolves the task of garnering the yield of the cattle-station—of bringing the squatter's beef to market. The road from cattle-station to railway-yard may stretch a thousand miles and more, and must be covered at a crawl; once the cattle are seasoned to the journey, the drover's days are balder of stirring incidents than a city clerk's. At the first the moving pictures of the road by day and the solemn night-watches may move an impressionable novice, but he is odd indeed if the wear of daily trifles does not blunt his sensibilities.

The drovers toil incessantly over the face of the land, at a snail's pace, and in a cloud of dust—or, during rainy times, in damp and fever-breeding discomfort. They know only the sleepy start at daylight, the poking, shuffling pace behind sheep or cattle that feed as they go; supper and smoke and competitive story-telling round the camp-fire; dead sleep, or watch and watch about the mob; a wild carousal at the journey's end, and so "da capo." On the cattle-station, the work of keeping the herd in good behavior and within bounds, the bringing and breaking in of milking-cattle, and such like, go forward from day to day tamely enough—with always, for leavening the monotony, a Sunday courting if the gods are good and girls are in the neighborhood. There is the larger prospect of a race-meeting somewhere within ride, a dazzling spree in town some day, or the hope to taste once the bushman's wildest joy, and be down in Melbourne when the Cup is run. On sheep-stations there is a ruck of undistinguished horsemen; from the roustabout at the homestead to the keepers of the out-stations, and onward to the boundary-rider who creeps along the wire fences, and, as his title signifies, mends breakages and keeps the fences sound—all of them lead lives unmarked by great events. All have much the same ambitions as to holidays and the enjoyment of a "spell." Their lives are rounded by a spree; whether it be in a fortnight's swinking on hell-brew at a local shanty, or in the glories



of Melbourne at Cuptime, the normal bush-worker takes toll for his stagnation in the bush in bursts of revelry and gorgeousness, according to his humor.

But there is a moment that the drover fears like death; it is when panic lays hold of his cattle and they break away in a stampede. The man who has ridden through a cattle-rush will never again look upon resting cattle without a tingling of expectancy such as one might know who should peer into the throat of a loaded cannon. In the early stages of a journey—before the mob has settled to its new conditions—the rush is most to fear—ignorance and inexperience may escape it, and no amount of forethought can avoid the danger. Toward morning, in the hours of deepest silence, is the time of greatest danger. The drover on watch will look across the cattle-camp and see with a watcher's eye the herd asleep; in the luminous darkness the beasts appear huge, impalpable, and yet strangely small—they have become a part of the visible immensity that is overhead—the ragged, towering trees that sentinel the camp have their heads among the stars, so distant are they, so near the constellations that are wheeling solemnly westward. A night bird calls, a bullock sighs in his sleep—the sounds come from near at hand or out of immeasurable distances, such is the silence, and such is the oneness of all things in heaven and earth. A conflagration among the everlasting stars would seem as likely as a panic in the herd. At such a time any sudden and unusual noise, no matter how small, will break upon the silence like a pistol-shot. The watcher, beguiled by the utter peacefulness, may have dismounted to lead his horse awhile and fight with sleep, and the horse may shake himself, making the leather rattle; a twig may fall and break upon some nervous bullock's horns; some night creature may rustle harshly among dead leaves; any one of a thousand tiny, unavoidable surprises may come out of the quietness and bring havoc. The herd that seemed so dead will rise in a spasm of terror, and with such unanimity that the sound of their rising breaks in one muffled crash that makes the earth tremble. The pause that follows is a crowded moment for the watcher. If the rush comes, it comes suddenly out of the racking pause. The mob loosens out and sweeps like a hurricane away into the darkness; and horse and man must follow, and head, wheel and hold them until help arrives from the camp, or, if nobody has wakened, until daylight.

When a cattle-rush comes in the blackest of the night, among thick-standing, low-limbed trees, with the nature and levels of the country unknown and invisible, to stem it calls for the finest and fiercest quality of the horseman. As he dodges, swerves and clings in the saddle to avoid mutilation from the rushing trees, he must see to it also that the horse shall win to the lead of that thundering multitude beside him, if hands and spur may compass it. And when he does, the maddest of the danger is still to come. The rider's hands must do double duty now as he lets loose the whip and guides the horse as well. The rout must be turned and directed against itself. The horse is dragged inward, the whip hisses and falls; the man, silent

until now, opens throat and lungs in the stockman's battlecry. If the leading cattle swerve and swing away, carrying confusion among the rest, and breaking the directness of the rush, it is the finest moment of the drover's life. As the beasts that come thundering blindly on feel the scorching of the thong on head and flank, and hear the note of man's supremacy that they have feared since branding-time, the eddy spreads.

The blind rush becomes a maelstrom, the maelstrom spreads into eddies of confusion—the clash of horns and huge muttering sounds. Then the herd settles down and spreads out. When the sound arises of big muzzles blowing and nibbling at the grass, the horseman knows that his danger is past. Low down in an embrasure of the woods a white planet burns; it is the herald of the dawn. The horseman is unstrung, so tired that his body is numb beyond the sense of weariness, his head as light and empty as a bubble, but he is happy. Here is a tale for telling and re-telling, about the camp fire, and to his grandchildren; he has reached the highest mark that any man who rides may reach.

*Some Famous Racehorses and Their Winnings. English Illustrated Magazine*

As every one knows, all the animals in the English Stud-Book are descended from three Eastern sires and some fifty original mares. Leaving out of account these mares and their descendants, I will proceed to consider the descendants in tail male of the three above-mentioned sires—the Darley Arabian, the Byerley Turk and the Godolphin Arabian. The first of these was bought at Aleppo by an English merchant, one Thomas Darley, and sent by him as a present to his brother, John Darley, Esq., of Aldby Park, near York, in 1705. The family founded by him has gone far ahead of the other two, both in numbers and racing quality, and most of the best horses of the present day are descended from him, through his great-great-grandson Eclipse. This horse, so named from having been foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, was bred by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. He was never beaten, and he won large sums of money for his owners, though at this distance of time it is difficult to ascertain the exact amount. It is on record, however, that he earned upward of £25,000 by his services at the stud. The second, or Byerley Turk family, is descended from that horse's great-great-grandson, King Herod, foaled in 1758, who was the sire of Woodpecker and Highflyer. He was a remarkably fine, powerful horse, and a fair performer on the Turf, though there is no record of how much money he won for his owners by his various victories while in training. The Godolphin Arabian, who was imported into this country in 1724, was the grandsire of Matchem, whose great-grandson, Sorcerer, is responsible for the few important lines of this family which are of any repute at the present day. He was a good but clumsily shaped horse, and he afterward became the leading stallion in the North of England. The difference in the potency of these three families may be judged by the fact that in 1894 the descendants of Eclipse won £421,000 in stakes, those of King Herod £41,000, and those of Matchem only £19,000.

## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

A famous archæologist came into his club recently, his erudite countenance ornamented at several points with sticking-plaster and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter. "Razor," said the professor, briefly. "Good gracious! Where did you get shaved?" asked one of our young members, sympathetically. "It's a strange thing," said the man of learning. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know of my own knowledge that he took a double First Class at Oxford, that he studied in Heidelberg afterward, and spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know also of my own knowledge that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing in Europe and America. And yet," soliloquized the savant, "he can't shave a man decently." "By Jove!" exclaimed the young member, in astonishment, "what is he a barber for with all these accomplishments?" "Oh, he isn't a barber," said the bookworm, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself this morning."

Dr. ——— had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. After inquiry of his servants he sent for Jemmy Lafferty, who, they said, "could cure any cow in the wurruld." The cow doctor accordingly came, drenched and physicked the animal for four or five days, in the lapse of which time he waited on the doctor and pronounced her cured. The doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand to his pocketbook. "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me!" replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with great dignity, "sorra the penny! We doctors niver take money of one another."

An industrious colored woman, who had left her husband on account of his "shiftlessness" and gone out to service, received a letter from him, asking her to send him \$5 for Christmas spending money. To this she replied: "You imperdent, lazy raskil! I'll not cook, wash an' iron to furnish yo' spo'tin' money. I spects to eat de goose what picks de grass dat grows upon your grave yit!" She had scorched both ends of the letter received, and written this on the back. Then she inclosed it in a fresh envelope and sent it by special delivery.

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young doctor, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business. The result proved the young physician to be as quick-witted as the learned counsel. "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to

bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.

The witticisms of Mark Twain, in private life, would fill a good-sized volume with flashes of humor and gleams of wit that are treasured by his friends and neighbors. Some years ago his home in Hartford was invaded by scarlet fever, all of his children being stricken with the pestilence. Mark Twain described the disinfection that followed by saying: "We had a fumigator so strong that it took all the brass off the doorknob and all the tune out of the piano."

Since the big trot has been in progress at the Louisville Driving and Fair Association track, the town has been a little fuller than usual of people, and, sad to relate, some, at least, of the people have been "a little fuller than usual." Two of the people were staggering down Green street late Sunday night, and when the crossing at Seventh street was reached one of them looked down toward Jefferson, and seeing the electric light at the Jefferson street crossing, remarked: "It's getting late; just look how low the moon is." "Why, you fool," responded his companion, "that's the sun." This brought on a heated discussion that nearly resulted in a personal encounter, which was finally averted when one of the men proposed to bet \$5 that he was right. "Here's th' money," said he; "you hol' stakes." "All right," said his companion. "I betcher. Here's my money; you hol' stakes. How're we going to settle it?" It was finally determined to leave it to the first man who passed; and after waiting for a quarter of an hour, during which the argument waxed hot, and the participants became belligerent, another besotted individual came along, claiming all sides of the road. "Look here, m' friend," said one of the two, slapping him on the shoulder. "All right," with a Fitzsimmons pose, came the reply, "if yer want ter fight sail in; I'm ready for you." "You are mistaken," said the first speaker, "I beg your pardon. Don't mean no harm. We had'er bet an' want yer ter settle it. Is that the sun or the moon?" The stranger felt his importance, and gazed long and earnestly, shading his eyes with his hands. "You'll have to excuse me, gents," he said, "I dunno." Then he added, apologetically: "Yer see, I'm a stranger here myself."

A negro was being tried for stealing an ox. The defense had as a witness a small negro boy of ten years of age. The commonwealth's attorney questioned the boy as follows: "Jim, do you know anything about that ox?" "Yas, sir; I know dat ox des is weel is I know anything, sir; I seed him 'er hundred times, I specks." "What was his name?" "Lawyer wuz what dey call 'im, sir—lawyer wuz all de name I ever heerd 'em givin' 'im." "Jim, that was a curious name to give an ox; why did they call him lawyer?" "'Deed, I dunno, indeed, sir, 'les'n 'twas kase he wuz so roguish."

\*Compiled from Anecdote Department of Short Stories.



## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

### *Whistler's New Book*

A London correspondent of the Boston Transcript says that Mr. Whistler is somewhat too serious and impersonal in the little book that he has at last made out of his controversy, four years and more ago, with Sir William Eden over a portrait of the baronet's wife. The painter believes, and with reason, that in the succeeding litigation he established a substantial, important and valuable precedent for all his craft in the declaration of the French Court of Appeal that an artist "is master and proprietor of his work till such time as it shall please him to deliver it and give up the holding thereof." Cheerfully, after this proclamation of an "absolute right" and after much amusement, did Mr. Whistler fulfil the "divine right" of paying petty damages to the aggrieved baronet, to whom he had already returned the original commission. Unfortunately, from one point of view, the discourses of the lawyers that led to this happy decision fill four-fifths of the book in which the painter has celebrated his triumph. The reader has him only in the title page, the "argument," the envoi, a few letters, an occasional marginal note and the drawings of the butterfly that personifies Mr. Whistler himself and expresses his more intimate feelings. The title-page follows, recounting an incident of the nineteenth century in the name of the seventeenth:

Eben versus Whistler.

The Baronet and the Butterfly.

A Valentine with a Verdict. Being

A most rare and fascinating history, from the farce of the courts, wherein is shown, with much wit and circumstance, how the gentle master, unsuspecting, was sighted, tracked, waylaid, circumvented and run to earth by commercial knight of untiring industry!

Together with the amusing introduction of the kind henchman, expert and go-between.

And further on, setting forth the methods, devices, cajoleries employed for the ensnaring, entrapping, bewildering and final confusion of the all-confiding, sweet and simple painter.

Culminating in the abrupt, inglorious and stupid invention of the "Valentine!"—together with its application and manner of use.

And in the recounting of such excellent matter, is again curiously brought to light the continued fallacy, danger, immodesty, immorality and monstrous inconvenience of shameless friendship!

At the end of the title-pages the butterfly points its sting warningly, intent on its task. On the next it swells with derision and stretches its tail well-nigh across the channel, aiming at a complacent and highly dignified frog image, one suspects, of the Academicians, who look coldly upon Mr. Whistler in his controversy with the baronet, even as they now look upon the detractors of Sir William Richmond at St. Paul's. The dedication confirms the suspicion: "To those confrères across the channel who, refraining from intrusive demonstration, with a pluck and delicacy all their own, 'sat tight' during the struggle, these decrees of the judges are affectionately dedicated."

The argument follows somewhat in the manner of the title-page, but with the trick of scriptural

phraseology and allusion that Mr. Whistler used so adroitly in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*.

*Fur and Feather Tales.* By Hamblen Sears. New York: Harper and Brothers.

### *A New Writer on Sports*

"It is," says Literature, "a curious fact of psychology that many men of the humanest, even of the most poetically sensitive, character feel at times an almost irresistible drawing to the life of the woods, the pleasures, spiced with danger, of the chase. Another curious exhibit is the contempt with which the born sportsman habitually regards the pot-hunter, although the sportsman occasionally kills more than the fellow who follows hunting as a business; nor is the sportsman always above taking an undue advantage of his game. But Mr. Hamblen Sears, author of *Fur and Feather Tales*, is not that sort of a sportsman. It can be easily felt from his fresh and hearty book that he should be classed with the best, most forgivable, kind; though in his opening tale, *Henry's Birds*, he is 'particeps criminis' in an exceedingly novel pot-hunt whose enormity he makes a rather lame show of defending, which 'had been better done, if left undone.' Passing from this, the least pleasing of his sylvan adventures, to the totality of his matter and manner, it is only fair to say that not often does a writer in the first person render up so clear a photograph of frank, unpretentious and pleasing personality as this new author has done. We are but an indifferent shot ourselves, except at billiards or barn-doors—and we have a nagging conscience concerning duck-slaughter and buck-slaughter—yet we should like to go hunting, or fishing, with Mr. Sears. We have been hunting in the spirit with him for several hours since reading his breezy book, and have smacked the lips of fancy over a steak from the old bull-moose of his killing—the 'Very much wise old Devil' moose as his half-breed guide superstitiously styled that wily, elusive animal. His book is a bunch of fine personal experiences in Massachusetts, Norway, Canada, France and an island—preserve not far from New York City. These experiences are not told, as by a man of letters, but communicated, as it were, by a personal friend over sundry powerful pipes and a trifle of hot Scotch on a winter's night by a blazing hearth. Herein lies the charm of the book and herefor, in our critical capacity, we gladly pardon Mr. Sears for certain very extraordinary carelessnesses in the matter of correct English which, otherwise, we might be tempted to pounce upon."

*From Sea to Sea; Letters of Travel.* By Rudyard Kipling. In two volumes. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

### *From Sea to Sea*

"Two volumes of letters and 'special articles' contributed by Mr. Kipling to the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore and the Pioneer of Allahabad," says a writer in the New York Times, "are prefaced with a curt statement signed by the gifted author that he has been forced to republish these early writings. 'by the enterprise of various publishers, who, not con-



tent with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations.' This seems, after all, but an ungracious beginning. Doubtless Mr. Kipling's 'public,' which comprises nearly if not quite all cultivated persons in Great Britain and her colonies and the United States, is not very much disturbed because his popularity is so great as to get him into squabbles with 'enterprising publishers.' And it becomes even a man of genius to seem urbane in his public relations. Moreover, the best possible excuse for the republication of these articles written between Mr. Kipling's twenty-third and twenty-fifth year is to be found in their unquenchable vitality. Wine as good as this truly needs no bush. The two volumes contain nineteen chapters of description of life in India, entitled, collectively, Letters of Marque, and thirty-seven sketches of travel in the East and West, including the Western United States, called From Sea to Sea, as well as The City of Dreadful Night, Among the Railway Folk, The Giridib Coal Fields, In an Opium Factory and The Smith Administration.

"It is perfectly safe to say that there is not an uninteresting page in all the 860. The subjects are sometimes trivial, the writer's mood merely whimsical, but his extraordinary powers of observation, his vigorous personality, and his happy knack of saying things smartly are everywhere manifested."

Thaddeus Stevens. By Samuel W. McCall. American statesman series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*Thaddeus Stevens* A writer in the Boston Post says it is rather a curious fact that this volume is the first extended biography of a man whose impress upon legislation during the Civil War period was of the most forceful character. More than ordinary labor of research has therefore been imposed upon Congressman McCall, but he has done his work with careful industry and evident sympathy. The result is a book which presents an accurately drawn picture of a character worth studying. It is natural that Mr. McCall should have viewed Stevens with friendly eyes, but he has also avoided fulsome eulogy. The biography is just as well as appreciative, and where the temptation was so great to indulge in hero-worship this characteristic of the book is not to be overlooked.

"Thaddeus Stevens was over forty years of age before he entered upon his legislative career, and fifty-eight years old when he took his seat in Congress for the first time. His early struggles are detailed by Mr. McCall in most entertaining fashion, but the chief interest naturally lies in his later career. An intense partisan, an uncompromising advocate of human freedom, positive and almost dogmatic in his beliefs, equipped with a talent for wit and satire which made him a dangerous opponent, Stevens at once became the leader of the House, and held that position until his death, in 1868. The all-important part which he played in war legislation, and particularly in the formation of reconstruction measures, is given vivid and clear portrayal. Mr. McCall has, in fact, presented Stevens as he lived and moved and had his being, so that the biography is alive with human interest. It

is this feature which makes the book so thoroughly interesting, while as a panorama of a stirring period it is of especial historical value.

"Mr. McCall is to be congratulated upon having maintained the high standard of the American statesmen series. He has an accurate point of view, the clear judgment of a man familiar with public affairs, and the literary ability to present his facts and conclusions in admirable form."

The Story of the Revolution. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The American Revolution, Part I., 1766-76. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co.

*Two Stories of Our Revolution* In substance the two works are entirely distinct, says the Critic. Mr. Lodge has written a "story" of the Revolution, not a history. More exactly it is a story of the Revolutionary War. The political antecedents of the struggle, the administrative and economic problems which it called forth, and the gradual development of national sentiment and of the machinery for effective national action which preceded and attended it are touched only incidentally, and the fighting from Lexington to Yorktown is made the theme of the narrative. The dedication "to the victors of Manila, Santiago and Porto Rico" clearly marks the military tone of the whole. Regarded, however, from the point of view which its author has thus chosen, it is an exceedingly interesting piece of work. Mr. Lodge has an excellent narrative style. It is clear and crisp, moves rapidly from sentence to sentence, and, if it sometimes degenerates into merely rhetorical glitter, is often distinctly brilliant; in a word, it is always readable, and readableness is the one essential virtue of narration. The handling of the episodes of the story, also, shows a corresponding vigor. The tale opens with the assembling of the Congress in Philadelphia, and the description of the famous delegates as they entered Carpenters' Hall, one by one or in groups, though a familiar and somewhat artificial device, is well done and serves to catch the attention and awaken the interest of the reader. From this scene one passes by a quick transition to Lexington and Concord, and from the fighting and running there to each successive act of the military drama. And one will have to search far to find a better popular version of the oft-told tale—one more instinct with life, more full of clear and vivid description, and more likely to leave upon the mind a strong and distinct impression of the whole series of events. Whether it will altogether satisfy the military critic or the historical expert may be a question. But the layman, for whom it is intended, will surely read it with delight and profit. To particularize with regard to Mr. Lodge's treatment of the various battles and campaigns is unnecessary; but it may be remarked that, on the whole, the best chapter is that which deals with the battle of Bunker Hill, called by Mr. Lodge "the reply to Lord Sandwich," who had said that the Americans were cowards. Not only is it admirable as a clear and striking narrative of the event, so momentous politically, but it gives better, perhaps, than any other brief account that has been written a just impression of the intrinsic military dignity of the struggle.

In Sir George Trevelyan's volume are found the historical elements which Mr. Lodge's story lacks. It covers the period from the repeal of the Stamp Act to the evacuation of Boston (1766-76), and it sets forth in detail and with abundant comments on the men, morals and ideas of the time, the familiar political events of that famous decade both in Great Britain and in America. And it is fascinating reading throughout. That its author could not write a dull book was to be taken for granted; but the literary skill with which he has infused fresh interest into his threadbare theme is, for all that, something of a surprise. The criticism, it is true, is suggested here and there that the interest of the narrative is sustained by literary devices not quite in keeping with an impartial historical survey; but the well-written sentences follow one another so easily, and they are so full of charm—of clear and brilliant statement, clever characterization, and often subacid humor—that one is quite willing to forgive the historian for any possible shortcomings from gratitude to the man of letters. The book is, in fact, as valuable a contribution to literature as it is to history.

From the critical point of view it is unfortunate that its author has treated it as a continuation of his earlier life of Fox. The part played by Fox in American affairs was not so important that it is necessary, for the understanding of his career, to recount all the details of the colonial revolt. On the other hand, if a history of the American Revolution was designed it was rather absurd to think of making Fox the leading figure in the narrative. Sir George Trevelyan has, in a word, attempted to combine, in one, two diverse topics and two utterly distinct points of view; the inevitable result is, in this volume at least, a purely mechanical injection of the biography into the history, to the detriment of both.

Of the book as a history little can be said except in commendation. It exhibits everywhere the care of the conscientious student, a firm grasp of political principles and movements, and exceptional ability in the effective grouping and presentation of details. An adequate judgment, however, can be based only on the completed work. But one point need be noted here. For an American to criticise as a fault that partiality toward the colonists mentioned above may seem ungracious; but the reading of the book must leave upon an unprejudiced mind the feeling that strict justice has not been done to the mother country. There is, of course, none of that somewhat supercilious tone toward the British which one detects occasionally in Mr. Lodge's work; but a more sweeping, vigorous and effective denunciation of the Great Britain of that period, from the morals of its citizens to the conduct of its government, and, in particular, of its colonial policy, it would be hard to find. It is, beyond question, in large measure just. The morals of the governing class in England were low even for the Europe of that time, and they suffer still more from comparison with the simpler manners and comparatively austere life of the corresponding class among the colonists; while the official treatment of the colonies was, to say the least, exceedingly short-sighted and exasperating. It is not

right, however, to forget that our indignation at these things is largely due to the fact that we are able to judge them by later standards and by their effects. If we look at the characters of the two peoples and the causes and events of the Revolution under contemporary lights there is much to be said for the British side, and it is good history to say it, as Mr. Lecky, for example, has done. One could wish, also, that life in the colonies had really been as calm and pure and sweet as Sir George Trevelyan seems to believe. The colonists were, as a whole, admirable people, they did a great deed, and one does not like to hear anything said against them. But there are some things in their life and character, as well as in those of the English of that period, which it would be pleasant to forget.

The Amateur Cracksman. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Burglar Stories*

"That shamelessly amusing book," says *Book Reviews*, "might well be made the text of a discourse upon the degenerate tendencies of the present generation of readers. It is a fascinating volume of burglar stories, told from the standpoint of the two gentlemanly thieves who committed the brilliant robberies here recorded. And it must be admitted that they were artists at their job, and that Mr. Hornung is equally one in the performance of his task. Heretofore the best burglar stories have almost without exception been written from the standpoint of the victim or the detective, probably as a concession to the prevalent opinion of thieves. We suspect that conservative opinion will still operate to make Mr. Hornung's book less popular than *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, for instance, although, so far as its intrinsic merits of style and construction go, it deserves equal favor at the hands of readers seeking distraction. The author is a capital story-teller. He is ingenious, direct, crisp and often brilliant. The stories are absorbing, and the diabolical Raffles and his timid coadjutor are well-differentiated types of villains to whose characterization have gone much skill and cleverness. If we must read about thieves, the bold, cynical and resourceful Raffles is certainly as interesting a thief as we are likely to meet. But, after all, why should we read about thieves? It must be confessed that the reader does not ask himself this question until the last pages of the book are turned. Raffles and 'Bunny' fail in their final enterprise. The former leaps overboard from the steamer on which they happen to be, and the latter falls into the clutches of the law as represented by their often baffled enemy, Mackenzie of Scotland Yard. This highly moral ending, with its belated concession to the conventional point of view, suddenly makes one conscious that the material upon which Mr. Hornung has been expending an enterprising and perfectly adequate talent is precisely the material which in cruder form so delights the juvenile reader of the various 'Boys' Own' periodicals, and makes the substance of a whole under-world of publications of whose existence the reader of *The Amateur Cracksman* is only vaguely and shudderingly aware. Without taking this lively volume too seriously, one cannot help wondering if there is not



something the matter with the taste of a period in which the stuff that the street-boy reads for stimulus and the stuff the tired, professional man reads for relaxation are only differentiated from each other by paper, print, binding and certain intellectual graces of expression?"

The Greater Inclination. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

*The Greater Inclination* The Book Buyer, in an article upon the foregoing book, says that "amid the mass of vapid novels, ephemeral romances, and all the poor, thin, tawdry, slipshod writing that comes pouring from innumerable presses all over the country to discourage and disgust the student of contemporary literature, it is now and then vouchsafed, even to the most blasé of book reviewers, to find here and there something that reveals the stamp of true distinction and the form of serious art. We could count upon the fingers of one hand the books of the past year that any one would ever think of reading a second time or of referring to hereafter, and one of these rare exceptions to the general rule of mediocrity and dullness we have found in a volume of eight short stories by Mrs. Edith Wharton. At the very outset it is necessary to set forth the undoubted fact that Mrs. Wharton, both in her choice of themes and in her treatment of them, has been influenced by the example of Mr. Henry James. At times one comes upon resemblances that are positively startling. Yet this is said in a purely scientific spirit and with no intention whatsoever of regarding Mrs. Wharton as an imitator.

"Of the stories in this book, three have to do exclusively with the sex-relation, and these are the strongest of the eight. One of the others, entitled *A Journey*, is a study in nervous tension. Another, called *A Cup of Cold Water*, is a powerful bit of emotional psychology. The last one in the book, *The Portrait*, is slight in its workmanship, but ingenious in its theme. The fifth story, *A Coward*, is the one failure to be noted, since it lacks in some inexplicable way the sort of constructive coherence that ought to bind together the parts of even the very slightest work of fiction; for while a reader, as a rule, finds pleasure in the unexpected, the unexpected when once revealed ought to be quite in consonance with what has led up to it; and in *The Coward* this is not the case. Mrs. Wharton's most amusing piece of work, as it is the one most strongly suggestive of Mr. James' lighter manner, is that which is called *The Pelican*. It is a perfectly delicious study of the typical 'lady lecturer,' and is full of pure delight from the beginning to the end."

Bonhomme. By Henry Cecil Walsh. Toronto: William Briggs.

*Canadian Dialect Tales* "The Canadian habitant is receiving much attention, in both verse and prose," says a reviewer in the New York Evening Post, "enough, perhaps, should he hear of his vogue, to make him learn to read English, or even that unscrupulous broken English which some of his interpreters put in his mouth. In a volume of sketches and stories entitled 'Bonhomme' he would recognize himself with pleasure.

The author, who combines in an unusual degree the powers of accurate observation and sure, sympathetic intuition, has presented several common phrases of Bonhomme's outward life with graphic fidelity, and his heart with unpretentious frankness and probability. He does not appear as a curiosity, or a freak; he is just an average man, who has retained through centuries a primitive naturalness, sometimes pathetic, sometimes passionate, much affected but not set apart from his species by the accidents of ancestry, of a tongue foreign to surrounding communities, and of not knowing how to read. Mr. Walsh shows him in common characteristic occupations, and elects to show him (as a writer of fiction, however realistic, must elect) in interesting and crucial moments. Being able both to see and to divine and to estimate the interchangeable debt of circumstance and character, his people and their 'milieu' appear inseparable; they explain and complete each other. The sketches are better than the stories, in which the development is sometimes awkward and the drama a failure. This is probably because the author has not settled down to a narrative method, but is groping and experimenting. His dialogue is perfectly vivacious, being an almost literal translation of Bonhomme's native phrase, but, speaking in his own person, he is at times uncertain, obscure, and in grammar imperfect. Nevertheless, 'Bonhomme' is an entertaining volume for the story-reader, and a very hopeful one for those concerned to catch a fresh, strong note in fiction."

The Ladder of Fortune. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*The Modern Millionaire* Readers will recognize in the brief synopsis of this volume from the pages of Literature, a strong likeness to a romance of actual life:

"In this country of magnificent distances and contrasts, and of fortunes which grow up with the swiftness of Jack and the Beanstalk, the evolution of the very rich from the very poor is a familiar commonplace of the period. Immense wealth becoming ever larger, vulgarity veneered with a superficial polish, a strenuous endeavor to surpass one's fellows and outshine them, low motives, ignoble competition, and a sorrowful finale, summed up in the words of the Preacher, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' are typical American sights and experiences. Miss Baylor has given us an old story with so much humor, freshness and originality in the telling, that it is almost new; and the plodding of George Withers from early orphanage and poverty to the condition of the multi-millionaire is admirably depicted. The young miner, when his foot is on one of the ladder's lower rounds, meets and marries a bright-eyed and pushing milliner, coarse, untaught and mercenary. On his part this is a love-match; on hers it is purely a bargain. Mrs. Withers has one objective point—to shine in society—and society for a long time ignores or laughs at her efforts. She suffers unspeakable torments in the process, but at last emerges from her chrysalis stage a very fair imitation of a fine lady. Marrying her daughter to a French nobleman, impetuous and altogether a 'mauvais sujet,' Mrs. Withers feels that she has arrived at a most envia-



ble rest on the road of life. Poor Mathilde is destined to drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation too often tasted by richly dowered American girls, who marry to replenish the depleted coffers of effete foreign aristocrats. It is in refreshing contrast to Mathilde and her alliance with Montgolfier that Polly Withers weds a poor artist, an American and a gentleman born and bred. The insufficiency of mere wealth to confer happiness has never been more plainly shown than in this clever and thoroughly modern tale. The book reminds one of the ballad of Miss Kilmansegg, there is so much gold in it, bright and yellow, hard and cold, but the gold cannot comfort a human heart or warm a chilly hearth."

Strong Hearts. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Mr. Cable's New Novel*

"One, and not the least, of Mr. Cable's claims to distinction as a writer of fiction," says the New York Evening Post, "is that he has pulled manfully against the stream of tendency, and has chosen for representation chiefly people who are pure and lovely, and character of good report. This is not to say that he depicts immaculate creatures above temptation, but only that he finds people with enough inward strength or grace to resist and conquer temptation. His first subject here is common—a man's fight with a devouring passion for drink. The Solitary is not dramatic, not heroic in any striking fashion; but he touches the heart and the imagination. Beaten or victorious, one would remember him and admire him as a man who had put up a good fight. The second tale is delightful, because the 'Taxidermist' is so exquisitely good, and his wife not a whit behind. In this and in the 'Entomologist,' Mr. Cable returns to the Creole quarter of New Orleans, and touches it with that tender grace which captured us all many years ago. The third tale is more complex, both in incident and in emotion. A silly woman very nearly succeeds in bringing about scandal and crime, but the strong heart of the stupid moth-hunter's wife averts danger without so much as a scene."

When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers.

*In the Next Century*

The London Athenæum says: "The world having survived the attack of the Martians, Mr. Wells carries on its history a stage further, and shows us what it will be 200 years hence. The blasphemer will say, after reading Mr. Wells' prognostications, that it is a great pity that the Martians did not clear the whole place out, for a duller and more disreputable world than it becomes, always according to Mr. Wells, it would be difficult to conceive. The chief innovation to be introduced is flying machines, which are to be of two kinds—aëropiles, a sort of flying private hansom, and aëroplanes, a volatile omnibus of huge capacity. For the rest, London and other cities will be entirely roofed in, sweating will be a worse abuse than ever, and phonographs will take the place of books and newspapers. The Salvation Army will be interested to hear that its match factories are the germ of a vast system of slave labor,

or something very like it; and as for the morals of our great-granddaughters, the less said about them the better. The method by which Mr. Wells leads up to all this arid prophecy is by giving a man of this age a cataleptic trance for 200 years, when he wakes up to find that his wealth, increasing at compound interest, has made him virtually master of the world. At the end of the book he has an exciting fight from an aëroplane; but, on the whole, he is a sorry, incoherent creature, who does not make the most of his opportunities."

Ragged Lady. A Novel. By William D. Howells. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, publishers, 1899. \$1.75.

*Mr. Howells' Latest*

"Mr. Howells has been writing now for something over thirty years," says the New York Times, "and in his recent novels his faithful people will distinguish welcome signs of atavism. His early work—Venetian Life, Their Wedding Journey, A Chance Acquaintance, and so forth—was marked by a close and whimsical observation. It constituted a sparkling protest against the pose by which much of the fiction of the seventies was made absurd. The phrase of the day was 'Howells and James,' and the two were joined together by their resolute antagonism to anything like a sentimental or artificial style. Mr. Howells' manner in those days was more engaging than that of Mr. James; his selection of incidents was happier, his wit was more spontaneous, his mockery was not so caustic, he told a merrier tale. Later, when social problems turned his attention from social customs, his hold upon that excellently sharpened instrument, his intelligence, seemed somewhat to loosen, and he let it wander in a most erratic fashion from the limits of his first design. The period was not without its value, certainly. It invited and rewarded readers who conceive that a fine intention may excuse an artistic error. But the climbing moral would not down. It gradually overweighed the humor and grace of the style it invaded and catastrophe seemed imminent. The culmination was reached in the curious romance entitled A Traveler from Altruria. Then came recovery, and in this latest book we get the full charm of the old Howells novel, enhanced by the deeper suggestiveness of the mature view and ripened experience.

"The story of the Ragged Lady has no very solidly constructed plot. It is merely an account of the Odyssey of a New England child under the irritating patronage of a selfish and uncultivated woman."

Men's Tragedies. By R. V. Risley. The Macmillan Company.

*A New Writer of Fiction*

"It may be best—in principle—for reviewers not to dig into the personal side of authorship," says the Criterion. "A book is a book; a subject for criticism; and, as a rule, it matters little to the critic whether the man who wrote it be young or old, honest or dishonest, a believer or an infidel.

"But there are books which set one wondering what their authors can be like; books which interest one less in the mere printed words than in

the lives of which those words have been the outcome.

"Such a book is *Men's Tragedies*.

"The author, Mr. R. V. Risley, is a beginner, it would seem, and young. Yet he has a strange insight into the hearts and souls of older and, no doubt, maturer men. They constitute the theme, indeed, on which he has rung nine changes in nine sorrowful short stories. His tragedies are, without exception, soul tragedies, dealing almost invariably with crises in the lives of old or prematurely aging idealists.

"He does not always write with great correctness, or with elegance. His English is slipshod. And some of his slips (for instance, his use of such expressions as 'back of' for 'behind'; his redundancies, which are too frequent; and his unnecessary inversions) may offend nice eyes and ears. He has other faults. He is at times extravagant, to the point of grotesquery, and occasionally he weakens his effects by overstraining to be strange and strong. His style, in short, is bad, and his invention seems limited. Despite the diversity of detail in his nine narratives, or psychological studies, the impression they leave on the mind is monotonous. We lay down the book feeling, in a vague way, that we have been reading nine stories in one life. The monotony, too, extends to Mr. Risley's descriptions. His landscapes are all sad and gray and desolate. They are painted in sepia.

"But *Men's Tragedies* has rare qualities. It is an unusual work; quite unlike anything in the fiction of the past twenty years or so that we can recall just now, unless it be portions of Dr. Claudius. It is full of 'atmosphere.' The souls and the experiences which it lays bare are delightfully uncommon. The backgrounds—the neglected corners of Germany, the banks of the Elbe, remote places in Bohemia, and in Bavaria, and on the Baltic shores of which few know the still, desolate romance—open up new words."

*The Stolen Story.* By Jesse Lynch Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Newspaper Life*

"Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams," says a writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "has attracted attention during the past year or two by reason of a number of short stories which have appeared in the magazines, which have had the life of the newspaper office and its operations in the gathering of news for a background. These stories were exceptionally well written; they dealt with conditions that actually existed and narrated incidents the like of which were within the knowledge of every newspaper worker of experience in the metropolis. It has usually been the case that the person who undertook to write about newspaper men and their works has only the merest bowing acquaintance with the actual facts. Mr. Williams happens to know what he is writing about, and hence his crisp tales are free from the glaring errors so apparent—to the newspaper man—in other publications which have endeavored to portray the life of the great dailies in their workaday phases of existence. He has caught the tragic as well as the comic side of the life very accurately. He deals mainly with the reporter—the news gath-

erer, who is the backbone of the business, and he sees clearly the lights and shadows. Seven of these newspaper stories have been gathered by the author into a single volume, which the Scribner's have issued under the caption, *The Stolen Story*. This initial tale has something of the marvelous about it, and for the average newspaper worker, whose mental attitude is usually tuned to nothing that is not practical, it will seem overstrained and almost impossible. But some license must be allowed to the fictionist, who knows that, however daring his fancy may be, there is that just beyond, in real life, which is even more wonderful. This cluster of tales appeals especially to the newspaper worker, and for him a part, at least, of their charm will lie in the sad fact that so much of the tragedy apparent in these stories is grimly true. Wrecked lives and neglected opportunities are no more numerous in this particular field of human activity than in any other, but to the worker there they seem more real than those he encounters in other occupations, and at times they appear more pathetic and have more of the elements of tragedy about them."

*The Conjure Woman and other stories.* By Charles W. Chestnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*Among the Superstitious*

"There are seven stories in the collection, all having their motive in the negro belief in 'conjuraton, goophering, bewitching.' The thread on which the stories are strung is furnished in the opening tale of *The Goophered Grapevine*. The reporter of the tales," says the *Plain Dealer*, of Cleveland, "a Northern man from the region of the Great Lakes, was advised by his family doctor to seek a permanent residence in a warmer and more equable climate for the benefit of his wife's health. Being engaged in grape culture in Northern Ohio, he removed to North Carolina and purchased an abandoned vineyard in that State. On going to examine it an old negro, Uncle Julius, was found to be living as a squatter on the property, and, it was afterward discovered, had been marketing what grapes could be gathered from the neglected vines. The negro, who had been before the war a slave on the land, strongly advised the Northerner not to make the purchase, because 'de truf ov de matter is dat dis yer ole vimyard is goophered.' Then followed the story of the 'goopherin' by 'ole cunjuh 'oman,' told with a humor all the more delicious from the solemn earnestness of the old darky, and his seeming thorough belief in the deadly power of the 'goopher' laid upon the grapes by the 'conjure woman.' The story failed of its purpose, for the vineyard was bought, but Julius lost nothing by the transaction, for he was engaged as coachman, and there were reasons for suspecting that he still had all he wanted for his own consumption of the delicious 'scuppernon grapes,' for, as Julius said, 'ef dey's anything a nigger lub nex' ter 'possum en' chik'n, en watermillyums, it's scuppernon's.' In each of the half-dozen stories that follow, old Julius had a scheme of his own to further by the telling and generally attained his object, although it is not until the tale is done and the reporter of the story furnishes the sequel that the scheme of the sly old darky becomes apparent."



## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

In a recent installment of Stevenson's letters in Scribner's there is a criticism of *The Egoist*, in a letter to Mr. Henley in 1882: "Talking of Meredith, I have just reread for the third and fourth time *The Egoist*. When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh time, I begin to see I shall know about it. You will be astonished when you come to read it; I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter he has contrived to plug and pack into that strange and admirable book. Willoughby is, of course, a pure discovery; a complete set of nerves, not heretofore examined, and yet running all over the human body—a suit of nerves. Clara is the best girl I ever saw anywhere. Vernon is almost as good. The manner and the faults of the book greatly justify themselves on further study. Only Dr. Middleton does not hang together; and Ladies Busshe and Culmer 'sont des monstruosités.' Vernon's conduct makes a wonderful odd contrast with Daniel Deronda's. I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality."

On the 18th of August, 1900, the copyright on Balzac's works will expire. Already the Paris publishers are making preparations for various editions of the great novelist.

Brown & Co., Boston, will issue in August *The King and Queen of Mollebusch*, by George Ebers. Mary J. Safford is the translator of the delightful folk-tale.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's reminiscences give an amusing story of Theodore Parker and his devotion to his wife. Says Mrs. Howe: "His affection for his wife was very great. From a natural love of paradox, he was accustomed to style this mild creature 'Bear'; and he delighted to carry out this pleasure by adorning his 'étagère' with miniature bears, in wood-carving, porcelain and so on. His gold shirt stud bore the impress of a bear. At one Christmas time he showed me a breakfast cup upon which a bear had been painted, by his express order, as a gift for his wife. At another he granted me a view of a fine silver candlestick in the shape of a bear and staff, which was also intended for her. He even confided to me the first clauses of a little catechism, which ran as follows:

"What creature is this?"

"A bear."

"What sort of a bear is it?"

"The very best sort of bear."

"What shall it do to be saved?"

"Have cubs."

"Which, alas! the poor bear did never accomplish."

Mrs. Atherton's lecture on Literary London, which is printed in *The Bookman*, says the London Academy, is sprightly, but not very informing reading. The address was prepared for a Washington club where speech is as free as at an afternoon tea; hence in making a transcript for a London periodical she had to omit many passages. Considering what remains, those passages must have been very piquant. It cannot be said that Mrs. Atherton's knowledge of literary London is extensive. She has attended, it seems, dinner at the

Authors' Club and the Vagabonds' Club, and has accepted the hospitality of certain tiny flats. But what of the literary Londoners who do not dine together and who do not live in tiny and talkative flats? There is too much readiness in our visitors to assume that where there is most noise there is most activity. When it comes to criticism Mrs. Atherton puts herself out of court. A writer who admits to having read and reread Mrs. Meynell's essays "without receiving the slightest intellectual impression" is hardly to be taken seriously when she pronounces judgment on Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, Mr. Henley and Lucas Malet.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, author of the *Lady and the Flag-Flowers*, is spending the summer in Oxford and London with Mrs. Martha Foote Crow. Miss Wilkinson was born at Tarrytown, New York, and lived there until 1893, when she went to Chicago, her father having been given a chair in the University of Chicago. Although it is only within the last year or two that she has been aroused to undertake steady literary work, she has distinguished herself on several occasions by reading some short stories which she had written, before the Wednesday Club in Chicago, and she was the author of the poem for the dedication of the Woman's Building, May 1, 1893. An article of hers, written for Professor Moulton on *The Building of a Drama*, was chosen as the best piece of literary work in a competitive contest at the university, and received an award, besides being read in Kent Theatre in the spring of 1894. Miss Wilkinson is much interested in Settlement work, and has been associated with Miss Jane Addams in Hull House.

In introducing a new French periodical—"L'Amé des Bêtes"—to the notice of readers, the Paris correspondent of the *London News* gossips on the love of animals displayed by French literary men: "I can remember Lamartine and his dogs. He said of them, 'They are at once my bodyguard and my friends. They read my thoughts, and conduct themselves accordingly.' I also recollect Michelot and his white Angora cat. This beautiful creature twisted round his neck like a boa, and kept it warm in winter. When in cold weather he walked out, he kept his hands in the wide sleeves of his overcoat as in a muff. The cat was rolled up in them. George Sands loved birds, but she did not care for domestic animals. Old Dumas was the friend of all animals that would respond to his friendship, and especially of dogs. He had some sea-gulls that really stood high in the intellectual scale. Renan did not care for dogs, unless for a darling poodle of his wife's; but he was devoted to cats, which he thought the best models of deportment. Dumas fils disliked the dog, but was full of admiration for the cat. Pierre Loti confesses friendship for his cats. They understand him, and he them. They are not intrusive or awkward, or brusque in their ways, and are most at home in a snugly luxurious salon. M. Coppée prefers cats to dogs. They are more discreet, and he finds they are just as friendly if well treated. M. Coppée's actual pet cat is a



young Angora that sits motionless on his desk when he writes. Were he to go on writing for hours, there it would stay. It walks among his scattered sheets of MS., never disturbing them, and does not set its paws down on writing that is not dry."

The celebration of the first centenary of the birth of Poushkin, the Russian poet and novelist, was held all over Russia early in June, and in England a volume of translations from his poems, by Mr. Charles Edward Turner, English Lector in the University of St. Petersburg, was then issued to mark the event. English people know very little of Poushkin—much less than of Tolstoy, Turgenev and even Dostoeffsky; but in Russia his is almost a hallowed name. As some commemoration of the centenary large sums of money have been raised to found scholarships, libraries and schools in Poushkin's name.

Arrangements have been made for the production of a dramatized version of Max Pemberton's Russian novel, *Kronstadt*, in America and in England, probably next season. The *Garden of Swords*, by the same author, is also under way for the stage.

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, whose volume of stories of life along Park Row, *The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories*, has just been published by the Scribners, is about thirty years of age, and the son of a clergyman of Princeton, Illinois. He was graduated from Princeton in the class of '92. He began writing, when an under-graduate, a number of his articles and short stories being printed in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, which is published by the Senior class at Princeton. After leaving college he traveled in Europe for a year, and then returned to New York and went to work with the *Sun*, and later with the *Commercial Advertiser*. Mr. Williams is now connected with the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Paul Eugène Louis Deschanel, who has just been made a member of the French Academy, is one of the foremost politicians of France. Last year he was elected the president of the Chamber of Deputies. His father was Emile Deschanel, an eminent senator and professor of literature. M. Deschanel, who is forty-three years old, is the youngest president of the Chamber, with one exception—that of the distinguished Gambetta. His oratory has all the fire of youth, but is polished and lofty. His published works on political topics are valuable and voluminous.

It is announced that Mr. E. H. Sothorn will present on the stage next season Hauptmann's poetic masterpiece, *The Sunken Bell*.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, author of *Forest Lovers*, and whose new book, which is now in the press, will be entitled *Little Novels of Italy*, was long engaged at the Record office (London), where he acquired a considerable knowledge of Norman-French; in fact, according to M. A. P., in a London journal, he is to-day looked upon as the chief authority in the translation of musty old documents in that language. Mr. Hewlett's researches at the Record Office provided him with the opportunity of writing several papers on matters connected therewith. Most of these appeared in *The*

*Nineteenth Century*, which was then, as now, edited by his uncle, Mr. James Knowles. A few years ago Mr. Hewlett succeeded his father in the Land Revenue Record Office, where he is now employed. His *Earthworks Out of Tuscany* has recently been reprinted; his *Pan and the Young Shepherd* is already an acknowledged success, and other works from his pen may be expected. He comes of a distinctly literary stock. Mr. Thomas B. Mosher paid a tribute to Mr. Hewlett's work when he selected his *Quattrocentisteria* for luxurious publication in the "Brocade Series"—a series which includes the names of Walter Pater, William Morris and Maurice de Guérin.

Mr. Charles Major ("Edwin Caskoden"), the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, was in New York in the early part of last May making the final arrangements for the dramatization of his novel with Mr. Charles Frohman, previous to the latter's sailing for England. Miss Julia Marlowe, who has made no secret of her great desire to impersonate the rôle of "Mary Tudor," will star in the production, which it is hoped will be ready for her before the middle of the season.

Count Tolstoy's agent in London has protested against the excisions made in Tolstoy's novel by the editor of *The Cosmopolitan*. He, no doubt, has cause for protest from his point of view, but the readers of *The Cosmopolitan* would have protested much more violently had the story been served to them as it was written. In London it has been printed just as Tolstoy wrote it. Let us hope, says the Critic, that it is not printed in a journal designed for family reading.

Mr. Bernard Capes, the author of *The Lake of Wine* and *The Comte de la Muette*, has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled *Our Lady of Darkness*. It will be published in England by Messrs. Blackwood & Son, and in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. These firms were respectively the English and American publishers of *The Comte de la Muette* last autumn.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, who is now abroad, and at the time of writing is cycling around the Western Highlands of Scotland, intends to spend the rest of the summer in Ireland and in Oxford. Her object in visiting Ireland is to study the life and atmosphere of the country for her next book, the scenes of which will be laid in Erin's Isle.

Mr. F. P. Dunne, the author of *Mr. Dooley*, has arranged to write a series of articles on English life to appear periodically in England as well as in America. In an interview with a representative of the British press, he is reported as telling "the story of the evening paper in which Mr. Dooley first made his appearance—an ill-fated sheet which the gods loved. One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the Dead March in Saul. The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotion and fear. 'Can it be,' they whispered, 'our subscriber?'"

Among the French Academy prizes awarded recently was 1,000 francs to Mme. Darmesteter for her *Vie de Renan*. This work was written twice by its accomplished author—first in the French form, which has just been deservedly honored, and then in English.

# BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

## Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Abraham Lincoln; An Essay with Testimonies by Emerson, Whittaker, Holmes, and Lowell: C. Schurz: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., paper..... 15
- Cromwell as a Soldier: T. S. Baldock: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 6 00
- Eden versus Whistler, the baronet and the butterfly: James McNeill Whistler: R. H. Russell, cloth.... 1 25
- John Milton: William P. Trent: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 75
- Last of the Great Scouts; the Life Story of Col. William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), as told by his sister: Duluth Press Printing Co., cloth..... 1 25
- Life and Letters of John Bacchus Dykes, M.A., Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham: Edited by Rev. J. T. Fowler: New edition: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth. 3 00
- Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick: Edited by F. Storr: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 50
- Personal Recollections of Stonewall Jackson: J. G. Gittings: The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, cloth..... 1 00
- Reminiscences: Justin McCarthy: Harper, 2 vol., cloth..... 4 50
- Selections from the Manuscripts of Lady Louisa Stuart: Edited by James Home: Harper, cloth.... 2 00
- The Dreyfus Story: Richard W. Hale: Small, Maynard & Co., board.....
- The Great Piano Virtuosos of Our Time, from Personal Acquaintance: Liszt, Chopin, Tausig, Hensel: W. Lenz: From the German, by Madeline R. Baker: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 25
- The Life of Maximilien Robespierre, with Extracts from His Unpublished Correspondence: G. H. Lewes: New edition: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth... 1 50

## Educational Topics.

- An Introduction to Greek Prose Composition for Use in Preparatory Schools and the Lower Forms of Public Schools: H. Pitman: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 60
- Graded Work in Arithmetic: S. W. Baird: American Book Co., cloth..... 65
- Outlines of Physical Chemistry: Translated from the French, with the Author's Permission, by J. McCrea: A. Reyhler: The Macmillan Co., cloth. 1 00
- Qualitative Analysis for Secondary Schools: Cyrus W. Irish: American Book Co., cloth..... 50
- Songs in Season for Primary and Intermediate Grades: Marian M. George, Lydia Avery Coonley, Mary S. Conrade, and others: A. Flanagan, cloth. 75
- Songs of the Childworld for the Kindergarten: Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor: The John Church Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, cloth..... 1 00
- The Standard Intermediate School Dictionary: Jas. C. Fernald: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth, illus.... 1 00
- The Story of the Great Republic: H. A. Guerber: American Book Co., cloth, illus..... 65

## Essays and Miscellanies.

- An Introduction to the Study of Dante: J. Addington Symonds: Fourth edition: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 00
- Character Indicated by Handwriting: Rosa Baughan: Second edition reviewed and enlarged: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 00
- Cries and Call-notes of Wild Birds: C. A. Witchell: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 40
- Descriptive Mentality from the Head, Face and Hand: Holmes N. Merton: Cloth, illus..... 1 50
- Duality of Voice: Emil Sutro: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 00
- History of American Coinage: D. K. Watson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 50

- Our Insect Friends and Foes: How to Collect, Preserve and Study Them: Belle S. Cragin: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 75
- Orchids: Their Culture and Management; with Descriptions of all the Kinds in General Cultivation: W. Watson and W. Bean: Second edition reviewed: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 8 40
- Ornamental Shrubs for Garden, Lawn and Park Planting: Lucius Daniel Davis: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 3 50
- Stories of Animal Life: C. F. Holder: American Book Co., cloth..... 60
- The Art of Dining; With Annotations and Additions, by C. Sayle: Abraham Hayward: New enlarged edition: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 2 00
- The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine: The Century Co., cloth, illus.....
- The Dictionary of Dainty Breakfasts; with a Tabular Introduction by a Mere Man: Phyllis Browne: Cassell & Co., Ltd., cloth..... 50
- The Grammar of Palmistry: St. Katharine Hill: New edition: C. Scribner's Sons, paper..... 50
- The Home of the Eddic Poems; with Special Reference to the Helgi-Lays: Sophus Bugge: Revised edition, with an introduction concerning old Norse mythology by the author; translated from the Norwegian, by W. H. Schofield: C. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 4 00
- The Milton Anthology, 1638-1647: J. Milton: Edited by E. Arber: Oxford University Press.....
- The Shakespeare Anthology, 1592-1616: Edited by E. Arber: Oxford University Press, cloth..... 75

## Fiction of the Month.

- A Cosmopolitan Comedy: Anna Robeson Brown: Appleton, cloth, \$1; paper..... 50
- A Dash for a Throne: Arthur W. Marchmont: New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth..... 1 25
- A Deliverance: Allan Monkhouse: J. Lane, cloth... 1 25
- A Gentleman Player: His Adventures on a Secret Mission for Queen Elizabeth: Rob Neilson Stephens: S. C. Page & Co., cloth..... 1 50
- A June Romance: Norman Gale: H. S. Stone & Co., cloth..... 75
- A Princess of Vascovy: J. Oxenham: G. W. Dillingham Co., cloth..... 1 50
- At a Winter's Fire: Bernard Capes: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth..... 1 25
- By Sunlit Water: Thomas Mitchell Shackelford and William Wilson De Hart: F. Tennyson Neely, paper..... 50
- Cromwell's Own: A Story of the Great Civil War: Arthur Paterson: Harper, cloth..... 1 50
- Fortune's My Foe: A Romance: J. Bloundelle Burton: Appleton, cloth, \$1; paper..... 50
- Giles Ingilby: A Novel: W. E. Norris: Drexel Bidle, cloth..... 1 50
- Good Mrs. Hypocrite: A Study in Self-Righteousness: Mrs. Eliza M. J. Gollan Booth ("Rita," pseud.): F. M. Buckles & Co., cloth..... 1 00
- How to Cook Husbands: Eliz. Strong Worthington: The Dodge Publishing Co., cloth..... 1 00
- In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories; from the German, by Mary Richards: Konrad Kuemmel: B. Herder, cloth..... 50
- In Vain: from the Polish, by Jeremiah Curtin: H. Sienkiewicz: Little, Brown & Co., cloth..... 1 25
- Kenilworth: Sir Walter Scott: Abridged and Edited by Mary Harriott Norris: American Book Co., cloth..... 50
- Miss Cayley's Adventures: Grant Allen: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 50

- Richard Carvel: Winston Churchill: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus. . . . . 1 50
- Shine Terrill: Kirk Munroe: Lothrop Publishing Co., cloth, illus. . . . . 1 25
- Sweet Song Stories: Rose Hartwick Thorpe: Vincent & Co., paper, illus. . . . .
- Tatong, the Little Slave: A Story of Korea: Annie Maria Barnes: The Presbyterian Committee of Publishing, cloth. . . . . 1 00
- The Carcellini Emerald: with Other Tales: Mrs. Burton Harrison: H. S. Stone & Co., cloth. . . . . 1 50
- The Décadents: A Story of Blackwell's Island and Newport: C. W. de Lyon Nichols ("Shelton Chauncey," pseud.): J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., cloth . . . . . 1 00
- The Experience of Dorothy Leigh: Frances Hume: G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd., cloth. . . . . 1 25
- The False Star: A Tale of the Occident: A. D. Gash: W. B. Conkey Co., cloth. . . . . 1 25
- The Garden of Swords: Max Pemberton: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, illus. . . . . 1 50
- The Grangers, and Other Stories: Mrs. S. O'H. Dickson: Presbyterian Committee of Publishing, cloth . . . . . 50
- The Hooligan Nights: Clarence Rook: Henry Holt & Co., cloth. . . . . 1 25
- The House of Strange Secrets: A. Eric Bayly: E. P. Dutton & Co., cloth. . . . . 1 25
- The Pedagogues: Arthur Stanwood Pier: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth. . . . . 1 25
- The Queen's Service, or the Real Tommy Atkins: Horace Windham: L. C. Page & Co., cloth. . . . . 1 50
- The Repentance of a Private Secretary: Stephen Gwynn: J. Lane, cloth. . . . . 1 25
- The Stories Polly Pepper Told Margaret Sidney: Lothrop Publishing Co., cloth, illus. . . . . 1 50
- The Yellow Wall Paper: Charlotte Perkins Stetson: Small, Maynard & Co. board. . . . . 50
- Uncle Earle's Monopoly: Anne Frances Cole: The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, cloth. . . . . 1 00
- Vacation Incidents: A. Paul Gardiner: A. P. Gardiner, cloth. . . . . 1 00
- When the Sleeper Wakes: Herbert G. Wells: Harper, cloth. . . . . 1 50
- Yesterday Framed in To-day: "Pansy": Lothrop Publishing Co., cloth, illus. . . . . 1 50
- The Foreign Policy of the United States, Political and Commercial: American Academy of Political and Social Science, cloth, \$1.50; paper. . . . . 1 00
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## MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR JULY, 1899

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What I Saw in Africa: Alden Bell.....Anglo-Amer. Mag.  
What One Should Know About Swimming.....Cosmop.

## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over until next month.

501. *Countess Potocki*: I would be glad to learn through "Open Questions" something about Count and Countess Potocki. I have consulted one or two biographical works without success. Cannot you assist me by publishing a brief sketch or furnishing a clue that will lead to the fountain of knowledge whereat I may quench my thirst for information?—Maurice Goodman, Portage, Wis.

[The following is taken from Gate's Dictionary of General Biography (Longmans, Green & Co.): "Claudia Potocki, the wife of Count Bernard Potocki, was born in the Grand Duchy of Posen in 1802. She was the lineal descendant of the Polish Ambassador Dzialynski, who was sent to England in Elizabeth's reign to remonstrate against the infraction of the treaty between this country and Poland, and whose bold and successful eloquence is recorded in history. During the patriotic struggle for Polish freedom from 1830 to 1833 the Countess Potocki not only became the munificent benefactress of her countrymen, but devoted her personal energies to the sacred cause, and ministered to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Warsaw for seven successive months, and when the day of adversity came she pledged her jewels and dresses for 40,000 florins, and the whole amount was instantly sent to its pious destination. For this the Poles, assembled at Dresden, presented to her a bracelet with an inscription commemorative of the noble act, pointing it out for national gratitude. She at length fixed her residence at Geneva, and there, worn out by silent grief, she died in 1836." There is a famous portrait of a Countess Potocki, by Kneller, we had supposed; but if painted by him it cannot be the likeness of this particular Countess, as Sir Godfrey died in 1723, before the birth of the subject of the foregoing sketch.]

502. *Herodias's Daughter*: There was published in a Washington paper, a number of years ago, a poem in blank verse entitled, I think, *Herodias's Daughter*, describing her emotions as she presented to her mother the head of John the Baptist, and beginning "Here it is—" I think the paper that published it was a journal of elocution or oratory, or something of that kind. Can you help me to find it?—Mrs. T. N. Conn, Durand, Mich.

503. *Count Rumford*: Outside the Encyclopedia, where can I find anything about the life of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, as he is sometimes called. Any information you will be able to give me will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. J. B. Harrell, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory.

[Benjamin Thompson, American natural philosopher, was born in this country in 1753. In the War of the Revolution he remained a Loyalist, and emigrated to Bavaria in 1784, where he became Minister of War and Count Rumford. In 1802 he removed to Paris, and married the widow of the

famous chemist, Levoisier. He died in 1814. Thompson was the discoverer of the convertibility of mechanical energy into heat. A memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, by G. E. Ellis, with notes by his daughter, was published in 1871 by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819-821 Market street, Philadelphia, for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (Boston), in connection with an edition of Rumford's complete works.]

504. Can you inform me where I can procure a certain poem on "Expansion." I do not know whether or not it has any other name, nor do I know who the author is. I heard it given on the stage last winter, and I am very anxious to get it. The piece was the story of some person, in Chicago, I believe, who, standing on the street, would see a native of one of our new possessions come along, and would ask where that person was from, and the answer would be "Porto Rico, U. S. A."—The verse ending so. Another verse would end, "Alaska, U. S. A.," etc., etc., so on, throughout the piece. The piece was announced as a "newspaper clipping," but I have been unable to find it, and I do hope you can give me the desired information.—(Mrs.) Lynn Young, Le Roy, Ill.

505. *The Literary Centre of America*: In a literary discussion the other day, some of us thought that New York should now be considered the literary centre of America, while others contended that Boston had not yet lost its old prestige. Please enlighten us Mexicans with the judgment of a connoisseur.—A Mexican Reader, Guadalajara, Mexico.

[After such a pleasant compliment, it is with much regret that we are forced to deny "A Mexican Reader" the coveted answer to his query. It would ill become a New York magazine to dogmatize on the subject of the possible superiority of its habitat over sister cities. Chicagoans, of course, claim the distinction for Chicago, and Bostonians for Boston. Apropos of the latter's claim, the opinion expressed in a recent article in the New York Times (May, 1899), by the distinguished English critic, William Archer, now visiting this country, may be of interest to our correspondent.]

506. *The Prophecy of the Great Stone Face*: Will you please inform me who wrote the poem, *The Prophecy of the Great Stone Face*? You will oblige a long time reader and subscriber.—G. C. F. Butte, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

479. *American Notes and Queries*: Referring to Query No. 479, in "Talks with Correspondents," in the May number of *Current Literature*, I would say that "American Notes and Queries" was a Philadelphia weekly publication of the same size and style as the English "Notes and Queries." The first number was dated May 5, 1888, and it was published until about July, 1892, when publication was suspended. There were eight complete volumes and about a dozen numbers of volume IX. William S. Walsh was the editor at the time it was started. I may add that it seems strange that a publication similar to this one cannot succeed in this country, when "Notes and Queries" has such a reputation in England.—D. W. Nead, Philadelphia, Pa.